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THE
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JUNE, 1941

RACE RELATIONS IN A NEW ENGLAND TOWN

WILLIAM G. O'DONNELL

I

UNDER the pressure of a wartime psychology most of us are content to read the future of the United States exclusively in terms of the military and economic forces conflicting in the world today. We forget that the transformation of the American population resulting from the mutual adjustment gradually being made by the more or less distinct ethnic groups within the nation will also help to determine our destiny two or three generations hence. No one can foretell how these groups will evolve in the future. They may continue to exist exactly as they are today; or their solidarity may decrease or increase as they succeed or fail in adjusting themselves to the American scene; or some of them may amalgamate through a process of intermarriage and thereby slowly disappear as distinct units.

So complex is the problem created by the existence of groups within the United States that at times it appears virtually insolvable. One must resist accepting the fatalistic be-

lief that the problem defies conscious solution or that the ethnic groups are at the mercy of events over which we exercise little or no control. Yet no one would deny, for example, that the growth of Fascism in Italy—certainly a European rather than an American event—has temporarily disrupted the adjustment to the American scene of countless Italian immigrants and their children. Other instances of the same unpredictable nature of the forces influencing the ethnic situation could be cited.

The obscurity cloaking the problem and the worthlessness of sentimental theorizing about it force one to adopt the case history method as the only intelligent way of studying the survival of ethnic groups in America. As a specific example of group relations, therefore, I have examined the recent sociological trends in a New England town possessing a diversity of racial backgrounds. This town, Milford, Massachusetts, is mentioned only to locate the community geographically and thus to further an understanding of the issues involved; to give the place its local habitation and name will do less harm than to call it Zenithville or Middletown. This particular community, it should be stated at once, is typical neither of the state nor of the region. But its population is sufficiently large to justify analyzing the history of its changing population during the past two generations.

The racial backgrounds in the community selected for this case history form a veritable ethnic whirlpool. It may well be asked, however, why one should select for analysis the situation in a town, when the same diversity of origin may be found in many a city in which the size of the different groups numbers in the hundreds of thousands. The significant fact in the history of contemporary social trends is not so much the size of the group as the nature of the interaction occurring between groups. Life for the more recent immigrant and his children is not the same in the small city or town as it is in the large urban district. His attitude toward the community and toward America in general, his opinion of other groups

and their opinion of him, the kind of district he lives in, and many other factors all vary according to the size of the community in which he lives. The Italian immigrant who settled in one of the larger New England cities forty years ago—in Boston, Hartford, New Haven, or Providence—is likely to be living today in an Italian slum, submerged economically, socially, and politically, and cut off from activities not directly connected with the racial colony. But the Italian who migrated to one of the towns or smaller cities of Massachusetts probably now lives in a slumless area, or at worst in a non-racial slum. His opinion of America is bound to be influenced by the fact that his children have gained real, not only theoretical, equality, and that some of them have become business and professional men rather than manual laborers like himself. But only a few of our newer immigrants enjoy the relative advantages offered by the smaller community; for the great majority of recently arrived groups live in the slums and foreign colonies of the larger cities.

II

Milford, an industrial town with a population of 16,000, lies thirty miles southwest of Boston, just beyond the pale of the suburban area. Founded by settlers from Boston and the South Shore early in the eighteenth century and incorporated in 1780, Milford retained a more or less homogeneous Yankee population until the beginning of the second or post-colonial wave of migration to America, about 1850. The transformation of the population which began then has continued without interruption to the present day. The town's population history divides itself conveniently into three periods: first, from 1700 to 1850, the period of settlement and early development; second, from 1850 to 1915, the period of immigration; and third, since 1915, the period of adjustment and amalgamation.

The exodus from Ireland following the mid-century famine brought an influx of Irish immigrants to most communities

in Eastern Massachusetts, including Milford. At the end of their first generation in the town, the Irish, after multiplying with the usual prolificness of new settlers, outnumbered the Yankees, and by 1890 control of the municipal government had passed into their hands. The next change occurred with the arrival of Italians in large numbers during the years from 1895 to 1915. At no time did a depressed immigrant status confine the Italians exclusively to a racial colony, as so often happened in the larger urban districts. Immediately before the World War the ethnic complexity of the population increased even further with the arrival of smaller waves of immigration—mainly Portuguese, Armenian, and Polish. Of all these races only the Portuguese and Armenians, neither of whom ever attained economic equality with the rest of the community, have lived from the beginning in distinct colonies.

Actual conflict among the different groups has generally been limited to the usual minor irritations, although it still appears in the form of racio-occupational discriminations in the shops and factories. The older inhabitants of the town have no recollection of group violence such as street fighting between racial gangs. Only once did race seriously threaten to split the population into warring factions; some thirty years ago, during the one serious strike in the town's history, the laborers divided on a strictly racial basis when the Irish and Yankees refused to join the Italian strikers and thus saved the day for the factory owners.

Since 1920 the population trend of the town has been unique in one respect and has made group relations correspondingly unusual. The Italians multiplied so rapidly that by 1940 Milford became the only community in the United States in which Italian immigrants and their children constituted an absolute majority—fifty-one per cent, to be exact—of the population, outnumbering the combined total of all other groups. The situation may be reduced to tabular form and represented approximately as follows:

Italian	50%
Yankee	20%
Irish	20%
Others (French-Canadian, Polish, Portuguese, Armenian, Jewish, etc.)	10%

III

A community possessing so diverse a combination of European origins might well be expected to produce surprising sociological patterns. Further, the trend toward intermarriage between members of the different groups furnishes positive evidence that the diversity of racial background has actually led to unusual results. With the aid of several friends, I recently made a careful examination of the marriage statistics of the town from 1900 to 1940 for the purpose of determining to what extent the ethnic groups were perpetuating themselves or were intermarrying. Personal acquaintance with most of the people involved enabled us to classify some 7,000 marriages according to racial origin.

We discovered that in 1900 only three per cent of all the marriages could be classified as mixed. But by 1940 the proportion of intermarriage had risen to thirty-five or forty per cent. Between the two terminal dates a gradual, almost uninterrupted, increase in intermarriage could be graphed. The steady rise formed an unmistakable trend which could not be explained as a temporary or freakish condition. Already the groups have mingled to a perceptible degree, and part of the population has become ethnically indistinct. The actual results of this racial mixture will not be evident until a new generation reaches maturity; but even today there are hundreds of children with Irish names who are half Italian or French-Canadian, and others with Italian names who are half Yankee or Polish.

As one might expect, the Irish have intermarried more extensively than any other group. In 1900 fewer than five

per cent of the Irish married people of a different racial origin. But in 1940 their intermarriages totaled approximately sixty per cent. The Irish in this town, then—I have no evidence to show that the same thing is happening elsewhere in New England—are amalgamating with other groups so rapidly that their solidarity is vanishing into thin air. For the most part they have intermarried with the Italians, although they have also merged with French-Canadians and other groups. In spite of the fact that the Irish and the Yankees have been living in close proximity for a century, they do not intermarry to an appreciable extent. Yet the statistics indicate that Irish-Yankee marriages, which were almost unknown in 1900, have become somewhat more common today.

The Italians of the town are now intermarrying to a surprising degree. This process began about 1915 with the appearance of the second generation; the immigrants themselves, because of their foreign language and their submerged social and economic status in the earlier days, did not intermarry. A considerable number of their American-born children are merging with the Irish, French-Canadians, and Poles—other Catholic groups—and also with the non-Catholic Yankees. Italian-Yankee marriages occur more frequently than one would expect, in view of the religious barrier to be hurdled and the apparent divergence of background. Such unions outnumber the Irish-Yankee type proportionately as well as numerically. Perhaps the Irish are more Catholic-minded than the Italians, and have more strictly followed the Church's advice to avoid Catholic-Protestant intermarriage. Or perhaps there exists even at this late date an undercurrent of prejudice and suspicion between the Irish and any group however remotely English.

The Yankees are maintaining their solidarity as a unit, although a larger proportion intermarry now than at the turn of the century. But in the course of ten or twelve generations in New England the Yankees have already become a less homogeneous, less inbred, type than, say, the white popula-

tion of the South Central states. The French-Canadians of the town are being absorbed by their more numerous Irish and Italian neighbors. The Portuguese, Armenians, and other small groups, however, are perpetuating themselves by virtually complete inbreeding.

IV

A change in what may be called the town's ethnic climate has accompanied the racial amalgamation caused by intermarriage. Race prejudices do not flourish openly in the community, since there are no minorities that may be conveniently persecuted; to be more exact, the minorities are the majority. Being the most numerous group, the Italians are the chief beneficiaries of this diminution of prejudice and distrust, but all groups have learned lessons in the value of tolerance and have therefore profited because of it. The Italians, for example, cannot be treated as semi-literate, unwashed foreigners in dire need of being "civilized" or "Americanized." No group wielding sufficient political power to dominate every phase of the muncipal government and able to determine exactly how much money the town shall spend each year will be seriously maltreated.

Students of recent immigrant groups have repeatedly warned that Americanization must be a mutual adjustment if it is to possess any value; in order to succeed, the process should move in two directions. The rest of the community must be wise enough to accept what is worth preserving in the immigrant's heritage. Yet this process of mutual adjustment rarely occurs if the immigrant group consists of a small, economically depressed and socially isolated foreign colony. Only when the group is numerically strong enough to make itself felt as a force in the community at large does this interaction between groups become evident.

In Milford the population as a whole has undergone a slight Italianization. The Italian immigrant brought no highly developed or refined culture to America; but the rest of

the community learned that he did bring a few common things worth knowing about—certain foods, drinks, methods of gardening, and a language worth studying in the schools. Before accepting vague pronouncements concerning the possible fusion of racial heritages in America, one ought to remember that any amalgamation of cultures will amount to just such a simple exchange of customs as this. There will be no union of Dantes, Goethes, Shakespeares, and Emersons leading to an American superculture.

No, the American civilization of the future will arise out of the daily interaction of ordinary Yankees, Irish, Italians, French-Canadians, and all the other varied types that make up the nation. And right now the most "foreign" of these people, even those who use another language and cannot communicate readily with the rest of the population, are far more "American" than they themselves realize. Recently I observed a small example of this unconscious Americanization. A group of Italians from Milford returned to the old country on a visit in the summer of 1939. Most of them had come to America thirty or more years ago and had not been back since. All those years they had gone on thinking that they were and always would be aliens here, that the old country was their real home. So they returned to their native villages in the Province of Foggia to visit the relatives and *paesani* they had left behind. There, at the beginning of the war, they found themselves stranded. When they finally returned to America, they admitted rather reluctantly that things were not too good on the other side of the Atlantic; they hinted that in some ways things were *terreeble*. What was happening in the old country they could not understand. Discovering that the old country no longer seemed like home shocked them. Perhaps they had become Americanos without knowing it.

NEW ENGLAND ARTISTS IN ITALY 1835–1855[1]

MADELEINE B. STERN

ONE spring morning in the year 1835 a tall, well-set youth boarded a vessel at Burling Slip, New York. His thick chestnut hair was stirred lightly by the wind, and he felt in his pocket for the reassuring letters that lay within. Those letters were his only tie between the land he was forsaking and the country which held all his hopes. They had been written by his former employer, Launitz, the monumental sculptor, and one of them was addressed to the great Thorwaldsen. It was for this moment that Thomas Crawford had waited since he was a boy of nine and had neglected his lessons to sketch a design or tint an engraving or visit an auction of prints. Through the years, when he had worked with a wood-carver and studied architecture, labored in the employ of Messrs. Frazee and Launitz, and collected casts of the Parthenon friezes and Thorwaldsen's "Triumph of Alexander," the dream of Rome had burned within him. In his little room at home, filled with sketches in pencil or charcoal, the floor strewn with hands and feet, the tables covered with bas-reliefs and engravings, the boy had ever held before him the determination to go to Rome. His bright blue eyes looked over the waters as the ship set sail, carrying the first American sculptor who had come to seek the manifold treasures of art in Italy.[2]

1 Of the American artists discussed, George L. Brown, Henry Kirke Brown, Horatio Greenough, Harriet Hosmer, John F. Kensett, Joseph Mozier, Hiram Powers, William Wetmore Story, Luther Terry, and Cephas G. Thompson were born in New England. Christopher Cranch studied at Harvard and William Page at Andover. The forebears of James E. Freeman and Thomas Hicks were New Englanders. Thomas Read set up a studio in Boston. Chapman, Crawford, and Cropsey, though not New Englanders themselves, were associated throughout their lives abroad with those who hailed from that section of the country.

2 For details about Crawford's early life see Thomas Hicks, *Eulogy on Thomas Crawford* (New York, 1865), 11–17; C. Edwards Lester, *The Artists*

It was a far cry from Burling Slip, this Rome of the deep blue skies and resplendent sunshine. Unknown, unfriended, alone, Thomas Crawford entered the city, threading his way through narrow streets that teemed with contadinas in scarlet costumes and bareheaded damsels with silver stilettos thrust through their hair. A man raffling off a hen brushed past him crying, "Una bella femina!" He feasted his eyes on the cobbler's stall, the old women roasting chestnuts, a *segretario* writing in his booth. A group of Capuchin friars walked slowly by, their brown woolen robes falling in sculptured folds. Had he ever doubted on the long voyage across that Rome would keep her promise, those gray buildings blending with the ground tone, those towers, domes, and obelisks varying the skyline would have immediately satisfied his desire for warmth of color and grace of outline. This was the city for the artist. But as he pushed his way among the beggars who rapped their chins and twirled their hands before their mouths, he felt suddenly alone in a strange world. When at last he found the little path leading out of the Piazza Barberini on which Thorwaldsen's studios were located, he paused nervously, for in this street lay all his hopes, and there was none in all the brilliant city that loved or knew him.[2]

Crawford's natural reserve melted at Thorwaldsen's welcome. The great Danish sculptor told him that there would always be a place for him in one of his three studios, and that he might study there as long as he pleased. The sight of the marbles glowing with life, the warm reception of the great man, and the advice he gave so generously strengthened Crawford's determination to make an artist of himself, and

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of America (New York, 1846), 236–239; Samuel Osgood, *Thomas Crawford and Art in America* (New York, 1875), 9; and Henry T. Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists* (New York, 1867), 319.

[2] For details of background see Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Marble Faun, or the Romance of Monte Beni* (Boston and New York, 1895), I, 108; George Stillman Hillard, *Six Months in Italy* (Boston, 1857), 285–290; Leonora Cranch Scott, *The Life and Letters of Christopher Pearse Cranch* (Boston, 1917), 155.

he left the little street off the Piazza Barberini eager to find his own studio and to tease from the emptiness of clay the beauty that lay in his own mind.[4]

Up many a flight of stone stairs he climbed, a coil of wax taper lighting his way, until at length he found a place in the corner of Velatti's studio in the Via Margutta. The little money he had brought with him was almost gone, and the compulsion for work was greater than ever before. His impatient genius conceived one form before another had been finished, so that within ten weeks Crawford had modelled seventeen busts and copied in marble the Vatican Demosthenes. He moved to a small room in the Via del Orto di Napoli, and there far into the night the lamp burned as the sculptor stood before a head of clay on which light fell from a candle fastened in his hat. His chestnut hair was sprinkled with marble dust; his full lips twitched as the modelling tool in his hand raced with his volatile brain. The clay turned into a centaur, a Hercules, a Diana, while in his mind another image gradually took place, of a youth bending forward, shading his eyes with his right hand, a youth named Orpheus.[5]

At first those were lonely walks he took when he brushed the marble dust from his hair and left his studio. Alone he revelled in the beauty and brilliancy of the skies as over the Pincian Mount the sun bade good night to Rome. But it was not long before two other artists came from over the sea to join him in his walks and exchange their thoughts for his.

In James Edward Freeman, Crawford found the perfect companion for many a stroll through Rome. The merry girls who danced the *saltarello* beside the yellow waters of the moonlit Tiber, the dazzling equipages that crowded the gate of the Piazza del Popolo, especially those beggars that Craw-

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[4] For the influence of Thorwaldsen upon Crawford, consult William Thompson Bonner, *New York, the World's Metropolis, 1623-4 – 1923-4* (New York, 1924), 187, and Hicks, *Eulogy*, 18.

[5] For Crawford's appearance and early artistic activity in Rome, see Hicks, 19–21; Hillard, *Six Months in Italy*, 439, and "Thomas Crawford: A Eulogy," in *The Atlantic Monthly*, XXIV, 141 (July, 1869), 50; and Osgood, 21–22.

ford had seen on his arrival, rattling their leaden boxes in the hope of a *bajocco,* captivated Freeman's mind. The newcomer longed to exercise the skill he had acquired at the National Academy in New York by transposing to canvas the poverty, the color, of Rome. Crawford was as free with his suggestions to Freeman as Thorwaldsen had been to him. He advised him to set up a studio immediately and to attract as many visitors as possible by writing over the door the words "Open from 1 until 4 p.m." Knowing that his own studio rented for about two hundred dollars a year, he charted expenses with Freeman, telling him that American patrons were ignorant of the cost of pursuing the study of art abroad. Most of them possessed more purse than mind, liked to handle a sculpture or measure a canvas, but seldom appreciated its value. Freeman must be on the watch for a floating patronage that would try to haggle for bargains. Models were paid one dollar a day, and Crawford introduced to his friend all the *Cristos* and *Diavolos,* named according to the role they generally represented, that offered their services. Finally Freeman found his model, Angelo, set up his studio, and sketched upon his canvases the steps of the Piazza d'Espagna, the Coliseum where owls hooted by moonlight, a girl with her dog on the Campagna, and finally those beggars that so delighted him.[6]

It was not long before Luther Terry joined those who had preceded him, to make a trio of American artists, and Crawford, while working on his Orpheus, also acted as host to his friends. It was perhaps unfortunate, Crawford perceived, that Terry was, like Freeman, a landscape artist, for the sympathy that painter and sculptor had been able to exchange was not quite so free between rivals in the same medium. Freeman was not so willing as Crawford to praise the grace of Terry's Fisher Boy, and secretly considered his own design of an

[6] For details about James Edward Freeman, see Mantle Fielding, *Dictionary of American Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers* (Philadelphia, 1926), 128; James E. Freeman, *Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio* (New York, 1877), 32, 164, and 204–205; and Henry T. Tuckerman, *Artist-Life: or Sketches of American Painters* (New York, 1847), 166–168, and *Book of the Artists,* 415–418.

Italian Peasant Girl far more original. The thorn of animosity had begun to show itself, but somehow, the sculptor found, the three artists worked better in spite of it, perhaps because of a certain social warmth that arose from the fact that there were three where before there had been one. Together they wandered through Rome, revelling in the spirit of the past that haunted a city where Alfieri still looked out of his window in the Villa Strozzi, where Cicero and Horace walked the Sacred Way. Everywhere about them Terry and Freeman found pictures waiting to be painted, while Crawford left them walking on the Campagna and returned to his clay and modelling tools.[7]

His blue eyes burned brighter than ever before; excitedly he brushed the hair from his ample forehead. With his tools he gave the last touch to his Orpheus, and he knew that from the sleeping clay he had awakened a youth, radiant and alive. Charles Sumner knew this too when he happened to visit Crawford's studio to greet his countryman and dispose of an idle forenoon, but as they gazed with delight upon the white marble the sculptor did not realize that an era in his life had opened. When Sumner returned home he raised a subscription for the purchase of the Orpheus. Soon the statue was packed and placed in the Boston Athenaeum, and for Crawford poverty and loneliness were over; in their place had come the success of which he had dreamed. Commissions followed swiftly. The candle glimmered in his cap as he shaped a youth tinkling a pair of cymbals for Mr. Henry Hicks of New York, or portrait busts of the visitors who began to crowd his studio. Upon one pedestal after another he carved "Crawford fecit Romae."[8]

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[7] For Luther Terry consult the *Catalogue of the Twentieth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design* (New York, 1845), 14; Fielding, *Dictionary of American Painters*, 362; Margaret Fuller Ossoli, *At Home and Abroad, or Things and Thoughts in America and Europe*, edited by Arthur B. Fuller (Boston, 1856), 368; and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, 451.

[8] For Crawford's Orpheus and the success that followed it, consult Hicks, *Eulogy*, 21–26, and Lester, *Artists of America*, 241–248.

There was scarcely time to greet Henry Kirke Brown, who, with his wife, had come to join the little band of Americans in Rome. Yet Crawford took an evening now and then to walk to the Via Condotti and sit with his associates at the Trattoria Lepre, while the bustling waiter Muzio served *zuppa inglese,* and Calcedonio, his smooth fair face beaming, held huge piles of plates aloft. As Crawford called in perfect Italian for *macaroni, mauzo,* and *cignale,* the artists listened eagerly to the talk of the latest arrival, whose modest manner and buoyant humor charmed them. His dark eyes glancing from one to the other, Henry Brown shyly told his companions of the days when he had played the flute in his New England home and had entertained his friends with likenesses of his teachers cut in profile with a pair of scissors and a bit of white paper. Crawford was reminded keenly of his own youth when he heard how Brown had read Swedenborg to a blind old man named Parker and copied his head on canvas made of sheeting, with brushes of ox-hair and a house-painter's colors. Since then he had studied with Chester Harding in Boston and Shobal Clevenger in Cincinnati, though he had incidentally worked as a surveyor on the state railroads to increase his income. Now he was bubbling over with ideas for marbles of an Adonis or a Ruth, a Rebecca or a David, and delightedly agreed with Crawford's opinion that art must enlarge the understanding with ideas of universal truth. Freeman and Terry might continue to charm the fancy with landscapes that expressed the epitome of Rome, but the sculptors were determined rather to shape profound sentiment from their clay. The hours passed as Calcedonio's plates were emptied and Muzio long since had bustled out of the room. These voyagers from the New World were confident that Rome would keep her promise.[9]

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[9] For Henry Kirke Brown see Fielding, *Dictionary of American Painters,* 44; Mary W. Fuller, "Three Early Artists of Franklin County," in *History and Proceedings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, Deerfield, Mass.* (1929), VII, 181–185; and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists,* 576.

For Crawford, Rome's promise had already been fulfilled. His little studio in the Via del Orto di Napoli was too small for the orders that flowed in. In the Piazza Barberini he fitted up several great rooms to hold his plaster casts and marbles, his clay representations of myths and allegories. In place of a single sculptor racing with his thoughts, were journeymen carvers hired by Crawford to keep pace with the ideas that took possession of his mind. The incessant clang of mallet and chisel reverberated while strangers visited his studios and stepped in gingerly fashion over the packages strewn on the floor, packages of statues destined for American pedestals. Now he could afford to be truthful, even to those men of fortune who were amazed by the price of statuary. Rigid and unexpressive he turned from those who had come to pass time and touch with rude fingers the marbles that were being chiselled before their eyes. Crawford seemed to pitch his clay together with a trowel, strike it first with his right hand and then with his left, turn it thrice upon a pedestal, and behold—it was finished. Even so, his hands could not race as swiftly as his thoughts, and twice a day he made the rounds of his large studios, directing a workman here, a carver there. With success, the sculptor's genius grew more impatient than ever, and in his huge manufactory dancing girls careered near a head of Vesta, while a naked boy played marbles and under the chisel another plaster model took shape.[10]

Though he chafed always under an unsatisfied ambition to achieve still larger and larger works, Crawford was restless for yet another reason. The companionship of Terry and Freeman and Brown was pleasant, but there were times when the sculptor longed for a dinner at home rather than at the Lepre, for a friend more understanding than any of his artist associates. He had not forgotten in the years he had been abroad the lovely face of Louisa Ward of New York, who with her

[10] For Crawford's establishment see Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books* (Boston, 1872), I, 129–130, and Hicks, *Eulogy*, 27 and 33.

sister Julia had dreamed in Italian and been acclaimed as one of the graces of Bond Street. Home he journeyed, therefore, to fetch his bride and establish with her another home abroad. When he heard later of the death of Thorwaldsen, he knew that in every end some beginning is dormant. When the welcomer of his youth returned to his gods, Crawford's life in the Old World began anew.[11]

As soon as the couple had announced themselves "at home," their house became the center for the Americans who drifted in greater and greater numbers over the water. Crawford's drawing room, its walls hung with dark maroon paper and covered with curious gems of art, became the meeting place for the little colony of New Englanders that gradually established itself in Rome. Before the wood fire burning brightly in the open grate, Cato, the large black dog, dozed with his head on his paws; and Crawford found that he had become a host as well as a sculptor.[12]

It was to this home, in the second story of the Palace Negroni, that Crawford invited Thomas Hicks to many a pleasant evening of music or conversation. While the sculptor escorted his friend to his high tower for a view of the fountains and gardens and a glimpse of the Alban Hills, Hicks recalled to his host the New York National Academy, where his portrait of St. John hung near Crawford's marble of Immortality Teaching Love to Hope. Like Brown, Thomas Hicks had studied at the Academy, and as they descended to the drawing room to take their seats before the blazing wood fire, Crawford proved a willing listener as well as a wise counselor. Together they chatted about the days of their youth, for like the sculptor, Hicks had taken to sketching at an early age; indeed, he confessed that at fifteen he had learned coach painting, so eager had he been to become a dauber. While Cato dozed and the flames leaped up in the fire-

11 For Crawford's marriage see Hicks, *Eulogy*, 28, and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, 319.

12 Crawford's home is described in Hicks, *Eulogy*, 45.

place, Hicks told of his ambitions to paint something larger than cabinet pictures of an Italian girl holding a mandolin, or Italia at Rome. His ideas on coloring interested Crawford, who agreed that colors must not merely imitate nature, but must be derived from thoughtful study and original observation. It was with pleasure that he consented to visit the spacious studio that Hicks had rented, for the newcomer seemed an attractive addition to the little American colony at Rome.[13]

Crawford's walk to that studio was thronged with memories, for it was located a little back from the street on the Via Margutta, where in the days before Orpheus had been designed, the sculptor had labored long into the night. There Hicks was working at a portrait and dropped his brushes to introduce John Kensett, the friend with whom he shared his studio. Kensett, still pale from a recent attack of inflammatory rheumatism, seemed bent upon making up for the time he had lost in his illness, for he was intent at his easel, stepping back now and then, turning his head to study an effect of silvery gray in the summer landscape that brightened his canvas. Hicks told Crawford that Kensett climbed the hill over the studio every evening to see St. Peter's in the sunset, and that his portfolio was crammed with studies of mountain brooks and sea waves and drifting mists. Already these two painters had achieved some little renown, for Crawford noticed that many a lounger or youth on the grand tour knocked at the door during visiting hours. It was good to know that the tribe of Americans was increasing, and Crawford was loath to leave even when the church bells ushered in the evening.[14]

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13 For details about Thomas Hicks, see *Catalogue of the Twentieth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design*, 2; Fielding, *Dictionary of American Painters*, 168; George A. Hicks, "Thomas Hicks, Artist, a Native of Newtown," in *Collections of the Bucks County Historical Society* (1917), IV, 90; Ossoli, *At Home and Abroad*, 222 and 368–369; and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, 465.

14 For John Kensett, consult *Proceedings at a Meeting of the Century Association Held in Memory of John F. Kensett, December, 1872, passim*, and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, 510–511.

Many were the symposia in Hicks's rooms to which Crawford and his associates were invited. Up the stone stairs they climbed to gather for tea with a little hot spiced wine. Over the *velletri* they sang glees or solos while the church bells tolled, and the tea seemed ever hot, and always there was one more glass of spiced wine. Or sometimes they wandered to the Piazza for a game of pool at the billiard table, while a fat British troubadour played the guitar and rolled up his round blue eyes as he trolled a sentimental ditty. If Hicks discussed his pigments with Terry, and Kensett deliberated with Freeman about the tone of an Italian landscape, and Crawford informed Brown of his latest modelling device, the evening was still more successful in so far as it recalled the full day that had preceded it. Neither day nor night was ever long enough for these lovers of Rome.[15]

One there was, however, with whom Crawford did not find congenial companionship. Whether Joseph Mozier visited the sculptor at the Piazza Barberini, or joined him at Hicks's rooms for a musical evening, or sat with him for dinner at the Lepre, he was ever ready with a bit of unsavory gossip or meretricious scandal. Unlike the others, who had been artists from the time they could remember, Mozier had abandoned a successful business for the sake of modelling statues; yet the air of the Broad Street merchant was upon him still, and in his stock and American dress coat he seemed an anomaly in a studio. Shrewd, hard, clever, he seemed more akin to clay than to marble. Yet perhaps for that very reason, no sooner had he established himself in Rome than he found immediate success. With Crawford, no less than with the pompous visitors who gave him commissions for a schoolboy mending a pen or a girl playing with a cat, he talked as rapidly and naturally as a country shopkeeper. Quite openly he confessed that he was a man of fortune who had taken to sculpture from love, criticised with severity the works of

[15] For details used see *Proceedings . . . in Memory of Kensett*, 26–27.

Hiram Powers, whom he had visited in Florence, and even went so far as to declare that Mr. Powers was ready to sell his Greek Slave limb by limb. Crawford, unimpressed by Mozier's glibness, reminded him that his own statue of Pocahontas was shaped in an impossible attitude; whereupon Mozier turned his malice in other directions and searched for readier listeners to his unscrupulous conversation.[16]

Yet the lack of harmony that came with Mozier's arrival in Rome did not interfere with the tea parties and dinners, the musical evenings or excursions abroad. In Carnival time animosities were forgotten, for no visitor in Rome could harbor ill will when the Corso was crowded with harlequins, and maskers tossed bouquets from their carriages, and streamers of red, yellow, and blue heightened the color and gaiety of the Eternal City. Many were the times the artists banded together to join the crowds on the Corso, when the blossoming almond tree proclaimed the advent of Carnival time; and as they were jostled by punchinellos, charlatan doctors, pantaloons, or advocates, they stood amazed by such sights as the New World had never witnessed. Crawford delighted in the heralds on horseback with their trumpets and velvet banners, equestrian figures who moved with a grace never found in marble. The paper lanterns swung upon tall poles

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16 For Joseph Mozier's life and unscrupulous gossip, see Sarah Freeman Clarke to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, November 27, 1884, and C. P. Cranch to Higginson, December 2, 1884, in the Fuller Papers, Boston Public Library, MS. F. 1.2. II, 9 and 13–16; MS. by Moncure D. Conway on Nathaniel Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller Ossoli, in the Fuller MSS. Harvard College Library, Box B, 3; Manfred Eimer, "Drei Briefe von Elizabeth P. Peabody über Nathaniel Hawthorne," *Archiv für das Studium der Neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*. 133 Band, Der Neuen Serie 33 Band (1915), 324–325; Fielding, *Dictionary of American Painters*, 250; Margaret Fuller to her mother, Rome, October 16, 1847, Fuller MSS, IX, 140; Hawthorne, *Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books*, 155–156 [Mr. —— here is definitely Mr. Mozier, as Hawthorne's references to his works must indicate.]; Ossoli, *At Home and Abroad*, 371; and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, 590–591. There is a list of Mozier's sculptors in *A Collection of Photographic Reproductions of Joseph Mozier's Sculptures*, New York Public Library. There is a picture of Mozier in Rodman J. Sheirr, "Joseph Mozier and his Handiwork," *Potter's American Monthly*, VI, Number 49 (January, 1876), 24.

across the streets, the balloons and lamps waving from the windows, the gay carpets rejoiced Hicks's love of color, while Freeman and Terry enjoyed the black eyes that laughed and the *contadini* who screamed as they whirled in the passionate *saltarello*. To Brown the thrumming of the guitars, the cries of those who desired to rent chairs and shouted *"Luogi, Luogi! Patroni!"* made music such as he had never drawn from his New England flute. Together they pushed their way through the narrow street to catch a better glimpse of the maskers in fennel wigs with bunches of salad on their shoes, and made way for the carriages that drove up and down the Corso, their wheels covered with laurel twigs. With bouquets in their hands and pockets full of plaster confetti, they were merrier than the rest, buying their comfits from the tables laid out with gay wares in the side streets, laughing when a woman dressed as a mustachioed officer pelted them with sugar plums. Even when in the midst of a dense crowd in the Piazza Colonna, Hicks was stabbed in the back with a stiletto, he forgot his pain to watch the running of riderless horses goaded by leaden balls that spurred them along the Corso. Till dark they stayed, storing in their minds color for their canvas, movement for their marble, until the pretty pages and masked men left the balconies and *"Senza moccolo"* cried lights out in all the windows.[17]

In later carnivals the Americans found less joy, for though the orange trees grew yellow and the almond trees blossomed, the carnivals themselves were dimmed by rain and revolution. At first the artists were disturbed because masks were not allowed, but later they perceived that more was at stake in Rome than a punchinello or a pantaloon. To Crawford the face of the city changed more quickly than he had thought possible. Often at the Lepre or in his drawing room, or in

[17] For details of the Carnival, see Hans Christian Andersen, *The Improvisatore*, translated by Mary Howitt (Boston, n.d.), 87–115; Hillard, *Six Months in Italy*, 275–281; William Wetmore Story, *Roba di Roma* (Philadelphia, 1870), 309–310; and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, 465.

the studios of his friends, he discussed the tides of the times. Together the artists rejoiced when Metternich was crushed in Austria and the men of Rome marched into Lombardy, when the Italians embraced each other in the streets crying, *"Miracolo! Providenza!"* when blood had not yet been spilled. Together they watched, more somberly, as Rossi was assassinated and the Pope fled to Gaeta—Pio Nono a guest of the ignoble King Bomba. Together they wondered as Mazzini, the dark, mysterious one, became Triumvir, and Garibaldi's lion-like head was raised over his white steed. In place of the gay carpets and paper lanterns they found bombs and barricades. As they had delighted in the gaiety of Rome, they mourned and shared in her sorrow. Crawford identified himself so closely with her cause that he joined the Civic Guard and often walked in his uniform through the Piazza di Spagna with his friends.[18]

Meanwhile, among those friends had appeared many new faces of Americans who, like himself, had come to worship the past and work for the future of Rome. When Hicks was too busy painting a portrait of Margaret Fuller to join the sculptor at the Lepre, and Mozier was too preoccupied in defaming the character of that lady to interest Crawford, there were others with whom to enjoy a political discussion or a meeting at Monaldini's bookstore or a Thanksgiving dinner in memory of that New England from which most of the artists hailed.[19]

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[18] For details used see Hicks, *Eulogy on Thomas Crawford*, 46; *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, edited by J. F. Clarke, R. W. Emerson, and W. H. Channing (London, 1852), III, 169–170 and 184–186; Ossoli, *At Home and Abroad*, 343 and 406; Scott, *The Life and Letters of Christopher Pearse Cranch*, 240; and George Macaulay Trevelyan, *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic, 1848–1849* (New York, 1928), 29.

[19] For Hicks's portrait of Margaret Fuller, see Thomas Hicks to Mrs. Margaret Fuller, New York, August 2, 1850, Fuller MSS, XVI, 65; and Franklin B. Sanborn, "A Concord Note-Book: The Women of Concord. Margaret Fuller and Her Friends II," in *The Critic* (March, 1906), XLVIII, 252. Mozier's defamation of Margaret Fuller may be explained by the possibility that he had Germano, an artist, in mind when he gossiped with Hawthorne about Ossoli. For this possibility consult Moncure D. Conway, MS on Nathaniel Hawthorne

Despite the fact that Christopher Cranch had lent himself in earlier days to the life at Concord and Brook Farm, he fitted remarkably well, Crawford noticed, in Rome. In his linen blouse, scarlet neckerchief, and broad black hat looped up at the side with a tricolor cockade, he entered into the spirit of the Carnival and united himself with the Romans in their hopes of liberation. Crawford found pleasure in the companionship of the young man of the dark, curly hair and baritone voice, and rejoiced to hear that though he had come for but a short stay with his wife and George Curtis, the constant stimulus to draw and paint those picturesque vistas that abounded in Rome had altered his intentions. On the first moonlight night Cranch visited the Coliseum with Hicks and Terry, and ardently declared that Rome was the place above all others for the artist.[20]

While Mrs. Crawford invited Mrs. Cranch for a ride to St. Peter's in her elegant carriage, and the two ladies chatted about Mrs. Cranch's young son or the tomatoes and rice that she cooked on her little stove, or the Roman vase she had bought and filled with honeysuckle flowers from the Baths of Caracalla, their husbands met at Cranch's studio near the Via Sistina. The young landscape painter bubbled over with delight in the view from his windows, a view that embraced domes and cupolas, towers and pines. He had begun modelling, he informed Crawford, with a lump of clay left in his garret by Hiram Powers, who had made a bust of Judge Cranch. Such versatility did not surprise the sculptor, for he had heard of Cranch's skill at ventriloquism as well as of the clever caricatures he had sketched of Emerson's *Essays* and Margaret Fuller's *Dial*. Together they spoke of the ruins of

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and Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Box B, 2–3; and Ossoli, *At Home and Abroad*, 277–278.

[20] For these and the following details about Christopher Cranch, see *Catalogue of the Twentieth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy*, 10; Julian Hawthorne, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife* (Boston, 1884), I, 321–322; Ossoli, *At Home and Abroad*, 369; and Scott, *The Life and Letters of Christopher Pearse Cranch*, 67 and 93–125.

Italy, of their relations to the skies above, of the variety in harmony that Rome offered so abundantly. Cranch seemed to have conveyed the spirit of the Italian scene to his rich, bold canvases. The lone Campagna and Caesar's ruined palace halls breathed poetry from his landscapes and though the means he had used were superficial, Crawford was happy to admit that they produced fine effects.

Hicks, Kensett, and Crawford often accepted Cranch's hospitality at his rooms in Mme. Bordoni's house, where they would listen entranced as their host seized his flute and played Schubert's songs. Sometimes the *padrone* cooked *bistecca,* or Mrs. Cranch made American applesauce for her New England guests; and after they had eaten they would climax the dinner with Moore's melodies or a discussion of the sights they had seen during the day: the Romans, who raised both arms when they spoke and quivered their fingers like heat lightning over their heads; sunset over the Via Gregoriana; Tenerani's garden, from which Mrs. Cranch had plucked roses for her black vase. At eight o'clock Cranch departed for his night-school, where, for $1.50 a month, he painted in water colors from costumed models.

Whether they visited one another's studios or enjoyed a glee at Hicks's rooms or a Thanksgiving dinner at Terry's or a performance of Verdi's *Nebuchodonosor* at the Apollo, they revelled in their own society. It was with still another newcomer that Cranch strolled in the deserted Villa Poniatowski to see the gigantic aloes and cypresses, the weather-beaten statues and gray, mossy stone steps. William Wetmore Story, after his arrival in Rome, graced many a walk with the artists, heightened the pleasure of many a breakfast at Crawford's home in the Villa Negroni. He resembled Cranch, Crawford perceived, in his remarkable versatility. Lawyer, poet, painter, musician, he had tossed off one success after another, and even now was debating whether to concentrate all his talents upon sculpture. This Brahmin among Brahmins had been commissioned to model a statue of his father upon the death

of the famous judge. Thus he had come to Rome and over a breakfast at the Villa Negroni discussed with his host the ideas that teemed in his brain, ideas for a statue of the Emperor Nero as he lay in hiding, listening for the steps of his approaching executioners, ideas for statuettes of Goethe's Fisher or the poet's Margaret pulling a flower to pieces to discover whether Faust loved her. In Story's mind Nero still issued from the Nomentan Gate, for like Crawford he sensed the spirit of the past that haunted Rome. It was this Rome that he liked to sketch from a grassy hillside as he looked through an ivied arch, and Crawford rejoiced that yet another New Englander had discovered the Eternal City. Vivid, brilliant, full of fire, Story kept his host amused with tales about Blue Beard or the widower who had had his wife's corpse chemically resolved into a gem. He had such a fund of bric-a-brac information that he could bespell an audience for hours on end, and as for anecdotes, he could tell them with a Yankee twist so that his listeners hung on his words. Yet, Crawford observed, despite the social fire that kindled in William Story there was also a melancholy, a dread of sorrow, a pain that no amount of success could quench. Perhaps he was too versatile; perhaps honors came to him too easily. Crawford knew well the value of struggle in a sculptor's life.[21]

As she had taken to Mrs. Cranch, so Mrs. Crawford found pleasure in the society of the bright, sweet-tempered, intelligent Mrs. Story. Together they discussed spiritualism or

21 For these and the following details about William Story, see Henry Greenough, *Ernest Carroll, or Artist-Life in Italy. A Novel* (Boston, 1858), 214; Julian Hawthorne, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*, II, 182; Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books*, I, 69–71, 138, and 204; II, 173–174; Henry James, *William Wetmore Story and His Friends* (Boston and New York, 1890), I, 15 and 285, and II, 352; and *Excursions in Art spondence*, edited by George William Curtis (New York, 1889), I, 319; Mary E. Phillips, *Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story* (Chicago, 1897), 97; Frank Preston Stearns, *The Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne* (Philadelphia, 1906), 310–311; William Wetmore Story, *Conversations in a Studio* (Boston and New York, 1890), I, 15 and 285, and II, 352; and *Excursions in Art and Letters* (Boston and New York, 1891), 232; and Lilian Whiting, *The Brownings* (Boston, 1911), 119.

bought Roman scarfs in the Piazza Madama while their husbands met on the balcony of the Casa Dies, whither the Storys had moved when the French entered the city. There Crawford listened while Story in his courtly and distinguished manner discoursed lightly about the amateur who loves nothing and the connoisseur who knows nothing. Art, he decided, was nature modified and colored by the spirit of the artist; its end, to stir and move the mind, to idealize the literal. Crawford agreed and hoped that one day Story would proclaim his principles in marble.

To Spillman's for ices, to the Vatican gardens to see Margaret Fuller's husband Ossoli engaged in the defence, the Storys wandered with their companions. When it came to visiting Amalfi to see the temples of Paestum, Story chose another comrade, one who like himself was a recent visitor to Rome. With Story and Cranch, Jasper Cropsey made a trio in the visit to Amalfi, where they studied the boats, the fishermen, the half naked children at Luna. Cropsey was a student of nature, and the landscapes in his studio on the Via Babuino were filled with detailed signs of his intimacy with the Scottish lakes and mountains or the Pontine Marshes. Where Cranch dashed off an effect with a line or two, Cropsey lingered, adding a minute touch here, a detail there.[22]

The year of revolution added another artist to Crawford's growing circle, for John Gadsby Chapman had decided that designing book illustrations for Harper and Brothers in New York did not satisfy him. In fact, he had declared that a painter in America was like a fish out of water. Many were the tales he told to Crawford of his wanderings over Calabria in a goatskin and untanned shoes, or of the suit of armor he had bought in Florence. To Freeman or Terry, Cranch or Crop-

22 For Jasper Francis Cropsey, see Jasper F. Cropsey, *Catalogue of the Collection of Oil Paintings and Water Colors by the Gifted American Artist the Late Jasper F. Cropsey, N.A.* (New York, 1906); Fielding, *Dictionary of American Painters*, 82–83; Ossoli, *At Home and Abroad*, 369; Scott, *The Life and Letters of Christopher Pearse Cranch*, 145; and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, 532–535.

sey, he offered advice on sketching, for he believed that any one who could learn to write could learn to draw. Indeed, he had proved his thesis by his own painting of Hagar and Ishmael Fainting in the Wilderness and planned to write a book on the subject one day.[23]

Monaldini's bookstore was a convenient enough meeting place when two or three of the artists arranged a rendezvous. But there were times when all of them wished to gather to discuss their canvases or plaster casts, to exchange anecdotes about visitors to their studios, to comment upon Mazzini's canaries or Landsberg's concerts. For such a purpose Crawford could find no better place than the Cafe Greco, for after dinner at the Lepre the American artists needed only to cross the Via Condotti for all the black coffee and free speech they could desire. Many an evening the sculptor steered his companions through the large room near the entrance and pointed out laughingly the pretentious but nondescript allegory of grotesque animals painted on its walls. The little wooden box on the counter among the glasses and soiled napkins became a post office for the artists, and there they often stopped to leave a note or receive a letter. Then, as they threaded their way through the dark, untidy rooms, they perceived through the smoke a variety of hats, hats of conical felt with velvet ribbons, stiff French stovepipes, or the broad-brimmed German type, hats of all nations, for the Greco catered obligingly to all countries, provided only that their representatives were artists. They looked more closely as Crawford pointed out an English party seated at a small rectangular table with white marble slabs, or a congregation of Russian artists deeply engrossed in the latest *Galignani*. Their cicerone saluted the German contingent, whose long pipes rested thoughtfully on their beards, and finally led his friends into the "Omnibus," a long narrow alcove lighted dimly

[23] For John Gadsby Chapman, see his *The American Drawing Book* (New York, 1858), 5; Fielding, *Dictionary of American Painters*, 62; and Tuckerman, *Artist-Life*, 151–153; and *Book of the Artists*, 219–221.

from above. There, at the pigmy tables, they took their seats, paid their two *baiocchi* for a tumbler of coffee, contributed their share of smoke to the dense atmosphere, and availed themselves of the freedom of speech for which, along with its coffee, the Cafe Greco was becoming famous ground.[24]

As they sat evening after evening at the Greco, while their wives gathered for a tea party, Crawford considered the phenomenon of the growing American artist colony in Rome. As he looked from one to another he decided that no doubt they had come for the same reasons that he had left on a vessel from Burling Slip so many years before. Rome was a magic spell upon them, making them linger in her ways. The color and outline of the city, the gray stones, the domes, and towers, called paint to canvas; the figures on the streets drew hands to clay. Haunted by the past, vivid in the present, Rome kept her promise. There were models in other cities, marble enough and to spare, but hither the artists came, and here they stayed. Perhaps, Crawford deliberated, watching the smoke grow denser, the tumblers empty,—perhaps they stayed because so many of them came. A social warmth kindled them, despite the animosities that made painter deny talent to brother painter. Elsewhere they were isolated strangers; here they were a force, and in the congenial atmosphere of one another's society were stimulated to take up their brushes or their modelling tools. The glees, the dinners, the meetings at the Cafe Greco made the return to their studios happier, renewed their spirits when they stood before easel or pedestal. Had the tumblers not been empty, Crawford would have proposed a toast to the Eternal City—the place of all others for the artist,—to Rome and her promise kept.[25]

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[24] For descriptions of the Cafe Greco, see Freeman, *Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio*, 11–14; W. M. Gillespie, *Rome As Seen by a New-Yorker in 1843–4* (New York, 1845), 133; Hillard, *Six Months in Italy*, 431; *Proceedings . . . in Memory of John F. Kensett*, 26; Story, *Roba di Roma*, 201; and Trevelyan, *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic, 1848–1849*, 118.

[25] Some of the reasons why American artists settled in Rome appear in Hawthorne, *The Marble Faun*, I, 158–160; Hillard, *Six Months in Italy*, 285

Yet, Crawford discovered, there was another city that vied with Rome in its attractions for the artist. During a visit home in 1849 he had decided to model a monument to Washington. Hiram Powers wished to do the same, as the sculptor learned on one of his journeys to Florence.

Hiram Powers, the Vermonter with the impending brow and great black burning eyes, welcomed his rival to his studio opposite the Casa del Bello. In his linen blouse, a sculptor's cap tilted on the side of his head, he shuffled about from room to room, exhibiting his Fisher Boy holding a shell to his ear, and his bust of Proserpine, as well as a copy of his Greek Slave which, in sugar white alabaster, was exposed under little domed glass covers in many an American home. Powers talked freely about his works and about the lawsuits that frequently followed them. James Robb of New Orleans, he mentioned, had ordered the Slave and then had decided that he wanted instead the statue of Eve which the white-haired Dane had praised so highly. The praise, Powers declared, as he removed a cigar from his mouth, was justly merited. He was thoroughly pleased with his own achievements, Crawford noticed, as Powers contrasted the unnatural eye of the Venus di Medici with the face of his own Proserpine. Nor was the New Englander apt to praise a brother sculptor, for he pointed out the impossibility of Persico's statue of Mr. Sparks and even declared that Greenough could not shape a good bust. Nevertheless, Crawford found many of Powers' methods interesting. He modelled directly in the plaster without a clay model and boasted that he needed neither rule nor compasses for studying his subject. Eagerly he beckoned Crawford to a secret room in his studio, in which he kept his tools and the machines he had invented. Here he displayed an open file for finishing a marble surface and a device for punching holes through iron. Powers was still a Yankee, his

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and 435; and Scott, *The Life and Letters of Christopher Pearse Cranch*, 104–105.

visitor observed, for all that he had resided so long in Florence.[26]

Indeed, his conversation was filled with reminiscences about those Yankee days. Powers' black eyes kindled as he spoke of the caricatures he had drawn of a museum proprietor, or his wax figures of the Infernal Regions, of his work at Watson's clock factory, and the jew's-harp he had invented. He was the first to acknowledge that he still resembled the Vermont boy who had stuck pins into pupils' seats and tied feathers to flies' legs. His talk flowed in a stream, and over a cup of tea he bubbled on about fried acacia blossoms or the servant who stole his oil to burn a lamp to the Virgin. Almost in a single breath he dilated upon the necessity of nudity in sculpture, elaborated a theory of colds, and offered a dissertation on flying machines or Swedenborgianism. Every observation he had ever made was grist to his mill. Crawford could do nothing but listen as Powers discussed the cheapness of models in Florence or condemned the visitors who flourished their canes about his works and rubbed their hands over his marbles. Had not a Westerner who had been told that one statue was priced at $3000 whistled, raised his eyebrows, and exclaimed, "How sculptor's riz!" When Powers spoke with that Yankee twang he loved to use, his black eyes kindled and a warm kindliness emanated from him; yet Crawford felt beneath the massive, strong surface of the man a dissatisfaction that revealed itself when he condemned sculptors who worked

[26] For these and the following details about Hiram Powers, see Henry Boynton, "Hiram Powers," in *The New England Magazine*, XX, 5 (July, 1899), 519–533; Hawthorne, *Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books*, I, 290–294 and 303–305; II, 20–27, 33–35, 52–55, 85–86, and 98–101; Hillard, *Six Months in Italy*, 114–115; Miner K. Kellogg, *Justice to Hiram Powers* (1848), 3–4; C. Edwards Lester, *The Artist, the Merchant, and the Statesman, of the Age of the Medici, and of Our Own Times* (New York, 1845), I, 25 and 29, and II, 184–185; Ossoli, *At Home and Abroad*, 372 and 376; "Letters of Hiram Powers to Nicholas Longworth, Esq., 1856–1858," *The Quarterly Publication of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio*, I, 2 (April–June, 1906), 40–58; and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, 276–291; *The Italian Sketch Book* (New York, 1848), 263–264; and *Vindication of Hiram Powers in the "Greek Slave" Controversy* (Cincinnati, 1849), 13.

by proxy and yet were better received in America than he himself.

In spite of the fact that Horatio Greenough also desired to make an equestrian statue of Washington, Crawford was glad when this second rival happened into Powers' studio. Unlike Powers, Greenough seemed superior to his works, a man of general cultivation and magnanimity. He had come from his studio in the Piazza Maria Antonia with its numerous apartments, galleries, and vestibules, and was ready to match anecdotes with Crawford, to discuss inventions with Powers. The two Florentines had designed instruments to stipple plaster, and even Powers was willing to listen when Greenough mentioned the modelling mixture he had devised or the white *gouache* with which he put high lights into a drawing. With delicate wit he turned the conversation into broader channels, recalling the wooden daggers he had carved as a youth or the pistol he had inlaid with flowers. In his courteous dignity he still bore the traces of having been prepared for Harvard by George Emerson, and Crawford was charmed by his conversation. Somehow, though his talk ran as wide a gamut as Powers' it did not seem quite so centered upon himself. It was almost with humility that he mentioned the navy captain who had visited his studio, and having made a beeline for some tobacco, complimented Greenough's statues only because at last he had been able to fill his pipe. With light charm he spoke of his excellent pupil Falcini, of his dog Arno, of the children's party his wife had given. From the ballet at the Perzola to the genial forms of Italy his talk ranged, and Powers was forced to listen and lock animosity in his heart. Like Crawford in Rome, Greenough had been a pioneer in Florence, and the recent tide of events distressed him. There seemed no opportunity now, he remarked sadly, to practise his stonecutter's creed. Crawford was eager to know what his creed was, and as he listened his admiration of Greenough deepened. Beauty, the promise of function; Action, the presence of function; Character, the record of

function—these three must be impressed in marble. And if, Crawford thought, Greenough's bas reliefs and chanting cherubs did not express this creed, the man himself did. In Greenough the rivalry that rankled in Powers' mind simply did not exist.[27]

Before Crawford left, another visitor knocked at Powers' door, and Thomas Read, the poet-painter, entered. The conversation became lighter when Read joined the sculptors and, his curly brown hair tumbling over his forehead, his gray eyes glowing, the youthful artist matched their witticisms with repartees and puns. He sparkled as he spoke of the Murray's Guide Books he had seen in Florence, "trotting about with half a dozen beggars whining at their heels." On his first journey to Italy nothing escaped him. Slight and small, he sat sedate and self-poised until his cheek crimsoned and his delicate features became animated. Would the sculptors indulge in reminiscence? Then Read would tell many a tale of the nine lives he had already lived, as apprentice to a tailor, a grocer, and a cigar-maker, as sign painter, sculptor, actor impersonating female parts, as poet under the pseudonym "Hazel Dell." Would they discuss their works? His pictures of the Lost Pleiad or Water Sprite were ready for comment. Would they hear his poems? He was happy to read them aloud.[28]

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27 For Horatio Greenough, see Horace Bender [pseudonym of Horatio Greenough], *The Travels, Observations, and Experience of a Yankee Stonecutter* (New York, 1852), 184 and 187; Henry Greenough, *Ernest Carroll*, 223–225; *Letters of Horatio Greenough to his Brother, Henry Greenough*, edited by Frances Booth Greenough (Boston, 1887), 15, 24, 216, 224, and 229; "Greenough, the Sculptor," in *Putnam's Monthly*, I, 3 (March, 1853), 319–320; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, *Margaret Fuller Ossoli* (Boston, 1884), 270–271; Hillard, *Six Months in Italy*, 115–116; and Henry T. Tuckerman, *A Memorial of Horatio Greenough* (New York, 1853), 25, 36, 195, and 226–227.

28 For Thomas Read, see Fielding, *Dictionary of American Painters*, 295; Lewis Harley, *Confessions of a Schoolmaster and Other Essays* (Philadelphia and London, 1914), 108 and 115; *A Memoir of T. Buchanan Read* (Philadelphia, 1889), *passim;* Thomas Buchanan Read, *Poetical Works* (Philadelphia, 1883), xv; Alice E. Smith, editor, "Letters of Thomas Buchanan Read," in *The Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, XLVI, 1 (January, 1937), 68–69; John R. Tait, "Reminiscences of a Poet-Painter," *Lippincott's*

But Crawford had received enough impressions to last for one day. He felt he had been given a glimpse into the whole artist colony in Florence through the peephole of Powers' studio. As his host shuffled to the door in his slippers and removed his sculptor's cap from the side of his head, Crawford bade him good-bye, still convinced that one might visit Florence with pleasure, but that the majority of American artists had chosen wisely in their allegiance to Rome.

Meanwhile, as the years passed, in that Rome to which Crawford returned many changes were taking place. Some of the familiar faces were no longer in evidence at the Greco, but Crawford noted with satisfaction that others had appeared in their stead. Henry Kirke Brown and Cranch had departed long since, and Cropsey had been driven home by civic troubles. Margaret Fuller, who had been a source for Mozier's most malicious gossip, lay dead at the bottom of the sea, along with Powers' statue of Calhoun and three hundred tons of Carrara marble. Hicks, who had painted her portrait, had gone too, along with Kensett. With Mozier, Charlotte Cushman had joined forces to keep Rome in a perpetual ferment of scandal, and at 28 Corso she entertained the American artists with gossip, ballads, and recitations. Story had enlarged his studios on the Macao and in his beautiful apartment in the Piazza di Spagna competed with Charlotte Cushman in amateur theatricals, playing Shylock to his wife's Jessica.

For all the changes, the departures, the visits to other cities, there were still enough American artists to fill the "Omnibus" at the Greco and to justify Crawford's conclusion that Rome was the only place for an artist to work. Often at La Cushman's rooms he met William Page, who was painting the actress' portrait. Like many of Crawford's associates, Page had enjoyed a checkered career as assistant in Frederic De Peyster's New York law office, divinity student at Andover,

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Magazine, XIX, 17 (March, 1877), 307; and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, 460.

and ardent Swedenborgian. After a second marriage he had set up his easel in Boston, and now, as Crawford observed, was on his way to becoming the leading American portrait painter in Rome. The sculptor found Page's conversation interesting and at his house on the Quirinal Hill enjoyed hearing about the painter's experiments in color or his new method of measuring the human body. Crawford could well believe that he had copied a Titian so well that the authorities stopped him for having filched an original, and without delay commissioned him to paint Mrs. Crawford's portrait. This Page was glad to execute, though he was beginning to be more absorbed in Shakespeare's death mask than in Mrs. Crawford's lovely face.[29]

Shakespeare was a source of interest to still another of the American newcomers. Cephas Thompson, meditating a series of pictures from *The Tempest*, had a great deal in common with William Page, and Crawford delighted to hear these fashionable portrait painters discuss Swedenborgianism, Shakespeare, or the heads that adorned their most recent canvases. While Page commented on a touch he had added to a portrait of Mrs. Story, Thompson discoursed on the Guardian Angels of Infancy that occupied his easel. Over a tumbler of coffee at the Greco this earnest artist mentioned the casts he had copied at the Boston Athenaeum or the manner in which he had drawn Guido's Beatrice Cenci, taking it, as it were, by stealth, since the picture was available only once a week for a very short period of time. Thompson's seriousness as a craftsman and delicacy of mind appealed to the sculptor, who found pleasure in his presence at the Villa Negroni or the Greco.[30]

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[29] For William Page consult Fielding, *Dictionary of American Painters*, 267; James, *William Wetmore Story and His Friends*, I, 269; and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, 295–298.

[30] For Cephas Thompson see Fielding, *Dictionary of American Painters*, 365; Hawthorne, *Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books*, I, 68–69; and Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, 22 and 490–491.

Among this group of later arrivals Crawford occasionally found George L. Brown who, like Thompson, had achieved a reputation as a copyist. So well had he reproduced a Claude sunset that in Florence he was known as "Claude" Brown. From that city he made frequent visits to Rome to study ilexes or fir trees, bridges or aqueducts. These he sketched, and his pencil drawings of *contadine* at a fountain or crosses by a wayside filled his portfolios. As a Bostonian, Brown fitted well into the company of the New Englanders. With Chapman he was ready to discuss wood engraving; with Page and Thompson he exchanged views on stage scenery, while he delighted everyone with his reminiscences of the time when he had received three hundred dollars from a merchant to go abroad. Brown's visits from Florence were occasions for spirited gatherings at the Greco or delightful excursions with pencils and sketchbooks to the Campagna or the Coliseum.[31]

At Charlotte Cushman's rooms Crawford also encountered the sprightly young sculptress, Harriet Hosmer, who had come to Rome with the actress to pursue her calling. While La Cushman chattered or sang "Mary, Call the Cattle Home" Crawford amused himself watching Miss Hosmer spring about like a bird, jaunty and brisk, her velvet cap perched on the side of her head framing the brown curls that came clustering out. The sculptress sobered herself for a talk with Crawford about her studio overlooking the Barberini Gardens, with its plaster busts and statues, its fountain, flowers, and birds. She was especially charming when the artists induced her to recall her tomboy days when she had unshackled the cars at a railroad station or smoked a peace pipe with the Indians. Harriet Hosmer brought a new touch to the soirées and glees

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[31] For George L. Brown see his *Catalogue of the Large and Valuable Collection of Oil Paintings, Studies and Pencil Drawings, of our Eminent American Artist George L. Brown* (New York, 1862), 1–5; Fielding, *Dictionary of American Painters*, 44; and Tuckerman, *Artist-Life*, 221–233; and *Book of the Artists*, 22 and 346–354.

of the hour, and was a constant reminder that the day of the emancipated female had arrived.[32]

During the twenty years of Crawford's stay in Rome he had not only observed the growth of an American colony of painters and sculptors in that city, enjoying their company at the Greco, their dinners and their conversation, but had himself achieved a definite success. His complexion was as florid as ever; health still seemed to emanate from him; but he had changed from the boy who had come with trembling hesitation to Thorwaldsen's studio near the Piazza Barberini. When Mrs. Hawthorne placed his sculpture of Glory to God in the Highest over her flower table, he might have been satisfied that eminence had come to him. If such approbation had not overwhelmed him, surely he must have been well pleased when his bronze of Beethoven was exhibited at a Munich concert attended by no less a personage than King Maximilian. If Powers complained again when Crawford's figures were chosen for the pediment on the Washington Capitol, this success surely obliterated the attacks of a querulous rival who insisted that both the title of the sculpture and the commission had been taken from him. Gratification surely was his when he watched the throngs of royal and civic equipages that crowded the Piazza Negroni when his equestrian monument of Washington was placed on exhibition. If the marble Washington had declined the laurel wreath offered by a winged Fame, Crawford himself refused none of the honors and commissions that were thrust upon him. For the clay model of the monument he rented a long range of roomy stables in the Piazza di Termini, and proceeded to execute the $80,000 worth of commissions that awaited his labors. His honorary membership in the academies of Munich, St.

[32] For Harriet Hosmer, see Ruth A. Bradford, "The Life and Works of Harriet Hosmer, The American Sculptor," in *The New England Magazine*, XLV, 3 (November, 1911), 265 and 269; Hawthorne, *Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books*, II, 229–230; and Phillips, *Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story*, 102.

Petersburg, and Florence did not deter him from active and energetic work.[33]

After a brief visit home to make arrangements about commissions, Crawford returned to Rome, going the rounds of his studios as he had always done, giving instructions to his workmen, supervising the packing of statues. But a day arrived when for the last time he brushed the marble dust from his hair and gave his final directions. Before he closed the door of his studios he surveyed the rooms, glancing at Patrick Henry standing near a horse's head, turning to the gigantic figure of Mason in bagwig and waistcoat. All these statues, he felt, were a preparation for the great things he was to achieve hereafter. There were, he exclaimed to one of the workmen, fifteen years of good work still before him. And so he left and closed the door behind him.

He never entered his studios again, never opened the door of those great apartments that housed the thoughts he had shaped into marble. Since his return from America Crawford had been afflicted with a dreadful malady. After a surgical operation performed by Dr. William Gibson, the sculptor journeyed to Paris with Luther Terry. There he learned that behind his eye, that eye which had enjoyed so much, had observed so much, was spreading a cancerous tumor.[34]

In London, on October 16, 1857, Crawford died. His body was sent home to New York, and at his burial in St. John's Church Kensett and Hicks acted as pallbearers. So much they remembered of the golden days in Rome—Cato, Crawford's dog, dozing before the fireplace, the tea parties, the symposia, the spiced wine, the Greco. Still more they remembered him who had first opened the delights of the Old World to them,

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[33] For details about Crawford's success, consult Freeman, *Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio*, 245; Hawthorne, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*, I, 367; Hicks, *Eulogy*, 30–32; and "Letters of Hiram Powers to Nicholas Longworth, Esq., 1856–1858," 45.

[34] For Crawford's illness and death, see Hicks, *Eulogy*, 9–10, 52, and 70 ff.; and "Letters of Hiram Powers to Nicholas Longworth, Esq., 1856–1858," 46.

sharing his experiences, rejoicing in their achievements, him whom they bore now into the earth.

Nor in Rome did they forget him. When the news of his death arrived they held a meeting, Terry and Freeman officiating. And there too they remembered, those who had first joined him in the Eternal City recalling to those who had come after, the strolls near the yellow Tiber, the walks to the Coliseum where owls still hooted by moonlight, the Carnival that still ran its merry course. Through their memories the figure of Crawford arose, his blue eyes burning before some sculpture, the candle fastened in his hat. In his chestnut hair still the marble dust was falling, and if he himself had turned to dust, surely that dust was marble as long as they in Rome remembered him.

SEA-TERMS THAT HAVE COME ASHORE

GEORGE DAVIS CHASE[1]

IT is a well-recognized fact that the figurative language of a community reflects the interests and occupations of its members. The Twenty-third Psalm was the product of a grazing people. If a citizen of Sidon had written it, he would have said, "The Lord is my pilot, he steereth me in safe waters." Because the Romans were a military people, Terence could put into the mouths of his characters on the stage such terms as *convasare*, "pack up the old kit bag," and *verbis protelare*, "set up a barrage of talk." The automobile today has taught men and women to *park* their rubbers and to *skid* on the ice. A young lady was heard to say of her pet kitten, which was purring faintly, "his battery is low," and Margaret Halsey, in *With Malice Toward Some*, describes one of her hostesses as "being gracious in all eight cylinders."

Literature has from earliest times been a frequent vehicle for the transportation of foreign figures. The Roman poet Horace was brought up in an inland community. He hated and feared the sea, as his ode "Sic Te Diva Potens" (1.3) indicates. But in Ode ii, 10, he develops his peripatetic philosophy with the introductory stanza,

> Better live, Licinius, neither steering
> Ever seaward, neither in timid fear of
> Tempests, close to dangerous breakers
> Hugging a lee shore.

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1 The material for this study has been furnished jointly by Joanna C. Colcord of Searsport, Maine (now Director of the Charity Organization Department, Russell Sage Foundation, New York City), who was born and reared in ships that sailed the seven seas; and the writer, who came of Cape Cod stock, and whose father and brothers were engaged in the Atlantic coast carrying trade. Miss Colcord represents the last generation of those familiar with deep-water seafaring in square riggers, while the writer imbibed the language and tradition of fore-and-aft rigging and navigation.

And in Ode i, 14, he develops the figure of the ship of state with all the details of rigging and navigation.[2] But Horace in his lyric poems is imitating closely the Greek poets of the Aegean Sea and is drawing the figure of the ship of state from poems of Alcaeus and Theognis. So the tradition of literature gives us figures of speech that are sometimes foreign to the writer.

Probably no specialized idiom is so well adapted to figurative use as the language of seafaring. The intricate structure and rigging of a ship, and the varied operations of navigation furnish a wealth of terms and expressions. They also appeal widely to the imagination, for they are drawn from a world strange to the landsman and alluring from its mystery and adventure. They form a language of human interest and action, of experience and judgment easily transferred to human relations.

Literature has familiarized us with numerous expressions doubtless of nautical origin which have become better known ashore than at sea, such as *in deep waters* (in severe tribulation); to *pour oil on troubled waters* (to soothe, tranquilize), referring to the practice in extremely heavy weather of heaving overboard a bag of oil to form a film on the water near by and prevent the waves from breaking so heavily; to *fish in troubled waters* (to take advantage of others' misfortunes); the *sport of wind and waves* (at the mercy of chance); *tempest-tossed,* familiar in its Latin equivalent, *tempestate jactatus;* with a *favoring gale* (Latin, *vento secundo*); to *stem the tide* (conquer adverse circumstances), from heading the bows of a ship directly against the current; and *Davy Jones's locker.*

The religious exhorter can readily urge us to sail our frail bark across the billowy ocean of life and pilot her through the rips and shallows of temptation, guided by the compass of Holy Writ, until at last we cast anchor in the safe and

[2] O, ship, new waves will bear you out to sea. Your mast is crippled and your yards are creaking. Your sails are rent. Your hull unstayed can not withstand the boisterous waves.

snug harbor of Salvation, bearing home a precious cargo. And the political spellbinder tells us that Thomas Jefferson launched the ship of state and with colors nailed to the mast defended the bulwarks of liberty and democracy.

But most of all, people in a seafaring community think in terms of the sea. The story is told of the exasperated mother chasing her twelve-year-old boy in a gale of wind. He was running before the wrath of the elements and his angry parent. The mother, with her wide spread of skirts, was bearing down upon and fast overhauling him when his eight-year-old brother sung out, "Take her on the wind, Jimmy!"

In such an atmosphere it was the ambition of every able-bodied man to win his laurels on the quarter deck. The sailor was proud of his bronzed face and rolling gait. He swaggered and boasted in the home port in a language that was strange ashore, and suggested toil and adventure and a mastery of the sea. The people ashore imitated it. The storekeeper kept his store shipshape and carried a cargo of A 1 stock. The stage driver met with heavy weather and ground swells, the politicians were open and aboveboard, the wives and mothers navigated[3] about their kitchens (the men called them galleys), and everybody turned in at night and was on deck bright and early in the morning. The boys of the younger generation, whose ambition was to follow in the wake of fathers and brothers, affected a saltier speech and reefed and tacked to their hearts' content, while the young women who had found society dull in the absence of sweethearts were glad to welcome them home and hear their suggestions of splices and clove hitches.[4] The whole community was weather-wise and discussed prognostications of wind and wave; it talked of sails and spars, of shoals and lee shores and breakers, of steering a straight course or of getting to windward of the other fellow; and everybody was ashamed to tie a granny's

[3] "Able to navigate" also meant to be fairly sober, or in passable health.

[4] "A tight clasp," literally, two half hitches that would not slip, around a spar or taut rope.

knot.[5] The seaman long away from home was often at a loss to express himself about things ashore. But he was quick to capitalize his ignorance by using the terms of his noble calling. The sailor who had been *up the Straits,* that is, in the Mediterranean, in describing the city of Beyrout, said that the roofs of the houses were copper-bottomed with sheet lead.

A hundred years ago shipbuilding and seafaring were the chief occupations of the coast towns of New England. Even from settlements at some distance from the coast, men came to find employment in the shipyards or on board ship and carried their new-found sea-terms back to their inland homes. Also as time went on, many families became tired of the hardships and dangers of the sea, the menfolks wearied of passing their lives apart from their families, the women dreaded an early widowhood. The country was rapidly developing westward, and families bred to the sea joined in the pioneer movement to Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Later, the War of the States struck a mortal blow to deep-water shipping, and the coast population turned to the inland cities of New England and New York. In all these ways nautical language was carried to the interior.

To be sure, as its expressions became familiar over a wider area, the exact meaning of the nautical figures was often lost or obscured. Thus Della T. Lutes, brought up in South Michigan in a family that had migrated from the East, writes, "Lest you should think an apple dowdy all *straight* sailing."[6] If she had been brought up on the Atlantic Coast, she could have said "plain sailing" or "clear sailing" but not "straight sailing." Doubtless she had not a clear idea of what the expression denoted. People heard of giving a wide berth to an unreliable person but did not always realize that *berth* referred to the position of a ship at anchor and included the space through which she might swing from wind or tide, and

[5] An ordinary double knot, with the second part at an angle to the first. If it were parallel, it was a square knot and would not slip.

[6] *Home Grown,* 145.

endanger other craft by fouling them. A vacillating, unreliable person was said to *back and fill.*[7] This was a handy expression and was adopted by people who had no notion that the figure was that of a ship now making progress with sails full and now aimlessly drifting with sails aback, *i. e.,* filled on the wrong side. A university professor of language, reared in New Hampshire back from the water, was familiar with the expression but associated it with a tipcart backing up and filling at a gravel pit.

After the War of the States a coast carrying trade started up which in thirty years had developed to amazing proportions. From sloops and two-masted schooners of light burden New England learned to build schooners of three, four, five, six, and even seven masts, which often far exceeded in carrying capacity the old deep-water ships. The rigging and handling of these light-draft schooners was different from that of the old-time deep-draft square-riggers, as were also their problems of navigation. A coasting sailor knows nothing of yards and braces and would be lost in the maze of rigging aboard a ship, while booms and gaffs are less familiar to a deep-water sailor. With the passing of the present generation, navigation by sail is becoming a matter of tradition known only through books, like that of the triremes of the Greeks and the argosies of the Venetians. Many expressions are likely to become lost and the exact meaning of others to become obscured. Still more when these expressions have passed into figurative use in the mouths of people who have no suspicion of their original meaning, we seem to be in danger of losing something of the vividness and force of our common speech.

The story that the first conductor on a New Jersey railway was a retired sea captain and that he was the first one to call

[7] In early days this was a recognized manoeuver of square-rigged vessels in working their way down narrow passages where their chief progress was from the help of the current, but it was later abandoned when larger craft towed to sea and smaller fore-and-aft-rigged vessels could beat through narrow channels. So the expression came to mean to follow a changing, indecisive course of procedure.

out *"All aboard!"* is potentially true, however apocryphal the details may be. The railroads, at first built near the coast, were manned largely by people of seafaring experience who transferred sea terms to trains, so that they called their roads *railways* and *shipped* goods, and conductors *ran* their trains, *i.e.*, directed and controlled them—a causative use of run in the sense of manage, which was definitely nautical. (Incidentally, *run* came to be used in a great variety of expressions at sea, such as *run afoul of, run across, run aground, run down, run alongside of, run athwart,* and *run astern,* all of which are now used on shore.) We speak of *shipping* by rail and of *shippers* and *shipments,* as well as *consignment* and *consignee,* which are also nautical terms. We *board* a train and are then *on board,* which originally referred to the deck of a ship. We have also borrowed *trip, passenger, fare, freight; berth* and *cabin* on a sleeper; *tender,* or the fuel car attached to a locomotive, from *tender,* a supply or service boat accompanying a ship; and *caboose,* which we took from the Dutch, as an alternative term for the galley or kitchen on a ship, and transferred to the car on a freight train reserved for the use of the train *crew.*

In the case of general terms that have nautical uses it is often difficult to determine whether we are dealing with a nautical expression. If a man bred in a seafaring community said his horse broke adrift in the night, everyone would recognize his expression as nautical; if his wife said her wash basin had sprung aleak only those familiar with sea terms would be sure she was talking sea language, while the finer distinction when the farmer *hitched* his horse, a woman *tied* him, but a sailor *made him fast* might easily escape ears not attuned to the sea.

In any attempt to illustrate how, and to what extent, terms of nautical origin have made their way into the language of business, politics, and everyday life ashore, one is hampered by the increasing general unfamiliarity with the operations of navigation. This calls for a somewhat extended discussion

of seafaring terms in their literal sense, without which the figurative use is obscured and its effectiveness lost. To be *taken aback* is not a vivid and expressive figure if one is not conscious of the wind striking his sails on the wrong side and so bringing his progress to a sudden halt. To be taken *flat aback* is to have the sails suddenly and unexpectedly blown flat against the masts instead of being filled and drawing. There are involved the ideas of suddenness, surprise, and loss of control. We have undertaken, therefore, to describe nautical operations in their setting, trying to bring out the intent on the part of the navigator and also his reactions to occurrences at sea, for intent and reaction are most implied in his figurative language. The various uses of figurative expressions themselves we have not taken equal pains to describe, since these become in large measure self-evident when once the literal sense is grasped.

For an orderly arrangement of our discussion, the procedure adopted has been to follow a ship's experience from her launching through the process of getting her out to sea.

When a ship is built, first her lines are laid down, that is, architectural drawings of the hull are made; and then her keel is laid on the *ways* or *railways*—parallel timbers inclined toward the water. As the hull progresses, it is blocked and shored up and surrounded by staging. This whole structure is called the *stocks*. When the hull is completed, the blocks and shoring are knocked away and the ship is allowed to slide down the ways into the water, or is *launched*. Sometimes, if she does not slide down readily, it is necessary to *grease the ways*, as we say of the use of money, gifts, or bribes to assist in the *launching* of a political or business enterprise. While she is building, she is *on the stocks* or *on the ways;* after she is launched, she is *off the stocks* or *off the ways*.[8] A ship built for speed was a

[8] So we describe an enterprise in process of organization, or perfected, or *launched*, respectively.

clipper, or *clipper-built.*[9] Warships were heavy and solid, *frigate-built.* Whaleboats, built with overlapping strakes, were *clinker-built.*[10]

After the ship is launched and rigged she has to *take out papers;* that is, she is enrolled at the custom house of a port of entry by her agent, who swears to her ownership and description. She is said to *hail from*[11] that port, the name of which is painted, along with her own, on her stern. She is then assigned an official number and four official letters for entry in the Government Registry of Shipping. These letters are represented by flags in the international signal code. If a ship, passing a sail at sea or a lighthouse ashore, wishes to be spoken, that is, reported, she sets her colors in the rigging. In foreign waters she sets her national flag also at her spanker peak. In times of war this declared her nationality and was called *showing her colors,* a phrase in common use for taking a stand on a debatable issue.

Upon enrollment, a vessel is *in commission,*[12] that is, permitted to engage in commerce or to sail from port to port. If she is permanently disabled or tied up, she is *out of commission.*[13] Every vessel is given an official rating for insurance purposes, which must be renewed periodically following inspection. The highest rating, or *first-rate,* is *A1.*,[14] or, as it is often called, *A Number One and a dot.*

Occasionally a vessel was put *in dry dock* for conditioning or current repairs, such as caulking, scraping, and painting the hull. She was then said to be *hauled out,* or less often, *hove down.*[15] These terms refer to earlier conditions, before

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9 Neat and trim, of a woman's figure or *build*—a partly obsolete nautical term.

10 In figurative use, sound, first-class.

11 "Where does that chap hail from?"

12 So is a going concern, or a person able to carry on.

13 Unable to keep going, sick, or, if *put* out of commission, disabled by an adversary.

14 Of the highest quality or condition, tip-top.

15 All three of these phrases, with different nautical meanings, are applied figuratively to anyone sick and in the hospital.

dry docks came into use, when vessels were small and were actually beached and hove on their bilge for repairs.

The work on the bottom had to be done at low water, which lasted only a few hours at a time. It wasn't the pleasantest of jobs to crawl under a vessel and work overhead on planking that was still dripping wet. The worst part of all was the plank nearest the keel, the garboard strake (or streak, as it was commonly corrupted), which was popularly called *hell*. Pitch softened by heating was often used to smear over or *pay* the seams. So the expression arose, "There's hell to pay and no pitch hot," meaning "There's tough work to be done and no adequate preparation made." In course of time the meaning of the expression was lost; it was usually shortened to "There's hell to pay," and this in turn was softened down to "There's the devil to pay," which was utter nonsense but seemed to fill a need in speech.

In the winter season, when the rivers and smaller harbors of New England were frozen up or when there was lack of business, coasting vessels used to *haul up* or be *hauled up*,[16] or *laid up*,[17] that is, *tied up*[18] to a wharf; their sails were unbent, and if it was in a city, a keeper was put aboard. These terms originally referred to the earlier practice of beaching a vessel during the winter. Also after a major disaster such as being dismasted or leaking from a strained or stove-in hull, a vessel was *laid up for repairs*.[19]

When a vessel started again in the spring, she had to be thoroughly *overhauled*.[20] The term apparently applied first to the ropes of running rigging, to see that they were not tangled but running smoothly. In that sense it was used of any ropes or tackles that might get tangled. Next, overhaul meant to examine thoroughly and make necessary repairs on

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16 Gone out of business; retired.
17 Physically incapacitated.
18 Kept in at home by duties or sickness.
19 Sick or in the hospital.
20 Investigated, or renovated, if speaking of clothing.

sails, standing rigging, and hull. Also, to overhaul another vessel was to overtake her, originally for the purpose of investigation in war times.[21]

After enrollment, the captain of a vessel, whose official title was *master* but who was always addressed as *Captain* and spoken of as *The Old Man*,[22] regardless of age, and who along the coast was familiarly called *skipper*,[23] who had been previously engaged by the agent, *shipped*[24] his officers and crew. They were also said to *ship*[25] to go as mate or cook or whatever their rank; the crew *signed articles*[26] (the muster roll). They *signed on* at the beginning of a voyage and *signed off*[27] at the end. The articles were a strictly binding contract to serve during a complete voyage. Leaving the ship in a foreign port was desertion and severely punishable. The *first mate*,[28] always addressed as *Mister* so and so, was fully competent to navigate the ship. He was the captain's right-hand man and took command in his absence. Sometimes an experienced mate, called a *dry nurse*, was employed to handle the ship for an inexperienced or incapable captain. This is a comparatively rare case of a shore term gone to sea. He was said to accept a *berth*.[29] This word first meant living quarters on board a ship, in which sense it is used by Marryat. Then it replaced *bunk*, the built-in bed in a cabin, as a more dignified word, though *bunk* as noun and verb continued to be used. The crew were the common sailors, who on deep-water ships were classed as able seamen (A.S.) and ordinary seamen (O.S.). They were said to *go before the mast*[30] because they

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21 By popular etymology, *overalls* are commonly called *overhauls*.

22 The head of a concern.

23 "The boss." The army name for a captain of artillery.

24 To engage for service.

25 To take a position, hire out.

26 To make a formal engagement. Marrying couples also "signed articles for the voyage."

27 To take, and quit a job, respectively. "I didn't sign on to run errands."

28 Regularly used of a wife.

29 Figuratively, an appointment, a permanent engagement.

30 To serve as hired help.

lived forward in the forecastle, while the officers lived aft in the cabin. When a sailor was made an officer he was said to be *brought aft.*[31] Sailors were called by their first names only. Their generic name was Jack. Collectively they were *every man Jack. Tar* and *Jack tar* are book-terms, long since discarded on shipboard. *Old Salt,* for sailor, was used more ashore than at sea. The ordinary seamen were not competent to do the more expert work on spars and rigging but were said to be *able to hand, reef, and steer.*[32] The crew were called *hands,* and the whole crew were *all hands,* though sometimes the term was extended to include the officers, as "all hands were lost." The cook, addressed as *Doctor,* occupied an anomalous position, being neither an officer nor a member of the crew. Therefore, the complement on shipboard, or the whole ship's company, *all told*[33] (*i.e.,* counted), was somewhat facetiously called *all hands and the cook.*[34] The cook occupied a respected position, though many jokes were played on him which he was expected to take good-naturedly. The epithet "son-of-a-seacook" was offensive though meaningless. The crew consisted of all races and nationalities, chained to an existence from which they knew no means of escape. Those of Teutonic race were called Dutchmen or Squareheads. Southern Europeans were Portygees or Dagos, Frenchmen were Frenchies, men from the Maritime Provinces of Canada, not French, were Bluenoses.[35] Canadian French were Canucks; South Sea islanders, especially Hawaiians, were Kanakas, a name quite unrelated to Canuck. Shipping masters sometimes *shanghaied*[36] sailors, that is, shipped them for long voyages on undesirable ships drunk or "doped." A sailor who joined the

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31 Promoted. "I hear they've brought Jim Davis aft, down to the fact'ry."

32 Qualified praise, of one who can "get by."

33 All included, a survival of the original meaning of *tell,* meaning count, as to *tell time.*

34 Everybody, none excepted.

35 For an explanation, *cf.* Pearl Ashby Tibbetts, *Land Under Heaven* (Portland, 1937).

36 Figuratively, tricked grossly to one's disadvantage, kidnapped.

ship at the last moment was said to take a *pierhead jump*, that is, a sudden start, unprepared for and unexpected.

After being fully manned, a vessel was prepared to engage in commerce. A ship went on a voyage to a foreign port. A coasting vessel made a trip to a domestic port. *Trip* is often used ashore to denote a passage one way; hence a *round trip*. A person not signed up as a member of the crew was sometimes taken one way and allowed to *work his passage*.[37] The coasting trade was mainly a one-way business, and schooners were built on such lines that they could sail safely either light or loaded. Ships, on the other hand, sailing on long voyages, expected to carry cargoes in both directions, and when light were too *crank* or *cranky*,[38] *i.e.*, unstable, to sail with safety. Therefore, if they had to sail to another port for a cargo they went *in ballast*,[39] that is, carried a weight of several hundred tons in the hold. When a vessel engaged to carry a cargo she *chartered*,[40] that is, entered into a written contract in very precise terms; for example, the consignee agreed to unload her at a stated average rate per day after she reported arrived, Sundays excepted, and at the end of her lay days, so called, to pay demurrage at a fixed rate per ton or unit of cargo for every day or fraction thereof, Sundays included, that she was detained.

Being loaded and having completed all her business in port she *got her clearance papers* (authority to leave port), or *cleared out*,[41] or *cleared*,[42] and might set sail as soon as weather conditions were favorable. Clearance has another meaning which may be of nautical origin, namely, space for passage on each side or above. In the navy, *sailing orders*[43] were issued

37 Figuratively, this means to render service for favors; also, to do more than should have been required; to be exploited.

38 Hence a *crank*, a person unbalanced in some respect.

39 "He hasn't much ballast," *i.e.*, stability of character, good judgment. Applied ashore to rocks or gravel used to strengthen a railroad bed.

40 So one *charters* a team or a bus.

41 Clear out! Go away!

42 To *clear for* means to start for: "You clear for home!"

43 Figuratively, written or specific instructions as to procedure.

to the commanding officers of ships to proceed to sea with destination given.

After all formalities had been complied with and officers and crew had *embarked,* last of all the captain went aboard and at the first favorable opportunity the vessel put to sea, *rigged out*[44] and with everything *all a-taunto,* that is, in first-class order. The last-minute warning on passenger boats before the gang-plank is pulled, "All ashore that's going ashore," is often used on shore more or less facetiously as a hurry-up warning.

Many nautical figures of speech have to do with the anchor, jestingly called along shore the *mudhook.*[45] Joe Lincoln has one of his characters say, "When I sit in a hair cloth chair I feel as if I was dragging anchor." Nothing could express more effectively the feeling of helpless slipping than a reference to a ship without the power to control her drifting toward danger.

A vessel is often *anchored* because of conditions over which she has no control, unfavorable weather or delays in port. So when a person is anchored in a town or a position, by ties of family or property, he is forced to stay there though impatient to get away.[46] A vessel at anchor is held more securely according to the length of chain let out. If it comes on to blow, it is often necessary to stick out more chain. A section of chain is called a *shot.* When every shot has been stuck out and there is no more in her locker, she is at the end of her resources. As long as she has *another shot in her locker* she still has an untried means of reliance, a last resort. In early days, cables were used to hold the anchor. The inboard end of the cable, which was attached to the bitts, was called the

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[44] Dressed up. "Rigged out fit to kill." *Togged out to the nines* has a similar meaning ashore but probably refers to the guns called "long nines" carried on old ships-of-war.

[45] Sometimes used humorously of a foot.

[46] To settle down in a place was to *cast anchor* or *drop anchor* there.

bitter end.[47] When the cable was let out to the bitter end, there was nothing more to be done; if worse came, the cable would carry away and the ship drive ashore.

When a vessel at anchor *got under way,* that is, assumed controlled progress, the first step was to *heave* the anchor *short.* This was done by taking in the chain on the windlass until it stood straight up and down, so that the anchor just reached bottom, and the ship was barely held. The mate reported *hove short*[48] and the captain ordered jib and mainsail set. A vessel lying at anchor heads directly toward the wind. She cannot get under way from that position. If a jib is set, it may be trimmed in such a way that she will fill away, that is, her bow will pay off before the wind and her other sails may be made to draw. Hence the expression *up jib and away*[49] for getting under way. When the jib and a part of the mainsail were set, the captain called *"Break away!"* [50] or *"Break her out!"* Then the anchor was tripped, or hove clear, of the bottom and weighed; and the vessel began to move and *mind her helm,*[51] or *answer* the helm, *i.e., steer.* She was then under way, had *steerage way* on her, was *making headway,* or progress, and proceeded to *make sail.*[52] The whole procedure of departure was to *set sail,* or *get her washing onto her.*[53]

The expressions *weigh anchor* and *get under way,* from close association, are often confused, and a ship is erroneously said to *get under weigh,* which is meaningless.

The anchor was often *fouled,* by being caught on the bottom or entangled in the chain. A tangled rope was also *fouled*

[47] A sad extremity, as though *bitter* were the adjective bitter, meaning unpalatable.

[48] Figuratively, all ready to leave.

[49] To make a quick getaway.

[50] Part company, separate!—the referee's command to boxers in a clinch.

[51] To be manageable or easily driven, as of a horse or automobile.

[52] Figuratively, to get started on an undertaking.

[53] Of course not originally nautical but a facetious expression taken from home. So to *have all her washing out* meant to have all sails set.

or *foul*. The bottom of a vessel was *foul* if it was covered with barnacles and sea vegetation. A vessel at anchor, or unmanageable, might *run afoul* or *fall afoul*[54] of another vessel or object if she drifted against it and became entangled with it.

In the later days of sailing vessels, the shipping was mostly confined to a few deep harbors and to large-sized vessels. These rarely sailed in and out of rivers and harbors, but depended upon tugs to tow them to and from their wharfs and anchorage. They took a tug, or were *taken in tow*[55] when still well out to sea, and in leaving port towed out past all dangers and obstacles.

But in earlier times vessels were smaller, many smaller harbors were still in use, and towboats were rarely available. Vessels were obliged to depend entirely upon sails. Oftentimes they made sail and *shoved off* from the wharf. The navigation in and out of narrow entrances, up crooked rivers, among islands, bars, rocks, and shoals, with tides, tide rips, and currents and baffling flaws of wind required great skill and alertness till the *fairway*[56] was reached. They started *at flood tide*,[57] when the *channel*[58] was wider and deeper, and they would be sailing *with the tide* and not *against the tide*[59] or current. Constantly changing directions with frequent tacks and jibes added to the difficulties of navigation. This sort of sailing was called *close work* and was attended by many *close shaves*, an expression which I am sure has no reference to barbers, or *close calls, i.e.*, a nearby summons (not nautical), and was conducted *in close quarters*, a figure probably taken from the stations of men on a man o' war.

In setting sail there was much use of ropes, usually called *lines*, whether large or small. To fasten a rope was to *make*

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54 To encounter, as a person or a difficulty.

55 "The way George moons around since that little Jones girl took him in tow!"

56 A straight course, as used in golf.

57 Under prosperous conditions, favoring circumstances.

58 "Banking must be done through regular channels."

59 Easily, because conforming to general conditions or opinion; or with difficulty, owing to opposition or ill luck, against the trend.

fast, to unfasten was to *cast off*. To make fast halyards, clew-lines, etc., without tying a knot was to *belay*,[60] which was used only as a command. *Belay all* was to make everything fast. To raise sails, colors, or any weight by means of blocks or tackles was to *hoist*,[61] which was always pronounced *hīst*. Blessed for once in their ignorance of dictionary authority, sailors had kept the original, correct pronunciation of the word, while other people, lured by the analogy of coil (pop. kile), spoil (pop. spile), etc., had "corrected" the popular *hist* to *hoist*. So *hold* was always on shipboard *hole*, which was historically the correct form. A mistaken etymology had changed it from *hole*, the hollow, to *hold*, the container. In baseball, the sequence of directions to batters is partly nautical: "Batter up!", "On deck!", "In the hole!"

In all circumstances it is necessary to keep a *good* or *sharp lookout* at sea, and *lookout* is a thoroughly nautical term. A member of the crew, the "lookout" was stationed at the bow of the ship day and night to *keep watch* for possible danger ahead. On approaching the shore in *thick weather* (fog, snow, or rain) or in storms, one must *look out for breakers*.[62] *Look out!* is also a warning call of personal danger and a general caution. In constant movement there is danger from every quarter, from ropes thrown or falling from aloft, from booms swinging and blocks slatting, from sudden lurches or seas boarding; and *look out!* is an oft repeated call, while to keep your *weather eye peeled* or *lifting*, to keep an *eye to windward*[63] was a general precautionary rule. But no one *calls* to give an order or a warning at sea. He always *sings out*[64] in any kind of speaking at a distance. *Call* has only one use at sea, to summon from below. You call the watch, that is, summon the watch below (the crew off duty) to *turn to*,[65]

60 Stop, discontinue, especially talking. "Stop your jaw."
61 "Hoist your foot!" (To a cow, "Move over!")
62 Be on guard against sudden danger or violent opposition.
63 Watch out for danger or for the "main chance."
64 "If you want anything in the night, sing out."
65 "I've got to turn to and put up that mess o' rozbries."

i.e., to come on deck and go to work. When the captain *goes below* to *turn in* (go to bed) at night he tells the second mate, "Call me if it comes on to blow." Most of these expressions have come to be widely used ashore in the same general sense. To *turn in all standing* was to go to bed without undressing.

To return to our navigating near shore. If a vessel had as many delays in getting to sea as the writer is having, she could miss the flood tide and at *low ebb*[66] might *stick in the mud*.[67] Nothing is so much feared at sea as to be *befogged*.[68] The danger is from *running ashore* or *aground*[69] in shoal water, and being left *stranded*[70] or even *high and dry*[71] at low tide, or from *collision*. In fog a sailor easily *loses his bearings*,[72] that is, loses sight of visible objects from which he can reckon his position and lay his course, and has to depend upon soundings; that is, he has to *plumb* or *sound out*[73] his position by measuring the depth of water and learning the nature of the bottom by means of a line marked off in fathoms and a lead weight with a concave underside filled with soap to hold a sample of the bottom. When the water is too deep to *fathom*[74] he is *off his soundings*.[75]

Not every expression that looks wet is from seafaring. *Beyond one's depth* and *over one's head* are terms of swimming rather than of sailing. So also to keep one's *head above water*. To be *in deep water*, meaning in difficulties, refers to swimming, for deep water is the safest place for navigation.

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66 In straitened circumstances, moribund, as to health, bank account, enthusiasm, etc.

67 A stick-in-the-mud is a slowpoke, a clumsy person; a "regular old stick-in-the-mud" is a hopelessly provoking person of no energy or initiative.

68 Bewildered; mystified, which by popular etymology is doubtless associated with mist; unable to see one's way clear.

69 Being brought to a halt by an unforeseen obstacle.

70 Without friends or resources—"stranded in a strange city."

71 Figuratively, bankrupt, utterly helpless.

72 So we say when out of touch with conditions.

73 Used somewhat rarely for reconnoitering, fishing for information.

74 "His reasons are hard to fathom."

75 Out of touch, lacking information to guide one.

Deep-water also meant offshore, as a deep-water voyage, *i.e.*, to foreign ports, or a deep-water sailor, *i.e.*, one who sailed on square-rigged vessels.

Lee means shelter. The safest place to anchor is under the lee of the land, for there you are in *smooth water*, where easy progress can be made. Smooth water also makes *smooth sailing*, while *rough water* makes it more difficult to steer a steady course. The side of a vessel away from the wind is the lee side, and in the direction of that side is *to leeward*. The opposite side, on which the wind is blowing, is the *weather* or *windward* side, and *to windward* means in the direction from which the wind is blowing.

The first test of a landlubber is his inclination to spit to windward, the second, his disinclination to *face the wind*, and the third, his inability to light a pipe at sea. An Irishman is said to be the best *hand* to do that in a gale of wind. It is hardly necessary to mention seasickness, though it too comes ashore, for a person can be *seasick* in an *airship*. All persons in a seafaring community are more or less *web-footed*, but a *fresh-water* man takes longer to get his *sea legs*[76] on, *i.e.*, to walk with feet apart and a balancing roll of the body. *Fresh-water* has acquired considerable extension of meaning. A fresh-water college is one situated back from the seaboard, hence a *backwoods* institution.

We seem to be steering a devious course in getting to sea, and in fact such is often the case. In sailing from a harbor, bay, or river one often meets with head wind, that is, blowing in a direction opposite to his course. In that case it is necessary to sail a zigzag course, to *beat out*. It is possible to sail a vessel at an acute angle to the direction of the wind by setting the sails in such a way that by the physical principle of resolution of forces, a part of the energy of the wind drives the vessel ahead while the rest is dissipated. This is called *sailing on the wind*. The vessel is then said to be *beating to wind-*

[76] Jocularly misused to describe the walk of an intoxicated person.

ward.[77] At *slack water,*[78] with light wind, progress is slow and tedious, but with a fair (*i.e.,* favorable) tide considerable progress can be made, for it is usually in smoother water and a vessel will *head up* better, or *sail closer to the wind*[79] in smooth water than in rough. But in any event the wind tends to blow her off to leeward. She then is said to make leeway or lateral drift. More leeway is made when a vessel is light than when she is loaded, for there is greater lateral resistance the deeper in the water the vessel sets (= sits). Leeway[80] also means expanse of safe water on the lee side. The purpose of a keel or centerboard is to add to this lateral resistance. To *run,* or *get, to leeward*[81] is to make more leeway than headway. With a head wind a vessel is always trying to *make up leeward* or regain lost advantage, and when in company with other sail, one never likes to be *left to leeward,* or outdistanced. *Sailing too close to the wind*[82] is heading so nearly in the direction of the wind that there is little headway on and the vessel might refuse to come about if it was necessary to tack ship to stand off a lee shore. The result would be a most embarrassing and dangerous situation. The lee shore is the shore on the ship's lee side, toward which the wind is blowing, and toward which a vessel has a tendency to drift. It is always a source of danger and should be *given a wide berth, i.e.,* kept at a safe distance. A last resort is a *kedge anchor* or *sheet anchor to windward,*[83] *i.e.,* a light anchor that can be carried in a boat and dropped to windward, by means of which the vessel can be hauled away from the lee shore. The wind is apt to shift as it draws around the land, or a tide to set in, and the next thing the captain knows, he is *stranded on a lee shore,* and if it is at high water, with the

77 Figuratively, making progress against obstacles.
78 Dull times.
79 Get along with little to spare.
80 Room or freedom to act; space, scope, "elbow-room."
81 Hence, of business, health, or popularity, to run behind.
82 Failing to keep sufficient reserve of means or strength.
83 Figuratively, a reserve, as a savings-bank account.

receding of the tide he finds himself left *high and dry*. An inexperienced captain will *take chances*, but a prudent one will allow a *wide margin of safety* in approaching a lee shore.

If a vessel is *sailing in company*[84] with other vessels she always wishes to *get to the windward*[85] of them, when she has freedom of action on the windward side and full advantage of the wind, while she blankets the other vessels and *takes the wind out of their sails*. She is then said to have the *weather gauge*,[86] or position, on a vessel to leeward, which may be near a lee shore but cannot *bear up*,[87] or haul up closer to the wind or tack ship without incurring the danger of *running afoul* of the sail to windward.[88]

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84 Of a girl or boy, keeping company, or engaged.

85 Figuratively, to obtain an advantage over; to outwit.

86 An advantage gained over another.

87 Exhibit fortitude; stiffen up.

88 Further portions of this study deal with terms derived from other phases of seagoing or coastwise navigation or sailing vessels.

INDUSTRIES IN AN OLD COLONY VILLAGE EIGHTY YEARS AGO

GIDEON STUDLEY

An old man's past's a strange thing, for it never leaves his mind.
JOHN MASEFIELD

FOREWORD

The town of East Abington (now Rockland), in the northern portion of Plymouth County, Massachusetts, remained a rural community until the nineteenth century. Then, as in many towns in the northern part of the County, manufacturing began to supplant rural occupations. The farms were cut up into house-lots, and streets were put through the pastures and fields to accommodate the factories and their workers. Within a hundred years East Abington saw the change from handwork to machine, and men now living can tell the tale.

The accompanying narrative was written by a man now ninety years old whose boyhood touched the old village life that persisted well into the century, and who saw the shift from horse to steam-power, from small businesses to big-business. In his boyhood, his father, whose hands had an especially healing touch, used to go to the bedside of the sick and ailing and bestow what comfort he could. Also, in that day of no undertakers or funeral directors, he was in the habit of going, when called, to homes stricken with death. There he watched all night, laid out the body in a wooden coffin which he had made and which his own hands had lined with "white samite," a fine cotton satin, and did what it was the custom then for neighbors to do.

He used to tell his son that, while folks did not have so much in those days, they were more sociable, could turn their hands to more kinds of work, and were less dependent upon helpers. Manufacturers though the menfolks were, they held the old love of the land and the love of working it. The author's account of haying in his father's great fields and on his uncle's salt marshes sounds his joy in physical labor and the love of the open. A

manufacturer himself, he always kept an immense mowing field which, like his father's before him, yielded more grass than any about, and which, in season, was a famous sight.

Most of what is here presented falls before 1870, some of it by virtue of report. Occasionally a fact or episode belongs later. If so, it is easily recognized.

MARIAN H. STUDLEY

FARM LIFE AND FARMING

MEMORIES of my childhood are chiefly associated with my father and with my Uncle Joshua Studley, who lived in Hanover. At home in East Abington there were the fields and the shop, the pear and apple orchard, the grape vines, the chores, the good times with boys my age, but it was a treat for us children to visit Hanover and stay at Uncle Joshua's and Aunt Sarah's. Here was everything that would please a boy: horses, colts, oxen, cows, hens and chickens, turkeys, sheep, berries, woods, groves, apples almost without end—high-tops, sweet apples, fine baked; in the "old orchard," great trees loaded with apples. A great job it was for us boys to pick them up and wheel them to the cider mill. Uncle would make fifteen or twenty barrels of cider at a time. His choice cider he made out of choice sour apples. This he took great care of and managed to keep sweet all winter. It was his custom to have a pitcher every evening. You would be surprised at the number of neighbors who would call of an evening, all to have a glass of cider before they went home.

Uncle raised colts and used to break them to the harness on the hill beyond the house. He drove a post into the ground so that it would stick up some fifteen or eighteen inches. Into that he set a tenant, a piece of wood finished off round, some four inches in diameter and some six inches high. Mortised into this, by means of a round hole near the end, was a pole some fifteen feet long. At the loose end of the pole was a wheel and a seat for driving, in front of which the colt was

hitched by means of a long slim pole extending from the one attached to the tenant. Uncle would start driving the colt around in the circle thus required. The colt could go as fast as he cared to. When he was used to it, Uncle would drive him by the tail. Horses broken by this method never kicked, and it was hard work to scare them. Those were great times, when Uncle was breaking a colt. The hill would be covered with men out to see the fun.

For his colts and young stock, Uncle hired a pasture at Scituate. It was quite a trip for us, driving the cattle to pasture, walking all the way. During the summer we made several visits to see how they were doing.

I enjoyed working at Uncle Joshua's as much as anything. Uncle was as found of his salt and black-grass meadows at Scituate as Father was of his mowing land at Hatherly.[1] These meadows, which from the early days of the Colony had been highly prized as natural grazing ground, lay not far from the ocean, in great patches of from five to eight acres, between creeks of brackish water. Those far enough inland not to be affected by the tide were "fresh," and the grass grown was called black-grass;[2] where the grass was affected, the meadows were known as "salt," and the crop as "salt hay." Father used to tell Uncle that if he would only stay at home and clear up a small piece of woodland each year he would soon have good grass land right handy and save a lot of hard work. But Uncle loved the meadows.

The salt meadows lying farthest out, separated as they were from the upland by creeks, river, and "slow-holes," [3] were especially hard to reach for harvest. The "slow-holes" the men would fill up with bushes, hay, anything strong enough to hold up the team; the creeks they would throw planks across;

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1 The northern end of Rockland, so-called from the grant which James I made to Timothy Hatherly of Kent, a settler in Scituate, whose plantation ran inland some twelve miles.

2 Pronounced "bla'grass."

3 A corruption of slough hole.

and the river they would use as a highway, up which they would haul the hay on gundalows[4] till they got to Union Bridge.

It really was a grand sight to see the men working in these meadows, six or eight mowers all in line, lifting their scythes to the same height and mowing in the same measure. What a swath they cut! Something about those men mowing by hand made you feel different from what it does to see a horse mower. It was the same thing with raking. For three or four mowers, a gang of eight or nine men in unison would rake and stack three or four windrows, according to the heft of the hay. It may seem slow today, but mowers and rakers against the sky make a pretty sight, and such mowing leaves the fields all finished and tidy.

Bringing home the black-grass was an event. When it was mown, raked, and bunched, the men would leave it until the tide was right. Then Uncle, with some of the neighbors, would go down for it. At Union Bridge they would hire a gundalow, row down the North River below Little's Bridge, nearly to White's Ferry, row up to the meadow, throw out planks, and pole the hay aboard the gundalow. It was work, hard work, but they called it fun, great fun. One day when the hay was all on the boat and we were starting back to Union bridge, the wind changed. It was hard rowing against the wind and the boat grounded. After a while it worked free, but most of the way it had to be towed, and we waded every little creek, now and then in up to our armpits. Everyone on the job called it great fun, but it would take money to find men for such work today.

As pay for the work and the fun, all who helped took what hay they wanted.

In the later days, before Uncle Joshua used the Buck-eye mower, when he could get only one man to help, they two would start early, leaving behind for me the two yoke of

[4] A big flat-bottomed boat capable of carrying a large load.

cattle, one to each wagon, the second chained behind the first. Uncle always cautioned me to drive slow, so that the cattle would not suffer from the heat and get their tongues out. An ox cannot stand much heat. I used to drive as slowly as possible, stopping often to pick thimble and blackberries along the way.

Usually I reached the meadow about ten o'clock. The first thing would be for me to have lunch; then, at noon, lunch; lunch when we were loaded ready for home; and supper when we got there. Aunt Sarah was one of the best for setting out a meal, no matter how many came or how short the notice.

To make the work of hauling out the hay easier, we would cart out small loads to the landing, so as to load the ox team on hard ground. The man who was helping was sure to get hung up in one of the slow-holes. Uncle would yell out, "Don't whip the oxen. Wait till I get there." To me, he'd say, "Watch me throw my voice." At that he would holler to beat the band, walking toward the team all the time, talking cattle talk. When he reached the team, he would swing the whip, always without striking the cattle. They would settle into the yoke, their bellies almost touching the ground, and away they'd go out of the slow-hole.

In later years Uncle mowed the black-grass with a Buckeye mower, put meadow-shoes on a light-weight horse, and drove him with a long pair of reins so that he himself could walk, making the draught much lighter for the horse. Almost at a dog-trot I would follow on and fork off the hay for the next swath.

While getting the meadow hay, we were constantly looking forward to a lobstering trip to Scituate Harbor or the Cliffs. About August full moon the lobsters come inshore. With a bag tied around the waist, and wearing long-legged boots, we would wade in and feel around the rocks with our toes and the gaffs we carried. Finding a lobster, we would lift him up with the hook, open the bag, and drop him in. After the bags were full enough for a good mess, we covered the

lobsters with sea-weed, and started for home, knowing that Aunt Sarah would have the water all hot in the big boiler. I have never outgrown my love for boiled lobster.

Father also took great pride in his fields and raised some of the finest grass I have ever seen. No matter how rich the land, I never knew Father to skip or miss a year without top-dressing it, and I never knew of a year when he didn't have a big first crop of grass, English, and a good second crop, rowen. One spring the English was so high you could only see the hats and the tops of the heads of the men swinging the scythes. The tallest, stoutest English I ever saw.

About the top-dressing. Father was quite a hand for having loam and muck hauled into the barn cellar. He would have the loam hauled near the barn, let it freeze and thaw, then get it into the cellar and mix it with manure. It made fine compost with which he used some commercial fertilizer, and I have known him to spread in some rock salt with it. We used two single one-horse carts for hauling out this dressing for the grassland. The man in the cellar would load the carts and I would then drive into the field and drop the manure into heaps for spreading, and then take the team back.

Father was a good gardener, too. In the spring when the frost got out of the ground and things began to dry out, people would begin to work their land. Mother would ask Father to plow. But he would say, "Let the ground get warm first." Despite Mother's keeping at him, he would not plow till he was ready, till the ground was warm. Then he would plow and spread on the manure from the barn cellar, and sometime later furrow the garden for planting. He was very careful how the ground was furrowed, sometimes furrowing it three times. The rows must be straight and the soil mellow. When it came to planting, Father would make the hills, and I would drop the fertilizer in, a spoonful to a hill. He would cover the fertilizer because he wanted to be sure that it was covered enough not to burn the seed. Then I would drop the seed for Father to cover. It is surprising how quick seed comes

up after the ground is warm and mellow, and there are no cold nights or frost to retard the growth.

Father, like Uncle Joshua, had quite a sense of humor. One night when he was milking an unusually small heifer, a man, watching, asked him how he liked to milk such a little cow. "Well," he said, "I'd as lief milk a squirrel."

We used to have ever so many good times, we children. Father and Mother were very hospitable, with people coming and going. I remember when I was quite a little shaver, before wide-tined forks were commonly used hereabouts, a young student from Harvard College, a relative of Governor Palmer of Illinois, visited us. Mother had custard pie for supper, baked in a deep plate, an inch and a half thick. We still used the two-tined forks and our knives. The youth from Illinois, because he wasn't in the habit of eating with his knife, had quite a time balancing his custard pie on the two-tined fork. It wiggled and crawled and quite embarrassed him and amused me.

During Civil War days we greatly enjoyed the Abolition Meetings. Everyone would go, big and little, over to Island Grove, and hear the speakers and sing the songs, new words set to familiar tunes. The children and young folks would walk over, the older folks ride, and there'd be a horse tied to every hitching post. The rallies held to get men to enlist were great times too. There would be ringing speeches, after which the young men would go down the aisles just as if it was a revival meeting. Out on the streets boys would tag at the heels of the men home on furlough. Several times a week, because the newspapers were so slow, people would drive into Boston over the road to get the news and see the soldiers aboard the transports. I have never seen such crowds as used to be on Charles Street in Boston,[5] to see the soldiers and get the war news.

Throughout the summers we would take trips to the long

[5] Boston is about twenty miles distant from Rockland.

beach (Nantasket). We used to go in bathing at the head of the beach, without suits. Where the steamboat landing now is, we dug clams. Frequently we went with the Sunday School and put up at the Centre House on Atlantic Hill, where there was a bowling alley and where fine dinners were given. About the whole town used to go on those trips. I often wonder if children have as good times today as we had then. Sometimes we boys spent a week or more on the small beach at the foot of Green Hill. We fished from the rocks or small boats, and dug clams which we made into clam chowder. It was on these parties that I had my first and only experience in cooking. Like the rest, I served my time making chowder and tea.

Shoe Making

A century ago, East Abington began to be a shoe-town. My father and all his brothers, at the old home in Hanover, were trained to shoemaking; but his brother Joshua stuck to farming, and he himself became, as I have said, a master carpenter, and later a manufacturer of wooden boxes. Uncle John Butler Studley was manufacturing shoes in Hanover as early as 1844, and my Uncle James, when he was working at the old bench in the old shop down there, made five dollars a day, all hand work. Men used to make shoes in little one-room buildings put up especially for this purpose in a corner of the yard. My Uncle John's shop had a mammoth fireplace in the corner and a great flat rock for a door step. Sometimes a one-room ell, built onto the house, was used. This would be heated by a fireplace or, more commonly, by a small Franklin stove or airtight heater. In such shops as these, many a man, working independently, supported his family, owned his place, kept a horse and carriage, had a cow and chickens, and gardens. But Hanover didn't become a shoe-town. Shoe workers drifted to Abington or East Abington.

Even in those days, New England industries served the rest of the country. Uncle James, in the fifties, with Mr. Y., also

from the North, went into business in Mobile, Alabama. They used to go out to the Ohio and down to Mobile by river boat. They had a great business there. Uncle James was at home shortly before war was declared. Father said, "Why don't you clean up and come home?" "Believe I shall." He thought he could clean up for $100,000. Well, he liked it there, and hated to leave. War was declared sooner than he expected. He wouldn't take the oath of loyalty to the Confederacy, was put into prison, contracted yellow fever, and died there. A little incident happened that may have made circumstances go against him. Some packing boxes full of shoes were sent out to him in '61. When they reached him, he (without opening them) sent them to customers in the State. When they opened them they found not only shoes but abolition pamphlets. It seems that those cases had been packed by a Mr. X., a rabid abolitionist, who thought he'd do a little missionary work. Maybe, if it hadn't been for that, they'd have let Uncle James return North.

In the early days of shoemaking, the streets of East Abington were a succession of shoe shops. Even in my boyhood, at the time of the Civil War, on Union Street alone, there were some twenty-six manufacturers. I could name them all for you. My father and I made boxes for them all. Beginning at the north end, way down Boxberry, Abner Curtis,—big business, big farm too—; Hunt, a few cases; Conners, quite a few; Carey, Leander Curtis, Joshua Curtis, Sumner Shaw, Richard Poole, Elijah Shaw, and many others. All these men had farms, also. Deacon Shaw had a big farm and manufactured right in his barn. The Jenkins Lane factory was the largest of all. On the side streets of the town I could name as many more: Wilkes, Thompson Brothers, Charles Curtis, Sr., Wm. Perry, Arnold and Leatherbee, Pelham Winslow, C. W. Torrey, Joe Perry, George Studley—and so on. Some made only a few cases of shoes a week. Charles Dill, one of the largest, took fifty cases at a time, every week, twelve pair of boots, twenty-four pair of shoes to a box.

All over town—street after street—there were shops. Fifty and more manufacturers engaged in the shoe-business in a town the size East Abington was then. Today the town is doubled in population and has only four shoe factories; two make both men's and women's shoes, the others only men's.

In those early days, work began at seven in the morning and the shops did not close until six. People were up early then, the women folks getting the breakfast, the men and boys doing the chores. Many of the manufacturers had farms, as I have said. Those that didn't often kept a cow and chickens. It was no uncommon thing for the men to milk and lead the cow to pasture before opening up shop.

Manufacturing then was very different from what it is now. No telephones or railways (at first), no steam power, no electricity. Any sort of building, a barn or a shed, as I have mentioned, did for a shop. And the process was different also. For years shoe manufacturers ran only a cutting room, a packing room, and a shipping room. In the shops, the shoes were cut,—the uppers, the vamps, the soles, the linings, and so on. Then these were taken out to workers in their homes, put on the last, and stitched by hand. When the shoes were returned to the factories, they were dressed, packed in cases, and shipped to Boston.

Men and women alike worked on the shoes outside the shop. Whole families took the parts to stitch and make up into shoes, material for a dozen pair, or two dozen, or a whole case, as they desired, at one time. Every day you could see men with wheelbarrows trundling stock to and from the shops along the streets. Many an errand I did as a boy to homes where shoe-work was done, leaving shoes to be sidelined or soled and so on. Such work afforded a means of livelihood for many people, good stable men and women, in Hanover and East Abington and evèrywhere hereabouts. My Uncle John's ledger shows shoe materials given out to men and women from 1843 to 1850. My mother, before she was married, worked on shoes, and spent the money for furniture.

Mrs. J. worked on shoes after she was married and so did Mrs. T. Their husbands were manufacturers. No social stigma was suffered. Men's and women's pay was alike, equal pay for equal work. Women in all walks of life stitched shoes. If their menfolks were manufacturers, as many were, they were glad to help out.

Carrying on the whole process of shoemaking in a factory has come about in my lifetime. When my brother James returned from the Civil War, he and Stanley Turner opened a shoeshop in East Abington in which they carried on the whole process of shoe manufacturing. At that time a number of such shops were set up. Gradually, working on shoes in the home ceased. And gradually, a few big factories supplanted many small ones. To my mind it is a very grave question whether this mass production is a good thing for the people. It seems to me better to have the business of the people in many hands rather than concentrated in the hands of a few. It seems to me the first allows the most liberty and best develops character.

Mr. Curtis, the big manufacturer in Boxberry that I mentioned, had a faculty for getting things done about as he wanted them. He was, of course, a large user of sole leather. He used sometimes to go to New York to purchase leather at auction. The first lot struck off at auction would fix the price for the balance of the stock. One day, three or four hours before the sale, Mr. Curtis appeared, wearing a long blue frock[6] that came close to the ground, a perfect old farmer rig. He wandered about, surveying the leather. Some of the buyers got their heads together and decided that they would let this old farmer take the first lot, and so set the price for the rest. Sure enough, Mr. Curtis was the high bidder on the first lot, and it was struck off to him. The auctioneer, looking up, spoke kind of sharp,

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[6] A long cotton or linen coat that buttoned up the front from collar to hem.

"How much will you take, sir?"
"The whole, take the whole."
"But my dear sir, what have you got to show for it?"
"Nothing better'n the cash, nothing better'n the cash!"

He pulled a big wad from his pocket. I have been told that Mr. Curtis cleaned up $40,000 on that one deal.

The shipping of the finished shoes took place regularly twice a week. On every Wednesday and Saturday the shoe men loaded their wagons full of cases and drove to Boston to the old Clinton Market, the leather market, at Fulton and Central Streets. That was quite a drive and they had to have good horses and good wagons.

Some of Uncle's old account books show that goods could be carted to and from Boston at 17 to 20 cents a case—cheaper, I believe, than we can get freight carried today. From the same account books I quote prices prevailing in the forties and fifties:

Sole leather	$ .12½ to $.14 and $.16 a lb.
Split leather	$ .29 to $.35 a lb.
Seal skins	$ .14 to $.15 a ft.
Buff leather	$ .11 a ft.
Kip leather	$ .09 to $.11 a ft.
Calf skin	$ .51 to $.80 a lb.
1½ bbl. pegs	$1.50
Duck sheeting	$ .09 a yd.
Bleached sheeting	$ .08½ a yd.
Long cloth	same
Shoe duck	same
Pink duck	$ .11½ a yd.
9 casks lime	$ .90
1 pr. taps	$ .10
1 lb. copper nails	$ .32
3 lbs. iron bails	$ .24

For labor, Uncle John paid

$12.00 for making 60 pr. women's seal brogans
$ 9.00 " " " " slippers
$ 1.50 for fitting 12 pr. kip boots
$ 3.60 " " 60 " calf brogans
$ 0.35 for making 1 pr. women's pegged shoes
$ 4.50 " 6 days' work
$ 7.00 for making 50 pr. slippers at $.14
$28.88 " " 48 pr. sewed calf brogans at $.56

Selling prices are similar:

Seal brogans	$0.80 a pr.
Kip brogans	$0.85 " "
Calf half-welt brogans	$1.10 " "
Seal " " "	$ .95 " "
Women's " "	$ .70 " "
Men's welt kip boots	$1.75 " "
Boys' " brogans	$ .60 " "
Light calf sewed boots	$3.00 " "
Water-proof calf sewed boots	$4.00 " "
Men's slippers	$ .50 " "

Making Boxes

Manufacturing shoes meant that wooden boxes, packing cases, were needed. Father, therefore, entered the box business after he gave up carpentering. I don't know the exact date, but I have found records showing that he was making boxes in 1842, and I think that he must have worked at it much earlier.

In those days, the substitutes for wood that are now used weren't thought of. This section offered the necessary lumber. Father bought all he needed from lumbermen hereabouts. When I took over the mill, and as long as I was in business, I cut and hauled my own logs.

For many years we used the barn for a box-shop, the power for which was furnished by a horse that went around in a circle in the barn cellar. This was the way of it: An upright was set up in the cellar with a step at the bottom for it to run in. This upright was some twelve or fifteen inches in diameter. A gear at the top ran into another gear that keyed onto a shaft that was hung under the floor. This shaft, some fourteen to sixteen feet long, extended from the centre of the barn cellar to the side of the barn. On the end of the shaft was a wooden pulley about twelve feet in diameter, belted from this to a shaft under the next floor, and from *this* shaft to the saws and matcher. From the upright post in the cellar a beam extended out some ten feet or so, to which the horse was hitched. Another small pole extended out so as to fasten the horse's head. This arrangement necessitated his traveling round in a circle. When the horse went regular and steady, this made very good power. Out on the sidewalk you could hear the saws hum, they had such speed.

When the horse first started in the morning she went fine, but after a while she would slack up; and my job as a boy, before going to school, was to drive the horse. I would stand at the head of the stairs on the floor of the box shop. If the power slacked up I would rap with a stick on the board partition and make a noise as though I was going downstairs. Then the horse would start and the machines would speed again. This would suffice for half to three-quarters of an hour; then I would have to go down to the first flight and stay there until school time.

Once in a while if the horse went too slow, I would show myself on the cellar stairs, and away she would go. At some places in the circle the sweep would seem to go of itself. At such times the horse would slack up and the chains would unhook. Then I could pound on the partition all day but the horse wouldn't move until I went down and hooked her up again. At noon she would come out of the cellar white with foam. Still she was as fat and round as a ball of butter.

This horse was really a wonderful animal. She knew more than some men.

Box boards were delivered to Father all planed. As many as we could, we took from the team to the floor of the box shop, but there was scant room up there with the machinery, so that the larger part of the stock had to be left on the first floor, some even on the porch, and some in the cellar to the porch, and some in the barn. This meant that most of the lumber had to be carried upstairs on one's back. It was often difficult to get help; so my Father had to work very hard at times, carrying up the boards.

In those days making wooden boxes was very different from what it is today. There must be two whole heads, one of which must be clear. Sometimes if we found boards for heads that came within three-fourths or one-half an inch of the desired width, we would nail on a narrow strip and call it a whole head. The stock was all matched and we glued the covers by hand. We always kept some glue in water ready for cooking as needed and *such* glue you don't see today. It would always hold. It came in sheets about eight by ten inches, some of it as much as an eighth of an inch thick. Although we kept this glue on the back porch, you couldn't smell it. If you didn't see it you wouldn't know it was there. It is a real trade to make a good glue, have it not too thick and yet so that it will make a good joint.

I call to mind that some few years ago some of the box-shops near by thought that they had found a helpful trick in making boxes by picking the boards to a width in the field, then taking them to the shop, matching them, and jointing them to a width with a planer. Years before this, to shorten the time of working the horse in the power-machine, father would pick out his stock to width and lay it up, all ready for the saw.

The matching shavings were all called for by people from "the Avenue" who used them in their kitchens. I don't remember ever having to carry away any of the waste from the

box-shop. They were given away, of course, and used in the kitchen stoves. Lots of people used nothing else for kindlings.

In 1867, having used horse-power for twenty-five years, Father hired a shop over at the North, where he could have steam power. This was some improvement although there were objections. In the first place, we were away from home; in the winter time there was really very little heat in the shop before noon; and there were people about whom we could not trust. Many a time in this shop have I nailed boxes when it was so cold that the nails stuck to my fingers with frost. We used to take the gluepot to the engine room and place it on the steam chest. The engineer didn't like this; so he put tallow in the glue. That, of course, would prevent it from sticking. Also we missed our boards. Father went to the mill early one morning and found the fireman using his boards to get up steam.

Among the men who worked in this shop was a Mr. Q., who ran the planer. In the summer time he went barefoot and appeared not to notice sticks, splinters, and the like. One morning he was working with Mr. H. at the mill. About ten, they stopped to roll up their logs, and discovered there were only a few left. Mr. H. looked at his watch and said, "They won't go us until noon, Mr. Q."

Mr. Q. looked them over and remarked, "Well, I guess we can *make* them go if we are *prudent* of them."

"Uncle Jerry" worked nailing boxes by the piece, the price being three cents. There came an order for very large cases which were to be filled with small ones and sent to California. The large outside case was cleated. We got them ready to nail and gave them to "Uncle Jerry." After looking at one a second he said, "Be God, do you think I'll be afther building a house for three cints?"

One day a local shoe manufacturer came into the shop. "Mr. S.," he said, "I want you to make my boxes different. Nail the sides onto the bottoms. Those damn cusses in Boston open my boxes on the bottom. When I pack my shoes I want

them taken out from the top the way I have placed them. You make the boxes in this way and they can't open them at the bottom unless they tear the box all apart." You see, we had some very earnest Christian workers in those days!

In 1869 we moved to the mill in East Abington. I think Father paid four thousand dollars for the mill at auction. He tore down the old up-and-down mill,[7] took out the two wooden water-wheels, built a new flume, and installed two turbine Lafell water wheels and built a new long mill[8] with a circular saw, all at the expense of another four thousand. The long mill was something new for our town, and some of the old men used to gather in the corner and watch the saw for half a day at a time. Sawing his logs was new business for Father, for, as I've said, his boxboards were delivered all planed. He had much to learn, but as he had handled lumber all his life and was an expert on the quality of it, and could measure long lumber with a flat two-foot rule and mark down the contents of the board exactly and quickly, the process came easy to him.

I recall that some years after he acquired this mill he had a sawyer who was inclined to mark the lumber too high. When Father was sawing for transient customers, that is, various local parties who brought long logs to have them sawed for their own use, Father himself would mark the boards. I asked him why. "I am sawing this lumber for other people, and if, after I have sent them their bill, they should tally the lumber, I want the count to hold out." Many times after Father had measured the lumber with his two-foot rule I have seen this sawyer lay on the board rule, but he never caught Father in a mistake.

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[7] An up-and-down mill didn't saw all the way to the end and was very slow.

[8] The "long mill" was made on purpose for long boards. The machinery was started by hand and run back by hand.

FRANCIS JEFFREY IN AMERICA

WILLIAM CHARVAT

THAT Francis Jeffrey, famous editor of the *Edinburgh Review* and later Lord Advocate of Scotland, came to the United States in the middle of the War of 1812 and married an American girl is no news to readers of old books of reminiscences. But most of the details of the episode were suppressed by his official biographer,[1] and Jeffrey's most important letters about it have never been in print. How he got into an enemy country in wartime, irritated Boston society, and brawled so audaciously with President Madison that the gossips on both sides of the Atlantic remembered the incident for fifty years, is a story that deserves telling.

The story really begins in the early 1780's, when Mary Wilkes Storke Hayley,[2] a mordantly witty old lady with no inhibitions whatever, came to Boston from London to look after valuable properties bequeathed her by two deceased husbands. Mrs. Hayley was almost as notorious as her brother, John Wilkes, the "demagogue" of *North Briton* fame, for she was an outrageous bluestocking who hated women (including her daughter), had a reserved seat at the Old Bailey, where she gave "unmoved and unblushing earnestness of attention" to the most shockingly indecent criminal trials, and in her conversation "seldom permitted any ideas of . . . delicacy to impose a restraint on her observations." It may have been mere rumor that she brought with her to Boston an American gentleman whom she honestly intended to marry and then jilted, but it is unquestionable that in 1786, at the age of seventy, she married a man of thirty-eight. The gentleman was Patrick Jeffrey, agent for a British mercantile house,

1 Henry Thomas, Lord Cockburn, *Life of Lord Jeffrey* (Edinburgh, 1852).

2 Information regarding the Wilkeses in Boston is from W. Beloe, *The Sexagenarian* (London, 1817), I, 325–333; G. L. Kittredge, *The Old Farmer and His Almanack* (Boston, 1904), 10–14; and Horace Bleackley, *Life of John Wilkes* (London, 1917), *passim*.

and the uncle of Francis Jeffrey. But though she gave her third husband every penny of her fortune of over £60,000, and was reputed to be prominent in Boston society, she was unable to hold him. Perhaps her appearance had something to do with her failure. In her mouth was "a single tooth of an ebon color"; she had a double squint; and she was said to be the image of her brother, acknowledged to be the ugliest man in England. At any rate, the couple separated amicably, and Mrs. Jeffrey moved into a Tremont Street house which she filled with gaudy furniture, cockatoos, parrots, and monkeys. She later returned to England and died at Bath, in 1805. Mr. Jeffrey used part of her fortune to buy Governor Hutchinson's mansion at Milton, where he resided in state until his death in 1812. His business partner in Boston was his nephew, John Jeffrey (Francis' brother), who came over in 1791 and became an American citizen, but returned to his native land in 1807, after the death of his American wife.

It is not surprising that the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* rarely mentioned his uncle and aunt, or that in his review of some Wilkes memoirs in 1806 he failed to see "what use there was for a life" of that gentleman. Fortunately for his family pride, America had attracted other and more respectable Wilkes talents than those of Mary. Her brother Israel seems to have become a respected citizen of New York, where he died in 1805. Israel's son John married in New York in 1789 and became a Wall Street lawyer and the father of Commodore Wilkes, of the "*Trent* affair." The most impressive record, however, was that of Charles Wilkes (1764–1833), brother of John. Charles arrived in New York in 1780, and by 1825 had risen from chief teller to president of the powerful Bank of New York. Meanwhile he had inherited, in 1802, the very considerable fortune left by the demagogue's daughter.[3] His wealth and power must be understood as the

[3] Edward Solly, *Notes and Queries*, Series VII, Volume I (1896), 114; and

immediate background of the marriage between his daughter, Charlotte, and Francis Jeffrey. The Bank of New York had great influence among shippers and importers; its directorship included such names as G. C. Verplanck and Rufus King; and its ties with the Federalist Party—and therefore with England—were strong. Charles Wilkes was a solid citizen in every sense except the legal, for he never became an American. He was an incorporator of the first Free School in New York, in 1808, and a founding director of the American Academy of Arts and of the New York Historical Society, and at his Greenwich Village estate he entertained such friends as Thomas Cole, the painter, James Fenimore Cooper, and Fanny Wright. His portrait by Gilbert Stuart now hangs in the Metropolitan.[4]

In Britain, meanwhile, the name of Jeffrey was acquiring luster for the first time. As founder, in 1802, and leading light of the *Edinburgh Review*, Francis Jeffrey was engaged in the double task of saving England from the Tory reaction and inventing the modern review article. In this he was so successful that within a decade his reputation became international. Realizing, perhaps, that British Whiggism and American Federalism were intellectually and socially on about the same level, Jeffrey courted and won American readers for his periodical,[5] which within a few decades gained a circulation in the United States as large as that of our own *North American Review*. His letters to his brother John in America showed a lively interest in the republican experi-

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H. D. Domett, *History of the Bank of New York, 1784–1884* (New York, 1884), 83–84.

[4] On the New York Wilkeses, see Allan Nevins, *History of the Bank of New York* (New York, 1934), *passim;* and M. J. Lamb, *History of the City of New York* (New York, 1880), II, 517–519 and 527. On Charles Wilkes, see also J. F. Cooper, editor, *Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper* (New Haven, 1922), I, 147 and 179; and A. J. G. Perkins and Theresa Wolfson, *Frances Wright* (New York, 1939), *passim.*

[5] Note his request to his brother John to promote sales of the *Edinburgh Review* by American booksellers. Later it was reprinted in an American edition. See Cockburn, II, 74.

ment,[6] and from the beginning the *Review* defended American interests. It not only blamed England for the Revolution, but was strongly opposed to the War of 1812. Without this record of friendship for America, Jeffrey would hardly have dared to come here in 1813.[7]

It was in 1810, five years after the death of his first wife, that Jeffrey met Charlotte Wilkes during her travels with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Simonds. De Quincey, who found her "highly pleasing in person" when she visited the Lake District, thought it natural that Jeffrey should fall in love with her when she went on to Edinburgh.[8] Of the courtship we know nothing, except that the two became engaged before she returned to New York, and that her absence heated his fondness to the point where not even a war could stop him from pursuing her.

Getting out of the country was not easy. Britain feared that its travelers would be held by the United States in reprisal for the impressment of seamen. As late as August 20 Jeffrey contemplated giving up the trip because the government would not allow cartels to sail until the United States explained the detention of "certain British subjects in that country." A first attempt to book passage from Liverpool in May, 1813, having failed, he returned to that port in July and sought the aid of Henry Brevoort, a wealthy young New Yorker who, as a student at the University of Edinburgh, had become intimate with Jeffrey's group. Brevoort seems to have helped him get accommodations on the *Hercules* for the fifth of July, but Jeffrey did not sail on it.[9] On July 11 he wrote Brevoort as follows:[10]

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[6] Cockburn, II, *passim*.

[7] The idea that the *Edinburgh Review* was hostile to America has been completely disproved by P. M. Wheeler in *America through British Eyes* (Rock Hill, South Carolina, 1935).

[8] David Masson, editor, *Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey* (London, 1896), II, 376.

[9] For details of these difficulties, see Cockburn, I, 216; G. S. Hellman, editor, *Letters of Henry Brevoort to Washington Irving* (New York, 1918),

LIVERPOOL 11 JULY 1813

MY DEAR SIR

Here I am still—and after waiting in this noisy town ten days still very uncertain about my departure for your country—after having been so much indebted to your kindness I am really quite ashamed to make any further demands upon it—but I must trouble you with the statement of my present perplexity—The only vessell which will sail from this port for some little time is the *Fame* a licensed American—She is an old Wiscasset [?] built thing 14 years old—with a heavy cargo of salt and coals and a crew of 25 or 30 passengers—liable to the risk both of French and American capture—and bent so far as we [?] can discover on some sort of smuggling or base adventure 150 miles to the East of Boston—in short a very undesirable conveyance both in respect of safety and of comfort—By letters which I have seen this morning I understand that a *flag of truce* has been obtained for a ship called the *Good Friend* of Philadelphia now lying here to take out, *not prisoners* but *passengers*—and said to be likely to sail in a fortnight after this time—of course without any cargo—Now tho' my affairs certainly require expedition I feel that it would be infinitely preferable to go on this vessell rather than the Fame and my only difficulty arises from the circumstance of my not being an American citizen and the understood rule that flags of truce carry only their own subjects—I have, tho' rather against fear, obtained from Lord Castlereagh a passport allowing me to *go to the United States expressly*—so that I have the clear leave of my own govt to go to your country—The only difficulty therefore which I have to apprehend is on the side of the Americans—and what I have to request of you is that you would have the goodness to enquire whether any such difficulty is likely to be made, and to do what you can to obviate it—The consent of Mr. Beasely I should think would be quite sufficient—and I believe I can obtain that of the owner of the Good Friend—a Mr. Curzon in London—If you would take the trouble to write to Mr. Beasely on the subject and to make such other *intercessions*

95–96; and a letter from Jeffrey to Monroe, October 9, 1813, in the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, X (1906), 95–97.

10 Manuscript in the Pennsylvania Historical Society Library.

for me as your own judgment suggests, it will be adding to the many favors I have already to acknowledge at your hand—I had the honor to receive the packet of letters with which you and Mr. Irving were so obliging as to furnish me—and of which I still hope to be able to take advantage—address to me if you please, still to the care of Thos. Thornely Esqr here—and believe me at all times Dear Sir your obliged and very Faithful St

F. JEFFREY[11]

Brevoort was willing, and Beasely was resourceful. As Jeffrey explained to Secretary Monroe later,[12] "I was induced to offer my services to act as *medical attendant* on the American citizens for whose safe conveyance [Beasely] was bound to provide, and that in consequence of that offer being accepted, I was actually entered *in this capacity* on the list of those recommended to the Transport Board. . . ." Jeffrey admitted the expediency of this arrangement, but he felt obliged to justify it by arguing that "in the course of my studies I have attended a little to medicine, and am regarded at my country residence at home as no mean practitioner. I should therefore have made myself useful I have no doubt in the capacity had it been requisite and did prescribe on board with very laudable success." But at the last moment the license of the *Good Friend* was revoked,[13] and Doctor Jeffrey's services were procured for the *Robert Burns* instead. On August 29, after much dining out with "Unitarians, and Whigs, and Americans, and brokers, and bankers," Jeffrey finally embarked for America, in the company of his brother John.

He was in a bad frame of mind at sailing time. For one thing, he was afraid that the *Review* would die without him.

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11 Professor J. R. Derby of Ohio State University, who is preparing a biography of Jeffrey, was kind enough to read this manuscript and collate the unpublished letters herein printed.

12 *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, X (1906), 95–97.

13 For contemporary comment on this matter, see the Philadelphia *American Weekly Messenger*, October 18, 1813.

On August 10 he had written Thomas Thomson,[14] "I entreat you to meditate Reviews both day and night, and to stimulate all the wise and good to lend their aid to that good cause for which I have lived and bled with such exemplary devotion"; and on the day he sailed he begged him again not to "let the poor Review die till I come back, if any human exertions can keep her alive." For another thing, he was, like the Babu, a "fearful man." Foreseeing either death or prolonged detention in America, he drafted a will, and asked Thomson to arrange to have a warship take him home from Halifax. But above all he dreaded seasickness. As his friend Cockburn said, "Love performed his greatest feat in making this loather of deep water cross the Atlantic, in order to marry." [15] It did not matter "whether it was a sea that was to be crossed, or a lake, or a stream, or a pond. It was enough that he had to be afloat." As he waited for the ship to depart "amid a mob of visitors, and a monstrous music of cheering mariners, squeaking pigs, and crying children," [16] he longed to crawl into a "quiet hole" and have a good cry.[17]

And well he might have done so. For the greater part of forty mortal days he endured "violent gales and violent seasickness, head-winds, and swimming head . . . ; fierce southwest gales, which, [he wrote on the eleventh day] with eternal motion and clamour, have not advanced us 200 miles on our course, and have given me a great idea of the pleasures of a voyage." Bitterly, he listed eight of these pleasures, concluding with a remark which gave pathetic point to the contemporary critical argument over the respective merits of nature and art as inspiration for poetry: "There is nothing so ugly or mean as the sea in roughish weather. . . . It looks like a

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14 [Cosmo Innes], *Memoir of Thomas Thomson, Advocate* (Publications of the Bannatyne Club, Edinburgh, 1854), 139–140.

15 Cockburn transcripts of Jeffrey's correspondence, in the Scottish National Library, page 4 of Cockburn's MS, Foreword.

16 Cockburn, I, 215–216.

17 *Memoir of Thomas Thomson*, 140.

nasty field of rubbish, half-shovelled and half-frozen. . . ." [18] The last disheartening blow was that for two or three days after the blessed sight of land they were not allowed to disembark and were "in danger of being ordered to repair to a place about 500 miles off." [19]

At home, meanwhile, Jeffrey's friends gossiped joyfully about his expedition. As Carlyle said later, it made a "considerable noise in its time." [20] Byron wrote Moore that the *Edinburgh's* review of *The Giaour* "is so very mild and sentimental that it must be written by Jeffrey *in love;*—you know he is gone to America to marry some fair one, of whom he has been, for several quarters, *éperdument amoureux.*" [21] Lockhart's comment takes a perfect score for inaccuracy, every detail of it being wrong: "Jeffray [*sic*]—the cool-headed Jeffray—was lately, I hear, taken and released by Commodore Rogers [*sic*] on his way to America . . . and on what errand? to marry a niece of John Wilkes, who lives at Charlestown. The Commodore knew Jeffray's kindred soul, and treated him, it seems, with singular kindness. He got a letter from Rogers to the mayor of Charlestown, and various friends of Republicanism. . . ." [22] In the following year it was even rumored in Edinburgh that *Waverly* was written by Jeffrey "to lighten the taedium of his transatlantic voyage." [23]

In America, Washington Irving, prompted by Brevoort,[24] prepared a welcome for Jeffrey. In the *Analectic* of Philadelphia he wrote:

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[18] Cockburn, I, 217–219.

[19] Cockburn, I, 226. The ship was boarded in the Channel, on the Banks, and off the Hook. *New York Gazette and General Advertiser,* October 8, 1813.

[20] *Reminiscences* (New York, 1881), 296.

[21] *Letters of Lord Byron* (Everyman Edition), 78.

[22] Andrew Lang, *Life and Letters of J. G. Lockhart* (London, 1897), I, 69. No mention of such a capture appears in Commodore John Rodgers's log, which was widely published in the newspapers at the time.

[23] Scott to John Morritt, July 28, 1814, in H. J. C. Grierson, editor, *Letters of Sir Walter Scott* (London, 1932), III, 479.

[24] *Letters of Brevoort to Irving,* 95–96.

We understand that Mr. Jeffrey, the celebrated editor of the Edinburgh Review, is about to visit this country, on business relative to the estate of a brother lately deceased at Boston. He was to sail in the ship Hercules, whose arrival is daily expected. It is his intention also to visit our principal cities, and we trust that every facility will be given, both by government and individuals, to make his tour satisfactory and agreeable. To the representations of a man of Mr. Jeffrey's talents, information and literary influence, we may look with confidence for having this country vindicated from many of the gross aspersions that have been cast upon it, by narrow-minded or hireling travel writers. It is the interest of both nations to have a proper knowledge and estimation of each other, and we think that Mr. Jeffrey has hitherto in his writings shown a more candid and liberal disposition towards us than most of his contemporaries.[25]

Irving was somewhat in error, for the "deceased" brother was Jeffrey's companion on the voyage, but he arranged a flattering reception. On October 7, Jeffrey's ship was met by a group of Knickerbocker *savans*.[26] The occasion was marred somewhat by the ignorance of the reporter, who noted with charming simplicity that the passengers of the *Robert Burns* included "two Mr. Jeffreys from Edinburgh and a woman who was found in a bundle of hay after the ship had put to sea"[27]—a detail copied slavishly by other papers. The big shock, however, came when he disembarked and discovered that, in spite of his letters from and to great personages, the obtuse officials considered him an enemy alien, subject to internment in what would now be called a concentration camp. On October 9 he wrote agitatedly to Monroe, begging that he not "be sent up the country or confined very strictly

[25] *Analectic*, II, 350 (October, 1813).

[26] H. T. Tuckerman, *Essays, Biographical and Critical* (Boston, 1857), 164–165. Tuckerman's anecdote for this occasion is tempting but questionable. The story is that, annoyed by customs inspection, Jeffrey said to the officer, "Sir! do you know who I am?" "Yes," said the man, "you are the editor of a Scotch magazine," and he went on with his rummaging.

[27] *New York Gazette and General Advertiser*, October 8, 1813.

to any one place of residence, and that I may be permitted to return to my own country by any opportunity that may offer, after the very simple and innocent business which has induced me to throw myself upon the liberality of this government is concluded." It was, he argued, a pledge to an American lady that had brought him over. It would put her family to very great inconvenience if he were to be sent "forty miles from the coast." Moreover, continued absence from Britain would bring about not only the "utter ruin" of his private affairs, but of "establishments and concerns which I am persuaded no friend to free government would wish to see destroyed." [28]

Whether or not Monroe took Jeffrey's hint that the fate of democracy lay in the lap of the *Edinburgh Review*, he saved the lover's honor by interceding with the New York marshal, and on October 14 Jeffrey married Charlotte Wilkes.[29]

Faced now with the problem of getting back to Britain safely, he wrote Monroe, asking for protection for any vessel he might succeed in chartering for the home voyage:

NEW YORK 18TH OCTOBR 1813[30]

SIR

Though I believe it must, at all events have been my duty to make my acknowledgments for the early and polite attention with which you have been pleased to honor my former application, I am not sure that I should have again trespassed so soon on your patience for the mere purpose of such a formal acknowledgment—But the very obliging manner in which you request me to express fully to yourself the wishes I may have formed on the subject of my former letter encourages me to trouble you with a very few words in addition to what I have there stated—

The object for which I came to America is now attained—and

[28] *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, x (1906), 95–97.

[29] *New York Gazette and General Advertiser*, October 16, 1813. This notice establishes the date of the event.

[30] Manuscript in the New York Public Library.

I am not only ready but anxious to set out on my return by the very first opportunity that may present itself—Any little excursion that I may be permitted to make in the territories of the United States I should therefore wish very much to be enabled to begin immediately. I may take the liberty of mentioning that I only meditated an expedition to Philadelphia and perhaps to Washington—in the first instance—If the want of any direct conveyance should force me to embark for Halifax, I should wish of course to be allowed to proceed to Boston—where some of my relations were long settled—and from which I understand there is the readiest communication with the colony—

With regard to the radical and more important point of my being permitted to leave the country by such opportunities as may occur I have scarcely anything to add to what I formerly took the liberty of suggesting except that the very permission to land and to remain upon your territory, which is so obligingly announced in the letter now before me, seems of itself to lead directly to the granting of such a permission—I should wish too if possible not to be excluded from availing myself of any *cartel* or flag of truce that may be granted during my stay here—and have even presumed to contemplate the possibility of my obtaining some such special protection from your government for any vessell which I might be induced to charter for the express purpose of transporting myself and my family to England—The extreme difficulty of finding any other suitable or safe conveyance for a lady in the present circumstances of the world, has led me of late to turn my thoughts to some such arrangement—and if there were but a few other persons permitted to embark along with me, I should certainly make up my mind to it without any consideration of the expense—I am extremely ill informed however as to the nature or content of the objections which might be made to such a proposition—and have only to request that if the mention of it should appear too presumptuous or in any way improper for the ear of a Secretary of State, it may be considered as submitted to Mr. Monroe in his private capacity of a gentleman who has professed himself disposed to assist a stranger at [?] the recommendation of mutual friends—

I am extremely flattered by the many obliging things you are

pleased to say of me and trust that nothing can occur during my stay in this country to alter the favorable opinion you have been led to form of my character and objects—I shall wait with some degree of anxiety for the determination of his Excellency the President on the points to be submitted to his consideration—and earnestly wish that he may be induced to view them in the same indulgent light in which they seem to have appeared to your good nature and liberality—In the mean time I have the Honor to be Sir

Your obliged and very obed[t] Svt

F. JEFFREY

Further correspondence on the subject seemed to be inconclusive, and on September 3 Jeffrey wrote Monroe that he was going to Washington himself:

NEW YORK 3[D] NOV[R] 1813[31]

SIR

I have this day had the honor of receiving your obliging letters of the 29th and 30th Octob[r]—and beg leave again to offer my most grateful acknowledgments for the kindness with which you have answered my many importunate applications—The sailing of the *Calabria* I find is postponed till after the 12th—and as I have heard that there will probably be some opportunities of proceeding to Lisbon from this port in the course of the month, I have been induced so far to abandon my project of embarking on that vessell, as to avail myself of your obliging permission to advance to the Southward—and expect to set out for Washington tomorrow or the day after—One great object of this expedition is to see a little of you, and of your country—but I will not deny that I am partly encouraged to engage in it, by the hope which you seem still to hold out to me of being ultimately permitted to go in a *cartel* directly to my own country—Perhaps I put too broad and sanguine a construction upon expressions which may certainly have been used out of mere politeness, and with the intention of softening a necessary refusal—but it is possible also that they may have a more substantial meaning—and while I

[31] Manuscript in the New York Public Library.

am unwilling to give you the trouble of writing any more upon a matter of so little importance to you, I own I feel a good deal of anxiety to hear what the considerations are that may eventually procure me so great an advantage—When I have the honor of waiting upon you at Washington you may perhaps explain these in some measure in conversation—and if they are of a sort that any efforts or exertions of mine can tend to realize I am inclined to flatter myself that my expectations may not finally appear altogether desperate.

As I shall come with a small party at least as far as Philadelphia—and as I find your roads are not in the best possible condition for expeditious travelling I am afraid I cannot expect to reach your capital for several days to come—but I shall be led by every consideration to wait upon you immediately on my arrival.

I have the Honor to be
With sentiments of the utmost Respect
Sir your obliged and most obed^{t} Svt

F. JEFFREY

Concerning his social activities in New York and in other cities on his way to the Capitol, details are scarce. He seems to have been a guest—along with Irving—at "Mr. Gracie's" in New York;[32] and he heard a lecture in the same city by James Ogilvy, the popular elocutionist.[33] Cockburn says that he was "kindly received" and saw "many important people" during his visits to a "few of the principal cities of the Union"; but since the biographer judged that "his journal, though minute, records nothing . . . that would now interest others," we are denied Jeffrey's own story of his experiences.[34] He alluded later to a dinner in Philadelphia,[35] and there is evi-

[32] Pierre Irving, *Life of Washington Irving* (New York, 1863), I, 302.

[33] W. P. Trent, "English Culture in Virginia," *Johns Hopkins Studies in History and Political Science*, VII (1889), 220.

[34] Cockburn, I, 226. Professor Derby has searched for the manuscript of his journal in Great Britain, as I have in the United States. It seems not to exist.

[35] Cockburn, II, 149. On this occasion he quarreled with a "Mrs. S." concerning gossip about Robert Walsh.

dence that he was entertained in Baltimore by a "General Harper." [36]

About Jeffrey's adventure in Washington, Cockburn gives more, though not enough, information.[37]

> He had two curious interviews, one with Mr. Munroe, the Secretary, and one with Mr. Maddison, the President; of which he gives a very striking account . . . [On November 18th, he went to] the secretary to learn whether there was any hope of his obtaining a cartel for his return to Britain. After being promised every possible accommodation, the conversation was drawn on by Mr. Munroe to the . . . right claimed by England of searching American vessels for the recovery of British subjects. These were matters with which Jeffrey was probably as familiar as even the able and official person with whom he was talking; because the rights of neutrals had been more than once discussed in the Review . . . and in so far as the right of searching *ships of war* for British deserters or subjects was involved, the principles there maintained were strongly against the English claim. But though not satisfied of the existence of the right claimed, he seems to have thought it would be paltry not to stand by his country, before an enemy who had him in his power. Accordingly, he took the side of Britain during an animated, though politely conducted, argument, which, after lasting a long time one day, was renewed the next.

On the evening of the same day he dined with President Madison, and had what Cockburn calls a "discussion," but what seems, especially when the facts are checked against other versions, to have been an audacious argument. Says Cockburn,

> . . . he took occasion, when he was about to retire, to thank his

[36] Autograph statement of Robert Gilmer, affixed to Jeffrey's letter to Brevoort, July 11, 1813, Manuscript in the Pennsylvania Historical Society Library. This probably refers to Robert Goodloe Harper (1765–1825), Federalist senator from Maryland, and Major-General during the War. He had an estate in Baltimore, and sufficient interest in Anglo-American relations to publish rejoiners to Walsh's *An Appeal*.

[37] Cockburn, I, 226–229.

Excellency for the indulgence he had met with in the matter of the cartel. "This was received in a composed, civil way; and then his excellency proceeded to say that it was the wish of his government to set an example of the utmost liberality in everything, and to prove to the world that nothing but absolute necessity should ever induce them to adopt those principles of warfare which had been directed against them. I said I trusted the English nation stood in need of no lessons in these particulars, and that in her present unfortunate hostilities with America, would show the same spirit of generosity which had distinguished even her most impolitic wars. He took up this a little warmly, and said that the way in which she had attacked the defenseless villages, threatened the citizens with the fate of traitors, and broken off the agreements entered into by their own agents as to the exchange of prisoners, did not say much for their spirit of generosity, and that the very pretence in which the war originated, the obstinacy and insolence with which all satisfaction had been refused, and the extraordinary form in which negotiation was ultimately offered, could leave little doubt on any impartial mind as to the temper by which it was carried on on the part of England. I was a little surprised at this sort of challenge to discussion, thrown out by a sovereign to a private individual in his own drawing room. I felt, however, that it was not my part to decline it; and being somewhat *au fait* of the matter by my discussion with the secretary, I did not hesitate to accept. We entered, accordingly, upon a discussion which lasted nearly two hours, and embraced all the topics which I had gone over with Mr. M.; very nearly upon the same grounds, and to the same results; though maintained by the President with rather more caution and reserve, more shyness as to concessions, and a tone considerably more acrimonious toward England; though perfectly civil, and even courteous to myself."

Cockburn protests, a little too much, perhaps, that Jeffrey's report of these conversations was accurate, complete, and fair. It is likely that Jeffrey's attitude was rather more impudent than Cockburn's rendition of his report would indicate. According to one anecdote, when Jeffrey was presented to

Madison, the latter inquired, " 'What is thought of our war in England?' 'It is not thought of at all,' was the curt reply." Moreover he told someone that Madison reminded him of "a schoolmaster dressed up for a funeral." [38] This might be passed off as gossip were it not that a story remarkably like it in spirit appears in a letter by Scott, written on March 4, 1814, after he had seen Jeffrey when the latter returned to Edinburgh. According to Scott,

> Jeffrey is returnd here with his bride very gay and very full of news. He had a grand skirmish with Maddison of which he gives a very diverting acc't. He describes the president as being an exceedingly mean looking little man who met him with three little ducking bows and then extended a yellow witherd hand to him like an old ducks foot. After these symptoms of fraternization he proceeded to question the critic very solemnly touching the nature of the sensations which the American war excited in the British public. To which Jeffrey replied in his best poco-curante stile, that he believed nobody thought anything at all about the American war in Britain and that he thought it likely that many well-informd people did not know that we were at war at all.[39]

It is no wonder that Jeffrey was embarrassed and angry when he heard, some time after his return, that a distorted version of an already heightened story was getting circulation in America. On February 25, 1815 he wrote his father-in-law,

> I told you in my last how angry I was at hearing of the Philadelphia publication of my journal. I never showed a scrap of it to anyone there, and there is nothing in it, as you know, of personal ridicule either of Monro or of any other minister. I beg that you contradict it in my name. As soon as there is peace I shall write to Monro myself to thank him for his kindness to me, and I should not like that he should have believed me capable of such duplicity and ingratitude.[40]

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[38] *In Memoriam Benjamin Ogle Tayloe* (Washington, 1872), 117; also Allan C. Clark, *Life and Letters of Dolly Madison* (Washington, 1914), 136.

[39] *Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, III, 416–417. Scott continues with a slightly different version of the political argument.

[40] Cockburn, II, 149. Note that gossip tended to make Monroe the victim.

There seems to be no trace of the "Philadelphia publication" of his journal, and it is possible that Jeffrey was mistaken about it. If, however, he did not show the manuscript of it to anyone in Philadelphia, it appears, from a letter George Ticknor wrote to his father on January 21, 1815, that he did show it in Boston. When Ticknor dined with Madison in Washington, the president spoke of "Jeffrey . . . , whose name, when he had mentioned it, seemed to strike him with a sudden silence. I promise you I was careful in my replies, and did not suffer him to know that I had ever seen Jeffrey or his journal." [41] It is understandable that in Federalist Boston, where there was so much opposition to "Mr. Madison's war," Jeffrey's yarn should have had a sympathetic hearing. One Boston version of the incident was colored so as to make the administration look foolish and discredit "the party that put him in office." According to Samuel Breck's memorandum of July 6, 1814, Madison had come up to Washington from Virginia expressly to meet Jeffrey.

> When he was introduced, the President and his minister [Monroe] entered upon politics with the Scotchman with all the formality and seriousness usual when addressing an authorized diplomatist. Mr. Jeffrey, who has made himself of some consequence in Great Britain by writing in opposition to his government, was looked to as an influential and important man upon this occasion. The President presumed that, like many of the apostate British in America, he would join him in invectives against the English, but Jeffrey, with a confidence peculiar to him, interrupted the President at the threshold of his discourse and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, stop. Before you go any farther be it known to you that I am a loyal Briton—that although I have sometimes disapproved of the measures of my government, yet in all that relates to their disputes with you I do assure you I consider it wholly and fully justifiable." The chief of the American nation, being thus put to rights by the forward re-

41 *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* (Boston, 1909), I, 29.

viewer, turned to his minister, who after a short pause undertook with his master to argue before this foreign coxcomb the merits of their case, to unbosom himself in the most entire manner, and even, it is added, to shed tears of entreaty that he would condescend to be their advocate.

The young puppy, who took delight in repeating and acting over this scene, turned a deaf ear to them, and gave them, instead of consolation or hope, the most undisguised expressions of scorn. This truly undignified interview comports with a few others I have been informed of, and is a shame upon the chief and the party that put him in office.[42]

In December, he seems to have been extensively entertained in Boston, for Ticknor was able to write, on February 8, 1814, a long and detailed description of Jeffrey's social character and conversational powers.[43] According to Ticknor, the man

... who exercises some influence over every one of us [was] a short, stout, little gentleman, about five and a half feet high, with a very red face, black hair, and black eyes. You are to suppose him to possess a very gay and animated countenance, and you are to see in him all the restlessness of a will-o'-wisp, and all that fitful irregularity in his movements which you have heretofore appropriated to the pasteboard Merry Andrews whose limbs are jerked about with a wire. These you are to interpret as the natural indications of the impetuous and impatient character which a further acquaintance develops. He enters a room with a countenance so satisfied, and a step so light and almost fantastic, that all your previous impressions of the dignity and severity of the "Edinburgh Review" are immediately put to flight, and, passing at once to the opposite extreme, you might, perhaps, imagine him to be frivolous, vain, and supercilious.

Ticknor's on the whole favorable opinion of Jeffrey's con-

[42] *Recollections of Samuel Breck* (Philadelphia, 1877), 109–114.

[43] *Life, Letters, and Journals*, I, 43–47. Ticknor's physical description accords nicely with the cartoon of Jeffrey in B. W. Crombie's *Modern Athenians* (Edinburgh, 1882), Plate Number 25.

versation is too long to quote; but he concluded with the remark that "his learning is more extensive than that of any man I ever met."

But Jeffrey was not universally popular in Boston, and Ticknor's explanation of the reason for this affords background for the Madison episode.

> He accosts you with a freedom and familiarity which may, perhaps, put you at your ease and render conversation unceremonious; but which, as I observed in several instances, were not very tolerable to those who had always been accustomed to the delicacy and decorum of refined society.... There were still not a few who complained that he was supercilious and that he thought himself of a different and higher order from those he met; that he had been used to dictate until he was unwilling to listen, and that he had been fed upon admiration until it had become common food, and he received it as a matter of course.
>
> There is some ground for this complaint; but I think the circumstances of the case should take its edge from censure. It seems to me that Mr. Jeffrey has enough of that amiable feeling from which politeness and the whole system of the petite morale springs, but that he has not learned the necessary art of distributing it in judicious proportions. He shows the same degree of deference to every one he meets; and, therefore, while he flatters by his civility those who are little accustomed to attention from their superiours, he disappoints the reasonable expectations of those who have received the homage of all around them until it has become a part of their just expectations and claims.
>
> This, at least, was the distinction here. The young men and the literary men all admired him; the old men and the politicians found their opinions and dignity too little regarded by the impetuous stranger.

At any rate, Jeffrey's affront to the dignity of the president was avenged, for Ticknor, and presumably Boston society, condescended socially to the editor.[44]

[44] Note also Brevoort's snobbish reference to John Jeffrey: "The chief sources of [Jeffrey's] American intelligence is a brother who resided a number

I was not disposed to claim [says Ticknor] from a man who must have passed his youth in severe and solitary study, and who was not brought into that class of society which refines and fashions all the external expressions of character, until his mind and habits were matured, and he was brought there to be admired and to dictate,—I was not disposed to claim from him that gentleness and delicacy of manners which are acquired only by early discipline, and which are most obvious in those who have received, perhaps, their very character and direction from early collision with their superiours in station or talents.

Chief among the "young" and "literary" men who admired him were Ticknor, who remained a lifelong friend, and Edward Everett, to whom the editor wrote just before he left Boston:

My Dear Sir[45]

Hurried as I am and on the very eve of departure I cannot think of leaving this place without saying one word to express the gratification I have received from the letter I have just found on my table—From all I have seen or heard of you I do not hesitate to say that I consider you as the most remarkable young man I have seen in America—It will give me very great pleasure to have it in my power at any time to render you any sort of service—and it is impossible that you can look forward to the chance of our meeting again at Edinburgh with more satisfaction than Dear Sir your obliged and very Faithful Svt and Friend

F. Jeffrey

Boston Sunday Evg
13 Dec 1813

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of years in Boston, moving in a sphere which I should judge authorizes his humble opinions of American civilization." (*Letters of Brevoort to Irving*, 66). *Blackwood's* (VII, 320, June, 1820) thought it laughable that one who used so often such terms as "perfectly gentlemanly" and "thoroughly well-bred," should hold doctrines "so deeply tinged with the plebeian spirit of levelling."

[45] Everett Papers, Massachusetts Historical Society.

There seems to be no record of Jeffrey's movements between then and his departure for Britain. He sailed January 22 on the *Fair American,* which, one newspaper said, had been "appointed" to carry the Jeffreys home.[46] An account of the trip appears in a letter to Monroe:

EDINBURGH 23 MARCH 1814[47]

DEAR SIR

I feel that I am as little of an ennemy, now that I am safe in my own country again—as I was when I was at your mercy in yours—and I cannot let the cartel return without once more repeating my very sincere and hearty acknowledgments for the kindness you were pleased to show me on that adventurous expedition.

The letters and books which you put in my charge have been safely delivered—and it is probable that the friends to whom they were addressed have written you by this opportunity—at all events they have expressed to me the satisfaction they had in hearing from you—

We had as you will learn a remarkably quick and prosperous passage—having landed at Liverpool on the 18th day after leaving New York The ship is a remarkably fast sailer—and the Captain was extremely good natured and obliging to all his passengers Mrs. J. suffered a good deal on the voyage—but is now entirely recovered and reconciled I hope to our more gloomy climate—

I hope some good wind will once more blow you over to the shores of Britain—and afford us an opportunity of showing how we value the civilities we received upon yours—The times at least I trust are near at hand when public considerations will throw no obstacle in the way of such an expedition—I did hope indeed that this vessell might be the bearer of the blessed news of peace—peace in Europe I mean—which *must* I think have produced peace in America also—and I do not consider it as abso-

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46 *Washington City Gazette,* January 19, 1814.

47 Manuscript in the Pennsylvania Historical Society Library.

lutely impossible that she may still do so—It is now the most desirable as well as the most likely issue of these long struggles—and I really believe is not very far off—but you will see by the public papers in what fortune our affairs are—

Have the kindness to present my most respectful compliments to the President—to General Mason [?] and to all the other gentlemen at Washington to whose benevolence I was so much indebted—and assure yourself that there are not many things that would afford me greater gratification than to have it in my power to do you any service. —Mrs. J. joins with me in desiring to be particularly remembered to Mrs. Monroe—and I have the honor to be

DEAR SIR

Your obliged and very Faithful Svt

F. JEFFREY

TO JAMES MONROE ESQRE

His life with Charlotte seems to have been serene. There may have been small skirmishes because of the flirtatiousness of which Carlyle accused him, and which had been faintly adumbrated long before in letters asking his brother John to tell him about American and French emigré women. On one occasion, about 1829, Jeffrey was taken by Jane Carlyle to call upon a Dumfries widow, "an old flame of his thirty years before." "These old loves don't do," said Charlotte to Carlyle, "with easy sarcasm." [48] The friendship of the two men was made somewhat difficult by their wives' dislike of each other.[49] But Carlyle enjoyed Charlotte. She was, he recalled in 1867,

roundish-featured, not pretty but comely, a sincere and hearty kind of woman, with a great deal of natural insight, often sar-

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[48] *Reminiscences*, 295.

[49] D. A. Wilson, *Carlyle to the "French Revolution"* (London, 1924), 15 and 53. But *cf.* Waldo H. Dunn, *Froude and Carlyle* (London, 1930), 127–128. The Jeffreys had one child, Charlotte, who in turn produced four children for a doting grandfather. When Jeffrey died, on January 26, 1850, Charlotte survived him less than four months.

castically turned; to which a certain nervous tic or jerk of the head gave a new emphasis or singularity; for her talk went roving about in a loose random way, and hit down like a flail unexpectedly on this or that, with the jerk for accompaniment, in a really genial fashion. She and I were mutual favorites. She liked my sincerity as I hers.

Intermittently throughout the rest of his life Jeffrey entertained visiting Americans at Craigcrook, the three hundred-year-old castle he bought in 1815. Irving, in 1817, found him "pleasant and hospitable in his own house and apparently very amiable and happy in his domestic character." Charlotte looked "thin and nervous; but is in good spirits and seems happy." [50] Later Irving saw more of Jeffrey in Paris, when the latter was traveling with Charles Wilkes and Charlotte's sister, Mrs. Colden. Ticknor, in 1819, thought him a "much more domestic, quiet sort of person than we found him in America," and after a banquet with him in 1838, liked him more than ever.[51] John Griscom, the educator, apparently familiar with his reputation as a talker, thought his conversation instructive and agreeable, though not brilliant.[52] Charlotte wrote her father about 1824 that another one of their American visitors, Francis Gilmer, was "the most popular and attractive American that had ever been seen in Edinburgh." [53] Not so popular (with the Jeffreys, at least) was Audubon, who felt an "instinctive distrust of [the editor] for the shrewd look which he caught in his eye." [54] Two unpublished letters indicate hospitable relations with Charles Sumner.[55]

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[50] Irving's *Tour in Scotland, 1817*, S. T. Williams, editor (New Haven, 1927), 30–31; and *Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort*, G. S. Hellman, editor (New York, 1915), II, 52.

[51] *Life, Letters, and Journals*, I, 277; II, 146 and 148.

[52] John Griscom, *A Year in Europe* (second edition, New York, 1824), II, 210, 218, and 242.

[53] W. P. Trent, *English Culture in Virginia*, 273.

[54] R. E. Spiller, *The American in England* (New York, 1926), 70.

[55] Sumner Autographs, Volume II, Harvard Library.

Except for Audubon, Emerson seems to have been the only American visitor who got an unfavorable impression of Jeffrey. With the Boston tradition of Jeffrey's eloquence still in his memory, Emerson, in February, 1848, found the now eminent judge

> as always very talkative, very disputatious, very French, every sentence interlarded with French phrases speaking a dialect of his own, neither English, nor Scotch, marked with a certain petitesse, as one might well say, and an affeted [*sic*] elegance. I should like to see him put on his merits by being taxed by some of his old peers as Wilson or Hallam or Macaulay, but here he is the chief man, has it all his own way, and is a mere Polonius. I was in a way to lose all respect; for somehow, his conversation had been strangely exaggerated to me; and I had remembered my early admiration of the Edin Review.[56]

As for Jeffrey's own attitude, several memories of his trip lingered. Evidently he was impressed by the beauty of American scenery, for he wrote to Charles Wilkes on February 25, 1815,

> I have still a romantic hankering after your bay, and Jersey woods, and cannot forgive myself now for not having gone up your Hudson. I must absolutely go back I find, and repair those omissions. I remember you promised me a piece of land with trees and wild streams, and I fancy I shall come over and be buried there.[57]

He disliked the violence of American party politics, which, he felt, spoiled dinner-table discussions, and "prevented gentlemen of different parties from associating." He also disapproved of the unwise indulgence of young girls in America. Too early introduction to society made them "flippant and ignorant";[58] and absence of the tasks and restraints which are

[56] R. L. Rusk, editor, *Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, IV, 22.
[57] Cockburn, II, 149.
[58] *Tour in Scotland*, 30–31.

put upon girls everywhere else was unwholesome. "I think I have seen more visible marks of ennui in the misses just entered on their teens, who are allowed so prematurely to pass their whole mornings in parading in Broadway, than I ever saw in so young faces before. . . ." [59]

But generally his attitude toward America was quite different from that of the average British traveler. Only a sincere admirer of America could have written the *Edinburgh* essay on "The Dispositions of England and America" (1820)[60] —a remarkably reasonable and conciliatory reply to Robert Walsh's bitter *Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain* (1819). As critic he did ample justice to American books, and his friendship with Dickens did not prevent him from chiding that British traveler for his "onslaught on the Americans." [61] If Emerson's unfavorable reaction in 1848 was symptomatic of Jeffrey's loss of influence in America, there was no diminishment in the latter's interest in Anglo-American relations. In his old age he worried constantly about international strains, and did what he could to alleviate them. In the crisis over the Maine boundary preceding the Webster-Ashburton treaty, Jeffrey wrote to his biographer, January 25, 1842, that he "had a long talk (by appointment) with Lord Ashburton yesterday on the subject of his American mission, & did something, I hope to confirm him in his *pacific* dispositions, which are strong and sincere at any rate, but pray do not speak of this consultation." [62] Three years later he wrote to the "most remarkable young man" he had met in America —now Minister to Britain—,

> You will not forget the old country—nor the old, nor the new Friends you leave in it—and you will testify honestly and boldly in our favor—and avert, by your great and growing influence, the unspeakable misery and folly of a rupture between us—I

[59] Cockburn, II, 149.
[60] XXXIII, 395–431 (May, 1820).
[61] Cockburn, II, 382; *Edinburgh Review*, LXXVI, 497–522 (January, 1843).
[62] Cockburn transcripts, 1032–1033.

would rather die, I think, a few years earlier, than live to see that blight fall on this second and best Springtime of our human fortune![63]

Certainly this was a mellower Jeffrey than the one who defended impressment to President Madison thirty-two years earlier.

[63] August 24, 1845. Manuscript in the Massachusetts Historical Society Library. This society has another letter from Jeffrey to Everett, dated August 21, which Professor Derby has placed in the year 1844 on the basis of internal evidence.

THE RELIGION OF GEOLOGY

CONRAD WRIGHT

I

IN the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep: And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." With these words, the author of Genesis began his story of Creation, his attempt to unveil the awful mystery of the beginning of all things. His account, as part of the sacred writings of the Jews, was accepted by all Christendom as the infallible revelation of God. In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth; on the sixth day, he created man in his own image; on the seventh day, God ended his work which he had made, and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. By computing the generations of Adam, the student could readily discover that the date of Creation was about four thousand years before the Christian era. These were the presuppositions of men's thinking, the framework within which all theories of Cosmogony were set.

During the nineteenth century, the Mosaic account of Creation was driven first from the minds of scientists, then from the minds of other educated men. But even though this change came within two or three generations, the evidence supporting the new theories had long been accumulating. That fossils represent organic remains, that they have been laid down under water in sequence, that they reveal a long period of sedimentation, that the surface of the earth has been undergoing constant change, and that earth processes are still in progress: each one of these views had to struggle for acceptance against the mass of inherited belief. The battles began in the sixteenth century, and continued through the

eighteenth, until the whole structure of the new theory was unified by James Hutton (1726–1797).

Hutton's contribution was the doctrine of "uniformitarianism." No previous thinker had realized so clearly as he that the earth processes we can observe today are sufficient to explain the present surface of the globe. To other men, the peaceful landscape seemed stable and unchanging; he recognized that it was subject to constant erosion, and that the material removed was the source of the sediments in the sea. It followed that enormous lengths of time must have been necessary to build the beds of rock we encounter. Since erosion, long continued, should ere now have worn all the land away, there must be some counteracting force rebuilding the land masses. Hutton found this in vulcanism, declaring that molten matter pushed up from below served to maintain the continents. This opinion won for his followers the nickname "Plutonists."

Hutton's influence was not direct, because his first statement of the theory was printed obscurely, in 1785, while his later version was most tedious reading. The statement of the uniformitarian position which finally established it was Charles Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, in three volumes (1830–1833). Lyell buttressed the Huttonian position with the results of recent developments in stratigraphy. The implications of Hutton's theory now struck the popular mind with full force; and for three decades, the conflict between the geologists' account and the Mosaic story of Creation raged furiously, both in England and America.

In New England, the attempt to reconcile the two was made most conspicuously by three geologists: Benjamin Silliman, Edward Hitchcock, and James Dwight Dana. The result was not only a reinterpretation of the Bible in the light of scientific knowledge, but also the use of geology to reveal the nature and attributes of the Creator. This body of thought was known as the "Religion of Geology."

II

Before 1802, when Benjamin Silliman[1] was appointed to a professorship of chemistry and natural science at Yale, interest in geology in this country had been very sporadic. President Dwight, seeking in vain for someone competent to fill a proposed chair of natural science, was forced to appoint a bright young man and give him a chance to learn something about the subject before requiring him to teach. Silliman's only qualification was an alert mind. But Dwight's confidence was not misplaced. Silliman served as the channel through which European scientific progress reached this country, he trained the most prominent of the American geologists before the Civil War, he provided a scientific journal, and by his lecturing he spread a knowledge of geology and chemistry among the general public.

The most solid part of his geological training was received at Edinburgh, the city of Hutton and his followers, in the winter of 1805–1806.[2] Silliman arrived in the midst of a furious controversy between the Plutonists and the disciples of the German mineralogist, Abraham Gottlob Werner, who were known as "Neptunists," because of their belief that the earliest rocks had been formed by chemical deposition from a once universal ocean. Later formations, they conceded, involved mechanical deposition. In contrast with the Plutonists, their concept was one of stages in which different earth processes were at work.

Silliman became familiar with the arguments of both schools, though at first he was inclined to favor the Wernerians.[3] Indeed, down to 1820 or 1825, American geologists generally were more or less Wernerian.[4] This fact is impor-

1 For Silliman's career, see G. P. Fisher, *Life of Benjamin Silliman* (New York, 1866).

2 Fisher, I, 167–172.

3 Fisher, I, 170.

4 E. S. Dana, editor, *A Century of Science in America* (New Haven, 1918), 71 and 74; also G. P. Merrill, *The First One Hundred Years of American Geology* (New Haven, 1924), 43.

tant, because the Neptunist theory does not clash conspicuously with the Mosaic story of the Creation. After 1820, the Wernerian system rapidly lost ground; and in 1822 William Maclure wrote in the *American Journal of Science* that the German scientist's views were "fast going out of fashion."[5] It would seem to be no accident that the first attempts in America to reconcile geology and the Bible should have coincided with the passing of the Wernerian geology. As Hutton's uniformitarian views gained wider acceptance, the need for such a reconciliation became increasingly acute.

In order to understand the attempted compromise of science and religion in the minds of American scientists, it is fully as important to know their religious background and training as their geological ideas. The three most prominent American geologists were all members of the orthodox wing of New England Congregationalism. More than that, they were all men of a devout faith, believing sincerely in the prevailing Calvinism and in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures.

Religious influences were important in Silliman's childhood. His father was "a decidedly religious man"; his mother taught the children prayers and hymns and required them to read the Bible regularly. The Westminster Catechism was the standard of their faith.[6] In his college years, Silliman continued to be interested in religion. In his diary for 1795–1796, there are passages of introspection and self-appraisal, summaries of sermons, and mentions of the reading of Paley and of attendance at prayers.[7] He wrote to his brother in April, 1797, "I am well convinced of the importance of an early and thorough examination of the evidence of the Christian religion, and intend that it shall be one of the first objects of my attention."[8] When the revival of 1802 passed over Yale, it swept Silliman into the fold; and he joined the college church, to the great joy of many of his friends. None of his

[5] Dana, 74.
[6] Fisher, I, 10–18.
[7] Fisher, I, 29–44.
[8] Fisher, I, 78–79.

later scientific work could rob him of the deep piety which led him to this step.

It is not remarkable that the approach to the study of science of such a man was not based on mere utility or idle curiosity. Silliman was always conscious that what he was doing was investigating the laws by which the Creator works, and that part of his task was to glorify that Creator. In delivering his introductory lecture to his classes, he made no apology for speaking first of religion: "It is at the head of all sciences; it is the only revealed one, and it is necessary, to give a proper use and direction to all the others." Geology is of particular value; for in the study of the earth, we find "decisive proofs of the power, wisdom and design of its author." [9] This belief that "we honor the Divine Author by tracing the operation of his laws," [10] recurs again and again in Silliman's writings. In 1836, he lectured at the Lowell Institute on chemistry. "The moral and religious bearing of the lectures was decided in illustration of the wisdom, power, and benevolence manifested equally in the mechanical and chemical constitution of our world." [11] He lectured there again in 1841 and had the satisfaction "to contribute not only to the mental illumination of the people, but to the increase of their reverence for God." [12]

It may be that Silliman's early acceptance of Werner's views softened the impact of geology on his inherited religious beliefs. Superficially, at least, the Mosaic account of Creation had much in common with Werner's description: both began with a watery abyss from which land emerged. In 1820, however, he was writing to his pupil, Edward Hitchcock, that he had become "still more convinced of the truth of the new

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9 Benjamin Silliman, *An Introductory Lecture Delivered in the Laboratory of Yale College, October, 1828* (New Haven, 1828), 6–7 and 32.

10 Benjamin Silliman, "Outline of the Course of Geological Lectures Given in Yale College," an appendix to Robert Bakewell, *An Introduction to Geology*, first American edition (New Haven, 1829), 30.

11 Fisher, 1, 372.

12 Fisher, 1, 393.

views. . . ." [13] A few years later, Professor Moses Stuart of Andover wrote to him about the problem, and he replied at length. Stuart was far from convinced, for he answered by letter, and in 1836 published an article stating his position.[14] This correspondence led Silliman to prepare the first of four discussions of the conflict, as part of an "Outline of the Course of Geological Lectures Given in Yale College." This was printed in 1829 as the appendix to the first American edition of Bakewell's *Introduction to Geology*. Two of the other essays were supplements to successive editions; the fourth took the form of "Remarks Introductory to the First American Edition of Dr. Mantell's Wonders of Geology." [15] These are not entirely different essays, for some material is reprinted verbatim from one to the next.

Silliman's ideas did not change essentially from year to year, and so it is possible to construct a synthesis of his position. He pointed out that the Bible is a code of moral instruction, rather than a system of science; hence it is not surprising that natural phenomena are described as they appear, rather than in scientific terms. Yet both declare that the world had a beginning, thereby proving the existence of a Creator.[16] The order of events by which land appeared and was peopled with creatures in the sea and on land, culminating in man, is identical in the Mosaic account and in the fossil record. The difference lies in the amount of time required for the events before the creation of man. The solution is to conceive each "day in the Mosaic account as a geologic period of indefinite length. Others had already made this suggestion; and Silliman was indebted for it to Cuvier[17] and to Professor Jameson, under whom he had studied at Edinburgh.[18]

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13 Fisher, II, 136.
14 Fisher, II, 115 and 116.
15 Published at New Haven in 1839.
16 "Remarks Introductory," 25 and 26.
17 Fisher, II, 134.
18 Silliman, "Consistency of Geology with Sacred History," Supplement to

Silliman rebutted other theories. One, which supposed that "the present earth was formed from the ruins and fragments of an earlier world, rearranged and set in order during the six days," [19] was dismissed on the ground that it did not allow time for the deposition of fossil-bearing strata. Another theory declared that an indefinite period intervened "between the first creation 'in the beginning,' and the commencement of the first day." [20] Silliman did not believe that an ordinary day was long enough for the emergence of mountains and the creation of many varieties of living beings, now entombed in the rocks. Finally, he denied the common view that the strata and surface deposits were laid down during Noah's flood. Yet there was ample geologic evidence that that deluge actually occurred; the nature of surface deposits was consistent with the account we have of it, and illustrated and confirmed the Bible story.[21] In this connection, he recommended Buckland's *Reliquiae Diluvianae*.[22] Believing that geology is an aid to faith rather than its enemy, he urged that theologians study science in order to become familiar with the evidence on which its conclusions are based.[23]

One American geologist dissented very strongly from Silliman's doctrines. He was Thomas Cooper, an Englishman by birth, a friend of Jefferson, and President of South Carolina College. "Old Coot" had to use Silliman's edition of Bakewell in his classes, to his great annoyance; but was accustomed to try to counteract the influence of Silliman's appendix on his students.[24] In 1833 he wrote a pamphlet, *On the Connection between Geology and the Pentateuch; in a Letter to*

Robert Bakewell, *An Introduction to Geology*, second American from the fourth London edition (New Haven, 1833), 450.

19 "Consistency of Geology," 456.

20 "Consistency of Geology," 437.

21 "Outline," *passim*.

22 "Outline," 73.

23 Silliman, "Consistency of Geology," 464.

24 Dumas Malone, *The Public Life of Thomas Cooper* (New Haven, 1926), 356.

Professor Silliman from Thomas Cooper, M.D. This tract spoke of Silliman in none too cordial tones:

> It is well for Professor Silliman, that his useful services to science have placed his reputation on a more stable foundation, than his absolute unconditional surrender of his common sense to clerical orthodoxy.[25]

In his personal correspondence with Silliman, Cooper was equally outspoken. Finally he wrote a letter which, according to Silliman, "reviled the Scriptures, especially of the Old Testament, pronouncing them in all respects an unsupported and, in some respects, a most detestable book." To this letter, Silliman made no reply, and the correspondence came to an end.[26]

Cooper's views were not typical of Americans at that time. They reveal the influence of a somewhat different religious background from that of New England Calvinism. Cooper was a close friend of Joseph Priestley, the English Unitarian. Priestley's materialism found little sympathy in New England, from either the orthodox or the liberal branch of the Congregational Church. Silliman's experience in Boston in 1835 and 1836 was that his views were received with favor by both Orthodox and Unitarian clergymen. Both, he declared, "thank me warmly for the manner in which they say that delicate points are treated." [27]

III

Silliman's pupil, Edward Hitchcock, was even more concerned that science should be regarded as the handmaid of theology. He, too, belonged to the orthodox wing of Congregationalism. In his youth, he had been attracted by the specious charms of Unitarianism, but a serious illness led

[25] Quoted by Merrill in *The First One Hundred Years of American Geology*, 157.

[26] Fisher, 1, 287.

[27] Fisher, 1, 347; see also 1, 372.

him to inquire on what foundation he was "building for eternity," and brought him back to the Orthodox fold.[28] From 1819 to 1821 he studied at Yale, both reading theology and working in Silliman's laboratory. For four years he was minister of the church in Conway, Massachusetts; then, in 1825, he was appointed Professor of Natural History and Chemistry at Amherst, where he taught for most of the rest of his life. For nine years, from 1845 to 1854, he was President of the college; but at the same time he retained a professorship of natural theology and geology.

Amherst itself was a religious influence of no mean proportions. It was more orthodox and less secular-minded even than Yale. It had its own church, whose carefully worded creed began with a statement of belief in the infallibility of Scripture. Religious meetings were frequent, and revivals swept through the college with considerable regularity. Hardly a class graduated without having been touched in one of its four years by the Spirit of God. These revivals were approved and fostered by the college authorities, who became very skillful in directing their course. Some of the most effective religious meetings were held in President Hitchcock's own home; for he was accustomed to set aside a half-hour every Monday evening for prayer and conference with the students.[29]

Hitchcock's appointment as President of Amherst made it necessary for him to give up the project of writing a full work on natural theology. He had long meditated on the subject, and regarded such books as *The Religion of Geology* as "insulated fragments" of a larger whole.[30] This unwritten book he would have considered a greater monument than all his scientific research. His whole teaching career, indeed, had as its purpose not to explain scientific facts but to illus-

[28] Edward Hitchcock, *Reminiscences of Amherst College* (Northampton, 1863), 283.
[29] *Reminiscences*, 164–188.
[30] *Reminiscences*, 294–295.

trate by those facts "the principles of natural theology." He made no claim to give his students more instruction in the natural sciences "than is necessary to understand their religious bearing. But this is their most important use, as it is of all knowledge. . . ." [31]

The problems of Genesis and geology first began to concern Hitchcock as early as 1823, when he preached a sermon before the Pittsfield Medical Institution supporting the "new views." [32] But though his theological opinions occasionally found incidental expression in the reports of his geological field work, it was not until 1835 that he began to write extensively on the subject. Three articles in the *Biblical Repository and Quarterly Observer* expressed his views on geology as proving the existence of God and revealing divine benevolence; and reviewed the various interpretations of the six days of Genesis.[33] These essays caused a minor controversy. They were attacked by Professor Moses Stuart of Andover, in an article in the January, 1836, number of the magazine.[34] Certain positions the two men held in common. Both believed in the plenary inspiration of the Bible; both believed that the discoveries of geology should not clash with it. But Stuart was a literalist. It was clear to him that Moses knew nothing about the latest developments of science in the nineteenth century, and so knowledge of those developments can be of no use in the interpretation of Genesis. In the Bible, scientific matters are treated in the popular way; phenomena are described as they appear, not as the scientist views them. Stuart, the conservative literalist, was closer to the truth than the advanced thinkers of the time when he said, "If they

[31] *Reminiscences*, 291.

[32] Fisher, II, 136.

[33] "The Connection Between Geology and Natural Religion," *Biblical Repository and Quarterly Observer*, V (1835), 113–138; "The Connection Between Geology and the Mosaic History of the Creation," *Biblical Repository*, V (1835), 439–451, and VI (1835), 261–332.

[34] "Critical Examination of Some Passages in Gen. 1; with Remarks on Difficulties that Attend Some of the Present Modes of Geological Reasoning," *Biblical Repository and Quarterly Observer*, VII (1836), 46–106.

please let it be a question, whether Moses has taught wrongly or rightly; but it never can be a question with philologists whether modern science is to be the final judge of what an ancient writing means." [35] Stuart then turned to a philological examination of the first chapter of Genesis which combated Hitchcock's solution of the problem of the six days, and ended with a few tentative comments on purely geological matters.

Silliman had had correspondence with Stuart on earlier occasions, and had not formed a very favorable impression of his habits of mind. Now, with great eagerness, he wrote to Hitchcock to tell of new support the two had won for their side.[36] His colleague, Professor Kingsley, had written an article showing that Stuart had applied his literal interpretation only when dealing with geological matters; when touching on astronomical questions such as the nature of the firmament, he had reinterpreted the words of Moses in just the fashion that the geologists insisted was necessary. Silliman asked Hitchcock for permission to publish this reply; and it appeared in the April, 1836, number of the *American Journal of Science*.[37] Hitchcock defended his own position in an article in the April, 1836, number of the *Biblical Repository*.[38] Then, the flurry of excitement over, he returned to his task of expounding the harmony of science and religion. Between January, 1837, and January, 1838, he published three articles on the Flood.[39]

These essays were only preparation for his most important

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35 "Critical Examination," 55.

36 Fisher, II, 140–141.

37 J. L. Kingsley, "Remarks on a 'Critical Examination of Some Passages in Gen. 1.; with Remarks on Difficulties that Attend Some of the Present Modes of Geological Reasoning.' By M. Stuart, Prof. Sacred Lit. Theol. Sem. Andover," *American Journal of Science and Arts*, XXX (1836), 114–130.

38 "Remarks on Professor Stuart's Examination of Gen. 1. in Reference to Geology," *Biblical Repository and Quarterly Observer*, VII (1836), 448–487.

39 Hitchcock, "The Historical and Geological Deluges Compared," *American Biblical Repository*, IX (1837), 78–139; X (1837), 328–374; and XI (1838), 1–27.

book, *The Religion of Geology*. It first appeared in 1851, being reprinted with an additional lecture in 1859. It combined treatments of the reconciliation of Genesis and geology with a discussion of the contribution of geology to natural theology. Hitchcock regarded scientific truth as a description of the laws of nature; or, in other words, of the way in which the Divine Mind operates. By studying scientific laws, therefore, we can learn something of the nature of God. "The principles of science are a transcript of the Divine Character." [40] Such a study is what is meant by "natural theology." Both scientist and theologian seek to illustrate the character of God, one by investigating nature, the other by interpreting revelation.[41] Hitchcock, like Silliman, defended with equal vigor the truth of geology and the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. But since the Bible describes natural phenomena as they appear, rather than with scientific precision, he maintained that it is no more presumptuous to use scientific knowledge of geology to clarify the phrases of the Bible than it is to use Copernican astronomy for that purpose.[42]

A careful philological examination convinced Hitchcock that the language of the Bible does not exclude the possibility that a long period intervened between the first creation "in the beginning" and the six demiurgic days.[43] In that period, the processes of sedimentation were at work, and many species of plants and animals, whose remains are now found as fossils, were created by God, lived their allotted span of ages, and then passed away. The Mosaic account pays no attention to these creations, because they are irrelevant to the main moral purpose of the Bible. The six days were the

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[40] *The Religion of Geology*, second edition (Boston, 1859), 498.

[41] Cotton Mather's *The Christian Philosopher* (1721) is apparently the first American example of the use of science in this manner for the study of "natural theology." It was based largely on writings of English scientists and divines. *Cf.* Kenneth B. Murdock, editor, *Selections from Cotton Mather* (New York, 1926), xlviii–liv.

[42] *Religion of Geology*, Lecture I.

[43] *Religion of Geology*, 37–50.

latest period of new creation of species, during which the world was fitted up for man and its other present occupants. Silliman's view that the days represent indefinite periods seemed to Hitchcock unsound. The order of the creation in Genesis does not correspond with the order of fossils in the rocks as closely as Silliman thought.

One problem concerned Hitchcock to which Silliman had paid no attention. This was how death had entered the world. Genesis declares that it was because of Adam's sin; geology reveals long ages when plants flourished and died before the creation of Adam. But God knew that man would sin, and so he created a world in which death would exist. "Death . . . entered into the original plan of the world in the divine mind, and was endured by the animals and plants that lived anterior to man." [44] By anticipation, the sin of Adam was the cause of death for all prior creation.

Next, Hitchcock turned to the problems of the Flood. He knew that God had sent a punitive deluge over the earth, for the Bible declared it. His observations informed him that great floods had occurred. The question at issue was whether the deposits on the surface of the earth had been laid down during the Biblical Deluge. Various geological considerations led him to the conclusion that no traces of the Flood can be identified today. But this involved no conflict between geology and revelation, for in the time that has elapsed, all traces might have been obliterated.[45]

To show that there is no conflict between geology and the Bible was only the negative side of the religion of geology. Of equal concern to Hitchcock was the way in which geology contributes to natural theology. Most important, it proves the existence of God. Atheism rests on two assumptions: that matter itself is eternal, and that the laws by which it acts are sufficient explanation for the creation of all that is in the

[44] *Religion of Geology*, 104.

[45] *Religion of Geology*, Lecture IV; *cf.* also "The Historical and Geological Deluges Compared," *passim*.

world. The evidence of geology, fairly considered, reveals "direct and repeated acts of creative power." [46] Perhaps no more than the other scientists can the geologist prove that the earth was created out of nothing. But he can show that it was once a molten globe, on which life could not exist. Life, then, had a beginning, and requires a Creator for its explanation. The geologic record, Hitchcock asserted, is even more explicit. It reveals that again and again the earth has been peopled by creatures which have been completely erased from its surface, to be replaced by new species. Any suggestion that later races have developed from the earlier is tantamount to atheism; for it makes unnecessary the constant presence of divine benevolence and power in the universe. To such theories, geology gives no support.

The final evidence is the recent commencement of the human race. "And who will doubt that his creation demanded an infinite Deity?" [47] Hitchcock did not, nor did he doubt that his creation was the end for which the whole system of nature was established. Geology furnishes numerous ways in which the earth has been prepared for his comfort and well-being.[48] There is the soil, subject to weathering and disintegration, that vegetation might grow in it for man's use. The broken and upturned condition of the strata of the earth has made it possible for man to discover various mineral products. A conclusive argument is based on the distribution of water throughout the globe. "We should expect . . . that this element . . . must be very unequally distributed, and fail entirely in many places; and yet we find it in almost every spot where man erects his habitation." [49]

The divine benevolence is most strongly impressed on our

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[46] Hitchcock, "The Connection between Geology and Natural Religion," 115.

[47] *Religion of Geology*, 521.

[48] *Religion of Geology*, Lecture VI; also "The Connection between Geology and Natural Religion," 113–138.

[49] *Religion of Geology*, 198.

minds when we realize the unity of the divine plan.[50] The laws of nature are seen to have been the same as far back as the geologic record runs. Present and past are tied together in one "great system of infinite wisdom and benevolence." [51] In the same way that astronomy has increased our concept of the vastness of the divine plan by showing us almost unbelievably large distances in space, geology has increased it by revealing long periods of time. Throughout untold ages, God has been improving the universe, preparing it for the occupation of man, setting the stage for the great drama of man's fall and redemption. Thus scientific study heightens our sense of the power and majesty of God.

IV

In this compromise between science and theology, there appears to be nothing which could not have been derived either from science or from Hitchcock's background of New England orthodoxy. In formulating it, however, he was aided by the work of many others who had faced the same problem. Throughout his writings there are frequent references to English and American writers. Of some he disapproved. Such were Granville Penn, Dr. Young, author of *Scriptural Geology*, and the Reverend Henry Cole, all of whom distrusted geology.[52] A different group approached geology and revelation in the same spirit that Hitchcock himself did.[53] One of the foremost of them was John Pye Smith, whose treatise, *On the Relations between the Holy Scriptures and Some Parts of Geological Science*, was reprinted at New York in 1840. Buckland's *Reliquiae Diluvianae* and *Vindiciae Geologicae* he also used. Dr. Harris's *The Pre-Adamite Earth* and *Man Primeval* he regarded as "profound." In 1851 there was reprinted in New York a popular treatment by the Reverend

50 *Religion of Geology*, Lecture VIII.
51 *Religion of Geology*, 282.
52 *Religion of Geology*, 17 and 18.
53 *Religion of Geology*, 18 and 19.

David King of Glasgow, called *The Principles of Geology Explained, and Viewed in their Relations to Revealed and Natural Religion.* Hitchcock called this "well worthy of attention." The Reverend John Anderson's *The Course of Creation,* he thought, "displays much learning and candor."

Somewhat earlier, Hitchcock had inquired of Silliman whether he had read Dr. Wiseman's *Twelve Lectures,* which was reprinted at Andover in 1837.[54] Silliman's own writings Hitchcock often mentioned with favor. Denis Crofton's *Genesis and Geology* struck him as particularly skillful, and when it was reprinted at Boston in 1853, he contributed an introduction. Finally, *The Religion of Geology* mentions Hugh Miller's early work with approval.[55]

Since Hitchcock evidently read everything on the subject that he could find, it would be hazardous to single out one or two books from which he mainly derived his ideas. It seems probable that what he found in these other writers was an occasional hint or application of principles for the development of which he was as much responsible as anyone. Had no one else attempted to reconcile Genesis and geology, *The Religion of Geology* could not have been so elaborate and carefully worked out, but its approach need not have differed.

For the most part, the book was very favorably received. There were, to be sure, extremists on both sides who would have none of it. One Englishman wrote to him, begging him to reconsider his position before it was too late: "I must in honesty tell you, that I never before read a work which so presumptuously calls [God's] word in question, or treats it with such contempt." [56] This sort of criticism Hitchcock had rather anticipated, but he found it unexpectedly cancelled by an attack from the left. A writer in the *Boston Investigator* not only criticized the book but cast doubts on the author's motives. "I hear you say, Give me credit for honest and good

[54] Fisher, II, 145.
[55] *Religion of Geology,* 324.
[56] *Religion of Geology,* xvi.

intentions," he wrote. "I cannot; I will not do it." This journal Hitchcock regarded as "Infidel, or rather Atheistic," and discounted accordingly.[57]

The book was favorably reviewed by J. Jay Dana of South Adams, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*.[58] This was not Dana's first treatment of the problem; in 1846, he had published an essay "On the Relations between Geology and Religion" in the *Biblical Repository*.[59] This earlier essay had taken a position almost identical with Hitchcock's; hence it is not surprising that he approved Hitchcock's book. A later anonymous review, also in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, occasioned by the 1859 edition, was likewise little more than a restatement of Hitchcock's argument.[60] An anonymous reviewer in the *Presbyterian Quarterly* dealt with Hitchcock's book along with nine others that had recently appeared.[61] He did not attempt to decide between Silliman's and Hitchcock's solutions of the problem of the six days, but in general he approached the subject from Hitchcock's point of view.

These reviewers were of the same doctrinal position as Hitchcock; perhaps their agreement was to be expected. But two liberal reviewers were almost as generous in their approval, even while offering certain objections. A Universalist who signed himself "J. S. L." declared that Hitchcock's Calvinism could scarcely be reconciled with the evidence he adduced of God's benevolence to all men, and rejected his explanation of death as anticipatory of Adam's sin. Otherwise he was in substantial agreement.[62] Rufus P. Stebbins, who

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57 *Religion of Geology*, xv.

58 J. J. Dana, "The Religion of Geology," *Bibliotheca Sacra and American Biblical Repository*, x (1853), 505–522.

59 *Biblical Repository and Classical Review*, xxvi (Third Series, ii, 1846), 296–320.

60 "The Religion of Geology," *Bibliotheca Sacra and Biblical Repository*, xvii (1860), 673–709.

61 "Is the Science of Geology True?" *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, i (1852), 85–106.

62 "The Religion of Geology," *Universalist Quarterly and General Review*, viii (1851), 329–349.

later served as President of the American Unitarian Association, revealed certain liberal tendencies. A decade previously, he had reviewed Pye Smith's *On the Relations between the Holy Scriptures, and Some Parts of Geological Science.*[63] For the most part, this review could have been written by Hitchcock or Silliman. At the end, however, Stebbins gave a sympathetic summary of the thesis that the story of Genesis belongs in the realm of myth and poetry, without committing himself to that theory. He returned to this notion in 1852, when reviewing *The Religion of Geology.*[64] None of the usual explanations of the six days satisfied him, and so he suggested that Moses had been inspired by God to collect and arrange a group of existing accounts of the Creation. Moses would have been inspired, and yet the product would be freed from the requirements of scientific accuracy. Stebbins insisted that "the first chapters of Genesis are confessedly a compilation, and not the composition of the compiler." But this recognition of contemporary developments of Biblical criticism was an isolated phenomenon.

A final review took the form of a small volume called *Science and Revelation,*[65] by a Swedenborgian, William B. Hayden. It followed closely the argument of the *Arcana Coelestia,* that the first eleven chapters of Genesis are not true history, but "composed history," to be interpreted allegorically. Hayden explained the symbolical meaning of such words as "sun" and "moon," and showed how the six days of Creation refer to successive stages of the spiritual development of a believer, as the Divine love and wisdom flow into his soul. However uncertain we may be as to whether Rufus Stebbins spoke for many others, Hayden clearly did not. The safest conclusion would be that Edward Hitchcock spoke for most informed

[63] In the *Christian Examiner,* XXIX (Third series, XI; 1841), 335–356.

[64] "The Religion of Geology," *Christian Examiner,* LIII (Fourth Series, XVIII; 1852), 51–66.

[65] William B. Hayden, *Science and Revelation; or, the Bearing of Modern Scientific Developments upon the Interpretation of the First Eleven Chapters of Genesis* (Boston, 1852).

men, even though the common man may have clung unthinkingly to the literal interpretation.

V

Of the religious background and experience of James Dwight Dana we have less detailed information than about Silliman and Hitchcock. Perhaps this is because of the discreetness of his biographer, who contented himself with a summary statement of his attitude—"perpetually shown in his daily walk and conversation—the transcendent purpose of his soul is the service of his Master." [66] Both of his parents, however, "were of strong religious convictions, based upon the moderate Calvinistic doctrines of the Congregational Church, to which they belonged." [67] Dana was, of course, of a younger generation than Silliman and Hitchcock. He was born in 1813, and studied at Yale under Silliman. Perhaps the fires of the faith burned a little less fiercely in him than in his elders, yet he was in no sense a purely secular-minded scientist.

His first contribution to the literature of controversy was occasioned by a book entitled *The Six Days of Creation*.[68] This was the work of Tayler Lewis, Professor of Greek at Union College. Although Lewis's most enduring claim to remembrance is based on his Greek scholarship, "the chief interest of his life . . . was the study of religion, and his main purpose was to show that revelation and scientific knowledge are not merely consistent but interdependent." [69] Lewis was one of those who reached the conclusion that the "days" of creation represent long periods; but his train of reasoning and his incidental remarks on science caused great offence to Dana. Lewis, like Moses Stuart, was a literalist, believing that the meaning of the words of the Bible is a problem for

[66] D. C. Gilman, *The Life of James Dwight Dana* (New York, 1899), 189–190.

[67] *James Dwight Dana*, 14.

[68] Published at Schenectady in 1855.

[69] See E. E. Hale, "Tayler Lewis," *Dictionary of American Biography*, XI, 225.

philologists, without the aid of men of science. But the Bible is as infallible in its description of physical truth as in its moral teaching; the important distinction is that it does not use scientific language. The phrase, "the sun rises," uses phenomenal language, not scientific; and in those terms it is everlastingly true. It is more correct, even, than scientific language, which tries to describe events in terms of their causes; for since causes can never be traced to the ultimate cause, the language of scientists is always shifting and unstable.

Dana had been told that Lewis supported the Silliman interpretation of the six days, and so he took up the book predisposed in its favor. He found in it "much truth, well expressed and argued," but also "much arrogance and error." It was accompanied by "sneers at geology and all science, which betokened a mind unfit for research." [70] Dana was first of all concerned, then, to vindicate science and the work of scientists. The conclusions of science are no less true because they do not explain the ultimate causes of phenomena. Science proceeds by careful induction, which is a far cry from prescientific explanations of causes, reached by allowing the imagination to run free.

Dana's criticisms were presented in an essay in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for January, 1856; they were reprinted as a pamphlet, copies of which he sent to numerous scientific colleagues. Many favorable replies came back. Louis Agassiz thanked him heartily for it and for his "powerful vindication of science versus conceited theology." [71] G. P. Bond, the astronomer, declared that he was "much gratified with its decisive statement of facts"; to him, the evidence Dana had brought forth was convincing. Benjamin Pierce regarded it as "the happiest possible reply to the attacks upon the religion of science," and went on to say, "It is fortunate for us

[70] James Dwight Dana, "Science and the Bible: a Review of 'The Six Days of Creation' of Prof. Tayler Lewis," *Bibliotheca Sacra and American Biblical Repository*, XIII (1856), 89.

[71] Gilman, *James Dwight Dana*, 184.

that you have taken up this subject with your firmness, fidelity, and composure." [72]

Dana had charged Lewis with teaching a development theory comparable to that of *Vestiges of Creation.* This charge rankled, and Lewis made haste to disavow such a doctrine.[73] But Dana returned to the attack, and repeated the charge of infidelity in three more articles in the *Bibliotheca Sacra.*[74] By attempting to discredit science, he said, Professor Lewis has done a disservice to the cause of the Bible. If people come to think that the two are hostile, they are likely to abandon the Bible. Dana regarded them as two revelations of God, in harmony with one another; but a sense of the independent standing of science pervades his work in a way that is not to be found in that of his predecessors. These articles, begun as an answer to Tayler Lewis, before long were transformed into a vindication of the scientific method and a defense of its conclusions. A wide gap separates them from *The Religion of Geology;* they usher in a new world. No longer is science a mere adjunct of religion, useful mainly for the added light it throws on revelation. The aura of religion still enshrouds it; it is still thought of as revealing to mankind the mind of God; but scientific truth becomes interesting for its own sake.

There was a second way, Dana felt, in which Lewis's work tended to infidelity; this was the use of the distinction between scientific and phenomenal language. Science admits that there is much that it does not know about the ultimate causes of phenomena; but it does not follow that what it knows about the immediate causes is false. The tendency of study is to clear away errors in our understanding of causes, not to lead us into deeper and deeper mistakes. If it were otherwise, man "would be forced, in just indignation, to write

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72 Gilman, *James Dwight Dana,* 186.

73 "Letter from Professor Lewis," *Bibliotheca Sacra and American Biblical Repository,* XIII (1856), 471–476.

74 *Bibliotheca Sacra and American Biblical Repository,* XIII (1856), 631–656; XIV (1857), 388–413 and 461–524.

FALSE over the whole face of nature, and to replace the word GOD with that of DEMON." [75]

Despite Dana's criticism, Lewis's book was not without influence. Professor Barrows of Andover wrote two essays for the *Bibliotheca Sacra* which agreed, generally speaking, with the scientists.[76] But he made use of the distinction between the phenomenal, the poetic, and the scientific uses of language and declared his indebtedness to Lewis for various valuable suggestions. Another writer, Francis W. Upham, published a book called *The Church and Science*, which was intended as a defence of Lewis.[77] Thomas Hill, Unitarian minister in Waltham, referred to Lewis's book in approving tones.[78] And the editors of the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review* published an extended summary of the book by an unidentified supporter of Lewis, at the same time denying that they themselves were prepared to accept its conclusions.[79]

VI

How widely accepted was the religion of geology among those who shared the intellectual heritage of New England? No significant voice was raised against it from the purely scientific or naturalistic point of view. From the purely Biblical point of view, Moses Stuart and Tayler Lewis were important dissenters. What set them apart was not so much the precise conclusions they reached as their distrust of the findings of science. It seems probable that they were very much in the minority among religious thinkers. The warm response

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[75] *Bibliotheca Sacra*, XIII, 649.

[76] E. P. Barrows, "The Mosaic Narrative of the Creation Considered Grammatically and in its Relations to Science," and "The Mosaic Six Days and Geology," *Bibliotheca Sacra and American Biblical Repository*, XIII (1856), 743–789; and XIV, 61–98.

[77] *The Debate Between the Church and Science* (Andover, 1860).

[78] "The First Chapter of Genesis," *Christian Examiner*, LIX (Fourth Series, XXIV, 1855), 379–398. The article is largely an exposition of the views of Benjamin Pierce.

[79] "Prof. Lewis' View of the 'Days' of Creation," *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, IV (1855), 469–494.

from the audience to which Silliman spoke, the favorable reception given to *The Religion of Geology,* and the fact that most of the controversial articles supported the harmony of Genesis and geology: these evidences seem conclusive.

Moreover, the Orthodox and the Unitarians in New England differed little in their acceptance of these views. Silliman was pleased to find the two groups united in his favor, when he lectured at the Lowell Institute. The Unitarians were considerably less concerned about the problem; but apart from that, the only difference that is clearly important is their recognition of the importance of Biblical criticism.

Presumably the minds of the ordinary people, who were neither scientists nor theologians, moved less rapidly. Yet it is safe to say that this body of ideas represents the same kind of thinking that the common man was doing. While Silliman, Hitchcock, and Dana were scientists, they shared the prevailing religious beliefs. And so the conflict which went on in society at large was perfectly mirrored within the minds of the geologists themselves. No doubt that conflict appeared sooner in their minds; perhaps a study of them minimizes unduly the extreme conservative position of those who had no real contact with geological knowledge; doubtless their thinking was more carefully reasoned out and elaborated. Yet their pathway was the same one trod by the ordinary mind, the same intellectual dilemmas confronted them, and the same compromise emerged from the harsh conflict of discordant intellectual concepts.

Silliman began to concern himself with the harmony of Genesis and geology about 1820. For the next forty years, after Huttonian geology superseded the Wernerian, no important new assumptions emerged. Geological facts were accumulated, and the glacial theory was introduced; the study of paleontology brought additional information; and the interpretation of the Bible in the light of science was elaborated and reworked many times, and improved by countless hands. The emphasis perhaps shifted slightly; in Dana science became

the equal of revelation instead of being an adjunct to it. All in all, however, the foundations laid in the 1820's for this structure of ideas remained solid until 1859.

For many people, it continued to be an impressive structure. Silliman and Hitchcock never abandoned their early positions. Others carried on the controversy. But 1859 was the year of *The Origin of Species*. The battle front broadened as a new period in the debate began. The validity of the doctrine of evolution, and the question whether Darwinism was compatible with design and hence with the existence of God were surface aspects of the debate. More important was a new assumption which gradually emerged from the welter of conflict and which brought about the collapse of the beautiful structure Hitchcock had labored so hard to erect. It was Darwin who deprived men of the comfortable belief that man was specially created by God, and that the world was arranged for his habitation. It was Darwin who finally removed man from the center of the universe, and thereby crumbled the religion of geology to dust.

MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS

JOHN NEAL'S POETICS AS AN INFLUENCE ON WHITMAN AND POE

JOSEPH JAY RUBIN

DURING more than twenty-five years of his prolific career, from the publication of *Randolph* in 1823 to the appearance of his essay "What Is Poetry?" in 1849, John Neal gave frequent expression to his concepts of the form and subject of poetry. Furthermore, as an editor of *The Yankee* at Portland and Boston and later of *Brother Jonathan* at New York in 1842–1843, he both passed upon and criticized the literary productions of writers younger and eventually more famous than he. Upon two of the most important of these it seems probable that his views and utterances exerted an influence.

In the case of Walt Whitman, it is known that he was a contributor to *Brother Jonathan* during Neal's connection with that flamboyant periodical.[1] In the library at Jamaica, on Long Island, where Whitman worked as librarian and printer,[2] was a copy of Neal's *Rachel Dyer*, whose preface contained a comment that reads like a challenge to the later author of *Leaves of Grass*:

> One of my objects was to show my countrymen, that there are abundant and hidden sources of fertility in their own beautiful brave earth, ... places where the wayfaring man, the pilgrim or the wanderer, through what he may deem the very deserts of literature, the barren-places of knowledge, will find the very roots of the withered and blasted shrubbery ... heavy with a brightness that may be coined, like the soil about the favorite hiding-places of the sunny-haired Apollo.

Whitman may also have read in another preface Neal's appeal to American writers to develop and use an American language.[3]

1 See *Brother Jonathan*, VI, 144 (October 7, 1843).

2 See the present author's "Whitman in 1840," in *American Literature*, IX, 240–242 (May, 1937).

3 In his novel *The Down-Easters*, published in New York in 1833.

Even closer to Whitman's practice regarding verse form was an utterance of Neal's in *Blackwood's Magazine*, written in 1825, while he was in England:

Will new poets never learn, that *poetry* is always poetry—however it may be expressed; that rhythm, cadence, (regular cadence,) —rhyme—alliteration, riddles, and acrostics, are all beneath poetry; that better poetry has been said in prose, than ever has been said—or ever will be said—either in blank verse or rhyme. Poetry and eloquence have a rhythm and cadence of their own; as incapable of being soberly graduated by rule, as the rambling, wild melody of an Aeolian harp.[4]

A New York newspaper of which Whitman was for a time the editor was the *Aurora*.[5] Though he had relinquished this position a year before the following quotation appeared, he is likely to have read in its pages on June 26, 1843, the opinions of "our own superb and glorious Neal" on the universality of the poetic impulse:

He who stops by the way-side to hear the humming of the bees among the apple blossoms. He who pulls up short in a ride along the seashore, to look at the tumbling surges afar off, or the blue waves flashing in the seas. He who *off's coat* and throws himself down at full length in the long rich billowy grass, where the young elms are singing to the wind, the cherry trees flowering, the white birches tilling and rustling and whispering together, as if they wore silks and feathers, and the willow trees are like perpetual fountains pouring a torrent of green leaves for ever and ever into the pool below. He who gazes with astonishment and awe upon a landscape frosted with silver, and calls little children about him—his own or a neighbor's, we care not which, though we should think rather better of him if they were a neighbor's—when the icicles are rattling in the wind like splintered lances, and silver bells and spear points upon all the tree branches. He who suspends the uplifted foot over a beautiful flower in his pathway, or turns aside from the rifled and forsaken bird's nest, or spares the butterfly with her purple velvet wings, dusted with gold—or the glittering dragonfly with her stud'nsails

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[4] *Blackwood's*, XVII, 186–207 (February, 1825); see also F. L. Pattee's *American Writers by John Neal* (Durham, North Carolina, 1937), 89 ff.

[5] See "Whitman's New York *Aurora*," by the writer, in *American Literature*, XI, 214–217 (May, 1939).

and streamers of violet gauze dropped with fire. Even *He* is just about as much a poet by nature, as the man who goes forth by midnight to question the stars; to listen to the chiming ocean; or to hold high converse with the Mighty Dead; aye, and so is the dear child that creeps along on its hands and knees to peep into the grownd-sparrow's nest, or claps and crows, when he sees the bobbylink trying to balance himself on the tip end of a straw, or the mother yellow bird get among the wild roses and thistle-tops, to cuddle her young while the father sings them to sleep—he too is a poet. God has made him a poet from his birth—by giving him eyes, and ears, and a healthy look and a happy heart.[6]

It was *Sartain's Union Magazine* which brought the work of Neal, Whitman, and Edgar Allan Poe together. A contribution of Whitman's was printed in the number for July, 1848. Seven months later appeared Neal's essay "What Is Poetry?" and in October, 1850, posthumously, Poe's "The Poetic Principle." Poe and Neal had known each other for two decades, since the time when, in the words of the former, Neal had given him "the very first word of encouragement I ever remember to have heard"; and Poe had praised some of Neal's tales for "their vigor and originality." [7] His last recorded comment on Neal, in "Marginalia," in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, came in May, 1849, four months after the appearance of "What Is Poetry?" In it he had paid his remarkable, if qualified, tribute, "I should be inclined to rank John Neal first, or at all events second, among our men of indisputable genius." [8]

It is not strange, then, that there are passages in "The Poetic Principle" which are reminiscent of Neal's papers. In "What Is Poetry?" for example, which is an even more inclusive definition of his conception, Neal had remarked:

Music itself is but one kind of poetry, eloquence another. Indeed it were safe to say that Music and Painting, and Eloquence, and Sculpture, and Architecture, and Poetry, are but different manifestations of the same power—interchangeable terms.[9]

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[6] This item by Neal has never before been collected.
[7] In the famous review of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*.
[8] *Southern Literary Messenger*, XV, 294.
[9] *Sartain's Union Magazine*, IV, 11–15 (January, 1849).

Compare with this Poe's comment in "The Poetic Principle":

> The Poetic Sentiment, of course, may develop itself in various modes—in Painting, in Sculpture, in Architecture, in the Dance—very especially in Music.

Equally impressive are the similarities in language and ideas between Poe's list of the elements which induce poetry and the long quotation from Neal's *Aurora* article above:

> [The Poet] recognizes the ambrosia which nourishes his soul, in the bright orbs that shine in Heaven—in the volutes of the flower—in the clustering of low shrubberies—in the waving of the grain-fields—in the slanting of tall Eastern trees—in the blue distance of mountains—in the grouping of clouds—in the twinkling of half-hidden brooks—in the gleaming of silver rivers—in the repose of sequestered lakes—in the star-mirroring depths of lonely wells. He perceives it in the songs of birds—in the harp of Aeolus—in the sighing of the night-wind—in the repining voice of the forest—in the surf that complains to the shore—in the fresh breath of the woods—in the scent of the violet—in the voluptuous perfume of the hyacinth—in the suggestive odor that comes to him at eventide from far-distant, undiscovered islands, over dim oceans, illimitable and unexplored. He owns it in all noble thoughts—in all unworldly motives—in all holy impulses—in all chivalrous, generous, and self-sacrificing deeds.[10]

[10] For further discussion of the relation between Poe and Neal, see Hervey Allen, *Israfel*, "Appendix IX" (New York, 1934); and I. T. Richards, "Mary Gove Nichols and John Neal," *New England Quarterly*, VII (1934), 338–339 n. 20.

JEREMY BELKNAP AND THE WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON CORRESPONDENCE

EDITED BY OSCAR ZEICHNER

IN November, 1795, Jeremy Belknap, on behalf of the recently founded Massachusetts Historical Society, asked William Samuel Johnson for permission to publish some of the latter's correspondence, then in possession of the Society. The letters in question had been written by Johnson to Governors Pitkin and

Trumbull during the years 1767–1771, when Johnson was the agent for Connecticut in England. Johnson opposed the plan, however, and Belknap was forced to give up the project. It was not until 1885 that the letters were printed.[1]

The incident arising from Belknap's request and Johnson's refusal is interesting and perhaps important in that it is one of the earliest cases in which an American historian was confronted with the demand for control of his documents. It is also among the first examples of a difficulty that has become common in the use of letters as historical materials, especially when they involve living personalities.

The three-cornered correspondence that followed from Belknap's original proposal to Johnson appears below. The documents are taken primarily from the papers of Jonathan Trumbull, Jr.,—third member of the trio concerned—in the Connecticut State Library and of William Samuel Johnson in the Connecticut Historical Society.[2] Although two letters and part of a third are already in print, they are reproduced here so that the incident may be completely reconstructed.

Jeremy Belknap to W. S. Johnson[3]

BOSTON NOV 7 1795

SIR

By the favour of the Trumbull family in Connecticut[4] the Historical Society in this State have become possessed of a large collection of manuscripts & among them a 4to volume of your letters to Gov. Pitkin[5] & Gov. Trumbull[6] during your agency in

1 Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, Fifth Series, IX (Boston, 1885), 211–490.

2 Permission to use these manuscripts was kindly granted to me by the State Library and the Connecticut Historical Society.

3 The original copy is in the W. S. Johnson Papers in the Connecticut Historical Society. A copy in Belknap's handwriting appears in the Jonathan Trumbull Papers (hereinafter, Trumbull Papers), document 99a, Connecticut State Library. The letter was published in the Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, Fifth Series, IX, xii–xiii.

4 The Trumbull Collection has had an interesting history of its own. See Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, Fifth Series, IX, vii–ix; *Proceedings*, Massachusetts Historical Society, LIV (Boston, 1922), 353–357; *Report of the Connecticut State Librarian . . . June 30, 1922* (Hartford, 1922), 14–15.

5 William Pitkin, the fifteenth governor of Connecticut, held office from 1766 to 1769.

6 Jonathan Trumbull, Pitkin's successor, was governor from 1769 to 1784.

England from 1767 to 1771. We esteem them so valuable materials in the history of our Country that we contemplate the publishing of them in our Collections which are given to the public once in every three months;[7] but delicacy requires that we ask your permission, & therefore I address you at this time hoping you will not deny us this request. At the same time, Sir, permit me in the name of the Society to ask, whether it be in your power to contribute any thing further to aid the cause in which we are engaged & whether we shall have an opportunity to thank you for any further communications.

W. S. Johnson to Jonathan Trumbull, Jr.[8]

New York Dec^{R} 15 1795

Dear S^{R}

I have just now received with great surprise a letter of the 7th of Novr from Dr. Jerem^{h} Belknap corresponding Secret^{y} to the Massachusetts Historical Society wherein he says that by the Favour of the Trumbull Family in Connecticut, their Society have become possessed of a Volume of my Letters to Govr Pitkin & Govr Trumbull during my agency in England from 1767, to 1771, & that they contemplate publishing them in what he calls their Collections Issued once in every 3 months, but out of Delicacy asks my permission etc. I have written him in answer that I certainly when in Europe wrote many letters to Govr Trumbull both as a private Genl & a Friend whom I loved & esteemed & also as he was the chief magistrate of the Colony to be communicated to the Genl Assembly, but that be those which he mentions of either kind I must believe they are not genuine, because I cannot persuade myself, that the Trumbull family (for whom I have a very great regard) can have been so inattentive to the sacred Laws of friends or the public Trust, which the late Govr so worthily sustained, as to have transmitted my letters of either kind to any publick Body however so respectable. That my private letters were certainly sacred in their hands by the Laws of friendship, & could not be delivered to any body but to me. And as to such letters as the Govr received as first Magistrate & to be communicated to the Genl Assembly, that according to the usage in Connect they are always read at the next session after received & then deposited in the archives of the state under the care of the Secr^{y}, from whence no one can have a right to renounce them but by an order or Resolution of the Genl Asbly that if any such letters were by accident in the hands of the

[7] The first volume of the *Collections* was published in 1792.

[8] This is a draft copy in the Johnson Papers.

Govr at the time of his decease, it was the indispensable Duty of his family to have transmitted them immediately to the Secr^y of the State, where they evidently belonged.[9] That therefore he can have no letters of mine in his hands but in violation either of private friendship or of publick trust or of both, which I will not yet believe that either Govr Trumbull or any of his family have been so inadvertent as to have committed. That were they really the public letters I wrote to Govr Trumbull as chief Magistrate & to be communicated to the Genl Assembly, & I should consent to their publication, I should be guilty of a similar breach of publick Trust as well as of an atrocious Injury to the memory of the late Govr & to his Family, that therefore so far from consenting it is my duty as far as in me lies absolutely to forbid the publication of any letters written, or pretended to have been written by me to Govr Trumbull or any other Govr of Conn^t. I have also urged other reasons to shew the extreme impropriety of publishing these Letters, but such is the present rage for publishing every thing right or wrong, that I fear all I have said will not prevent it. I must beg therefore that you will also interpose in the affair which is in my Judgm^t extremely Interesting to the Hon^r of the late Govr & his family as well as to me, and that you will immediately write Dr. Belknap if he had in fact by any inadvertance of any of your family obtained any such letters peremptorily to reclaim them if private Letters to be returned to me & if publick ones to be logded [*sic*] with Secr^y Willis [*sic*] which since the Govr decease I alone can now distinguish & for which purpose the whole ought to be first put into my hands & in the meantime absolutely to prohibit their publication. I entreat you will make

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[9] The nature of the Trumbull Papers, whether they were public or private property, was long in dispute. In May, 1771, the Connecticut legislature authorized Governor Trumbull to make a collection of "all the publick letters and papers which may hereafter in any way affect the interest of this Colony and have the same bound together, that they may be preserved." *Public Records of the Colony of Connecticut* (Hartford, 1850–1890), XIII, 424. When David Trumbull offered his father's papers to the Historical Society, however, he said that the late governor had made the collection "with the intention that they should be preserved and deposited in some public library as materials for future historians." Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, Fifth Series, IX, vii. Although the Society rejected Connecticut's claim to the papers in 1845 on the position that the documents were private property, in 1921 it recommended returning them to Connecticut on the ground "that they are properly a part of the public records of Connecticut." Massachusetts Historical Society *Proceedings*, LIV, 356. It is interesting to note that the cost of originally binding the Johnson letters in the Trumbull Papers was paid by Connecticut. *Connecticut Colonial Records*, XIII, 424 n.

dispatch in this business as if they are published I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of stating the whole matter to the publick in my own defence, the consequence whereof you easily foresee. . . .

Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., to W. S. Johnson[10]

PHILADELPHIA 22D DEC 1795

DEAR SIR

I have this day received your favor of the 15th. At the death of my late Father, his public papers,—of which there was a large & valuable collection—fell under the direction of my Brother Mr. David Trumbull;—after keeping them several years in his possession, without much attention to their importance, he cast about to divest himself of any care of their safe keeping:—and thinkg that they might be usefull in some future historical researches, he made a profer of them to Doctr Belknap, at a time when I was absent in this City.—The Doctr readily accepted the offer and in the Name of their Society, made a Journey to Lebanon, to receive the Papers—to be deposited in the Boston Historical Museum—To this disposal, when it came to my knowledge, I gave my general assent; upon the principle of their being placed in a situation better adapted to their preservation—and more open to observation & use by any future historian, who might have occasion to consult original documents.—After Doctr Belknap had got possession of these Papers, I had an opportunity of seeing him;—and knowing that they had been delivered without critical attention to their contents, I mentioned to him, that probably there would be found, upon examination, some of private family Nature—and some others perhaps which properly belonged to the office of the Secretary of the State—and thereupon gave him my particular request & desire, that if he found any such, he would carefully select them from the general mass—and, that they might be returned where due—to this the Doctr consented—and promised to pay attention to my Caution—since this conversation, I have not seen him or heard from him.—

I well recollect that I have sometimes seen among the late Govrs Papers, a Book in which were bound together a number of Letters from you to him & Govr Pitkin, during your Agency in London—and it is more than probable that they may be among others which have been conveyed to Boston.—I think however, that, should my conjecture be true—you need not be anxious,

[10] Johnson Papers. There is also a copy in the Trumbull Papers, document 96 ab.

for fear of their being published, after what has passed from you & me—for I am persuaded, that after your Caution to the Doctr with my particular request, & his own sense of delicacy on the Subject, he will not suffer them to be printed—but reserve them to be returned, where they doubtless belong, to the Secretary's Office of the State.—I will however write Doctr Belknap very soon on the subject,—and also mention the matter to my Brother—

I am very sorry Sir!—that this affair has been the cause of uneasiness to you—and I hope that I may be able e'er long to *assure* you that no improper use shall be made of the Letters in question.

W. S. Johnson to Jeremy Belknap[11]

New York Dec. 15. 1795

Revd Sir

I have just rec'd yr favour of Nov 7 for which & the inclosures I am much obliged to you. . . .

But supposing, for a moment, that those Letters are *genuine* that nobody had any concern in them but myself & that I might *without infamy* consent to such a publication, Let me observe to you, that I have not, that I know of any Copies of the Letters I wrote from England; that most of them I believe were not copied at all; that they were generally written in much haste, as I accidentally heard a friend was going out, or a ship would sail at short notice; often in very ill health without the least idea of publication etc.[12] They must therefore unavoidably contain many trifling articles of intelligence, many insignificant remarks, many crude observations, must in a word be in all respects extremely incorrect and totally unfit for the public eye.[13] The

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11 This is a copy of the original in Belknap's hand sent by the latter to Trumbull. Trumbull Papers, document 99 a-d. According to the Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, Fifth Series, IX, xii, the original was "no longer on file" in 1885. The earlier portion of the letter is parallel in content to Johnson's letter to Trumbull.

12 In a letter to Governor Pitkin, April 11, 1767, Johnson pointed out that important men in England had been offended by the "frequent publication . . . of extracts from agents and others residing here" and urged that "proper prudence" be used in the matter. Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, Fifth Series, IX, 228.

13 Johnson had made similar objections in 1789 to the publication of some parts of the Winthrop Journal. At that time he said that the Journal contained "many things . . . of a trivial nature, and such as would be injurious to the memory of the author and wound the feelings of his friends. . . ." *The Belknap Papers*, Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, Sixth Series, IV (Boston, 1891), 443.

publication of them would therefore not only be an *irreperable* [sic] *injury to me* but an *insult to the public*, especially without those Corrections which yet I might be able to make, if I had opportunity to review them. On all these grounds & others that might be mentioned I most earnestly entreat you & the very respectable Corporation whose correspondence you conduct, that you will by no means think of publishing them, but that you will be so good as to return them *to me* or to the *Trumbull family* to whom I shall write on the subject.

You, Sir, very well know how much cruel injury has been done to men of Letters by the publication of their private letters, & other hasty incorrect compositions & how justly & generally it has been complained of. The offence however hath been hitherto confined to *mercenary booksellers* or *avowed Enemies* & I am sure will never be in the least degree countenanced by you, or the very respectable Society with which you are connected.

As to other Communications, it is possible that I may have in my possession some things proper to the purposes of the Society; but I am *so anxious* that I can at present think of *nothing else*. When any thing proper occurs I will communicate it with pleasure. . . .

Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., to Jeremy Belknap[14]

PHIL^{A} 24TH DEC 1795

DEAR SIR

You will probably recollect that, when you was at Lebanon last Summer, to receive the Papers of the late Gov. Trumbull, to be deposited in your historical Museum in Boston, I mentioned to you that, on particular examination, there would probably be found among those papers some of a private family Nature—and some others perhaps, which properly belonged to the Secretary's Office of the State—and that thereupon I requested you carefully to select any that might be discovered, of the descriptions mentioned—& have them placed in a situation to be returned, where they were due—:—

Within a few days past I have received a Letter from Doct^{r} Johnson in N York mentioning that he had been informed by you, that you was in possession of a Volume of his Letters, written during his Agency in London to Gov^{rs} Pitkin & Trumbull—& asking his permission to have them published in your Quarterly Collections. The Doct^{r} expresses some concern to me, at your hav^{g} this Volume in your possession—& supposes that it properly belongs to the office of the Secretary of the State—but is particu-

[14] Trumbull Papers, document 97 b-d.

larly anxious to prevent its being made public—& presses me to interpose with you to prohibit their publication.

In my answer to Doct^r Johnson I have informed him of the *cautionary request* which I gave you at receiving the papers—& have expressed to him my confidence in your delicacy—that under the circumstances, together with his anxious desire to prevent their being made public—you will not suffer them to be printed—but will hold them ready to be restored—where they may probably with propriety belong, to the Secretary of the State.—That I may be enabled to calm the Anxiety of Doct^r Johnson I will now pray you to be so good as write me as soon as is convenient, your resolution *not to publish* the Letters in Question,—but to hold them in reserve to be returned to the State whenever they may be reclaimed.

Jeremy Belknap to Jonathan Trumbull, Jr.[15]

BOSTON DEC^R 26, 1795

DEAR SIR

I think it my duty to enclose to you Copies of a Letter wch I wrote to Dr Johnson of N York & his answer received this day,[16] that you may be able to advise me what kind of a reply to make to him.

My Letter to him was dictated by the purest respect and delicacy & I do not wish to reply to him in any other style; but I think it highly proper that you should see what he has written to me & be able to compare it with what he may possibly write to you.

The Letters wch we wished & asked his permission to publish were doubtless the *property* of Govr Trumbull & by him destined as materials for a part of American History. The *property* has been fairly transferred to our Society & I do not see any reason that Dr. J has to expect that we will *return* them to him. The publication of them would do him honour as he appears in them to have been a firm friend to the Liberties of his Country & a faithful, vigilant, discerning agent, detecting the artifices, evasions, & blunders of the British Court and giving the best information, advise [*sic*] & caution to his employers. There is nothing in them that can "injure his Character" much less "insult the public" & why his indignation should be raised to such a degree is beyond my power to conjecture. His letters are not in the hands of "mercenary booksellers nor avowed enemies" & had he expressed his disapprobation of our wish in terms *less energetic* he would have answered his purpose full as well & have saved me & you the

[15] Trumbull Papers, document 98 a-c.

[16] See above, pages 363 and 367.

trouble & disgust which we must feel from the perusing his Letter.

I add a Copy of the Letter from your Brother[17] by wch we were first made acquainted with Govr Trumbulls intention, & from which it will certainly appear that your Family do not merit the harsh & abusive censure of "violating private friendship & public trust." [18]

• (You will oblige me by giving me some account of this *vehement Gentleman* & his conduct from the time of the close of his agency, thro' the late Revolution—whether he resided in the City of N York whilst it was in the possession of the Enemy—& any other particulars wch may occur to your memory.)

I shall suspend writing to him till I hear from you . . .

• (If you think proper to write any thing in answer to this Paragraph please to let it be on a separate paper for my own private use)

Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., to Jeremy Belknap[19]

PHILADELPHIA, 15 JANUARY, 1796

DEAR SIR,—

I have your favor of the 26 ult. with its enclosure. Before this time I hope you have received mine of the 24th of the same month written in consequence of what I had received from Doctor Johnson.

The Doctor had given me a pretty *faithful* detail of what he had written to you; his style, his manner, and above all his *very great anxiety*, I confess surprised me much; nor am I able *now* to account for it. I have conjectured, however, two causes. One a fear lest something should appear from those letters to *fix* a *suspicion*, which attached itself to him during our Revolution [*sic*] War, of his too great predilection for the British nation.[20] The other cause, perhaps that *nice feeling* for reputation, which is apt to attack you *literary gentlemen*. The latter, I suspect, is the greater motive to his concern, for the reasons given by himself: such as "the letters having been written by him in a hasty

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17 David Trumbull's letter to Belknap, April 15, 1794, appears in the Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, Fifth Series, IX, vii.

18 The published portion of this letter, in Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, XIII, ends at this point. The remainder has not previously appeared in print.

19 Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, Fifth Series, IX, xiv.

20 Johnson's political views were agreeable neither to the out-and-out Tories nor to the radical Whigs. He was a moderate who shied from extremes. In April, 1769, he wrote, "I would not serve the people against the Crown nor can I [serve] the Crown against the people." G. C. Groce, Jr., *William Samuel Johnson* (New York, 1937), 95 and Chapter 6.

manner, on the spur of the occasion, as opportunities presented, etc;" which might lead him to suspect that inaccuracies might have occurred, which to appear to the world without his correction, might serve to injure his *literary* reputation. Although on this score he may not, as I fancy, have much *reason* for apprehension, yet his *sensibility* may be alarmed, and may have formed to himself an excuse for his *precipitate prohibition*. But be his reasons what they may, I have so great a respect and regard for the *old gentleman*, that I am very sorry for the pain he seems to have felt on the occasion, and am disposed to give him all the quiet I can, consistent with other duties and relations.

You will have seen by my first letter to you that I wished to *calm* the very great anxiety of Dr. Johnson; but perhaps it may be unnecessary to *precipitate a* redelivery of the volume in question to him, or to any other person at present.

John Eliot[21] to Jonathan Trumbull, Jr.[22]

BOSTON JAN. 16 1796

HONOURED & DEAR SIR

I write at Dr. Belknap's request who is very sick, to give you some account of certain Mss which, thro' your kindness, have come into the possession of our historical Society.

We have no idea of publishing them as this is so displeasing to Dr Johnson, nor should we ever have contemplated the thing had it not been our opinion that the letters do honour to the writer & would adorn our collections. This should excite a prejudice in our favour in the mind of that Gentleman, instead of making him dip his pen in gall. He may recollect that he wrote many letters and upon a great variety of subjects when he was in England, and suppose that there were some which would be improper for publick inspection; but he *ought* not to suppose *these* could be among them.

Was he not treated with all due respect & every delicate attention by our Secretary, why then such a tumult in his imagination—such an exuberance of sensibility & such strong resentments against us & your worthy connections? Is it the language of a Gentleman of liberal education & liberal manners to say that We can have only "forged letters"—when he was told the way in which we obtained them. No person has read these letters but

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21 Reverend John Eliot, one of the original members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, was at this time its librarian.

22 Trumbull Papers, document 100 ab.

Dr. Belknap & myself. Judge Minot[23] & Mr. Freeman[24] were on the Committee with us to prepare materials for the *press*, and we mentioned to them that we had them in possession but the book never went out of our hands.

You will permit us to keep them as a choice treasure—they shall have a place in the most retired apartments of our Cabinet or among the papers of the Corresponding Secretary, where it will not be in any one's power to make a "bad use of them." [25] If the light must be hid let it not be extinguished. We should be guilty of a breach of trust in our official characters as members of the H. Society should we suffer these valuable Mss to be lost.

Might I be allowed an opinion upon the subject; they are neither wholly publick nor private correspondence. They were not written to the Connecticut assembly, and therfore [*sic*] not proper for their files: nor were they written as confidential epistles to private Gentlemen; but to *his friends* in *publick Station*, to diffuse a knowledge of the general state of affairs in G. Britain as much as the particular business upon which he was employed. I have read them repeatedly with delight & have gained a better idea of the political system than from all the books published during that period.[26]

I am not certain, but it lies in my mind, that mention was made in one of my letters to my friend Dr. Ramsay of S. Carolina[27] of such Mss being in our cabinet. I will write immediately & beg him to keep the matter secret, lest he should be induced to make some application, & we should be the cause of further ebullitions of wrath; of which We are no otherwise afraid, however, than as your feelings may be hurt & they may bring reflections upon your family.

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[23] George Richards Minot, the jurist and historian of Shays's Rebellion.

[24] James Freeman, then minister of King's Chapel, Boston, was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

[25] When the first volume of the Trumbull Papers was published, the Massachusetts Historical Society pointed out that they had "always been open to the use of historical students and investigators, under the rules which apply to all the Society's manuscripts." *Collections*, Fifth Series, IX, x.

[26] This last sentence appears in the Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, Fifth Series, IX, xiv, as the words of Belknap. This error is due to E. E. Beardsley, *Life and Times of W. S. Johnson* (New York, 1876), 150.

[27] David Ramsay had published his two-volume *History of the Revolution of South Carolina* in 1785 and another two-volume work on the Revolution in 1789.

Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., to W. S. Johnson[28]

PHIL^{A} 2^{D} FEB^{RY} 1796

DEAR SIR

I have the satisfaction to forward to you the following paragraphs, which are extracted from a Letter which I have received from Boston, in consequence of mine to Doct^{r} Belknap, on the subject of your Mss Letters in his possession.—

"We have no Idea of publishing them, as that is so displeasing to Doct^{r} Johnson;—nor should we ever have contemplated the thing, had it not been our Opinion, that the Letters do honor to the writer, & would adorn our collections."—

"I have read them repeatedly with delight; and have gained a better Idea of the political system, than from all the Books published during that period—"

"The publication would do him honor; as he appears in them to have been a firm friend to the Liberties of his Country, and a faithfull, vigilant, discerning agent; detecting the artifices, evasions & Blunders of the British Court; and giving the best information, advice & caution to his Employers."—[29]

I believe that I ought also to inform you, that a surprise is intimated in the same Letter, at the "harshness" of some of your expressions to Doct^{r} Belknap, as applying both to the Hist^{o} Society & to the Trumbull family, neither of which, they think, are deserving of the Epithets conveyed in your Letter to the Doct^{r}—but on this score, I am silent.—I have only to express my regrets, that your anxiety has been so much excited on this occasion—and my hopes, that you may be quieted with the Assurances, that your Letters will not be published—and that no improper use will be made of them to your disadvantage.—

Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., to Jeremy Belknap[30]

PHIL^{A} 1ST FEB^{Y} 1796

DEAR SIR

I wrote you on the 15th Jany which Letter I hope you have received—since that I have received Mr Eliots favor of the 16th ult. written at your request, on account of your Sickness.

I have written to Doct Johnson (in consequence of this last mentioned Letter) & given him two or three Extracts therefrom, in hopes to warm his Vanity—quiet his fears—& thereby allay that

[28] Johnson Papers; see also Trumbull Papers, document 101 ab.

[29] These extracts were taken from both Eliot's and Belknap's letters. See above, pages 371 and 372, and 369, respectively.

[30] Trumbull Papers, document 101 c.

anxiety which seems to have been so thoroughly excited—& which appears to have given him so much causless [*sic*] trouble— . . .

Jeremy Belknap to Jonathan Trumbull, Jr.[31]

BOSTON FEB 13 1796

DEAR SIR

Your favours of 15 Jan^{y} & 2^{d} instant have been duly received, the former I was unable to answer by reason of illness—but requested Mr Eliot to write & am glad it has come safe to your hand & produced so good an effect. I hope the old Gentleman's violent sensibilities are before this Time allayed by the soothing dose which you have administered, wch I think supersedes the necessity of my writing to him. Should you hear from him again, be so good as to let me know what he says & whether his spirit is quieted. . . .[32]

AN UNNOTED GERMAN REFERENCE TO INCREASE MATHER

C. GRANT LOOMIS

AN unwearying German reviewer of numerous European publications in the late seventeenth century, W. E. Tentzel, reprinted in his monthly *Unterredungen*,[1] for September, 1694, a widely circulated letter by Increase Mather dealing with attempts to spread the gospel among the Indians of North America.[2] Since this source seems likely to have been directly available

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31 Trumbull Papers, document 102 a.

32 Belknap must have been sorely disappointed at the outcome for he had planned to "be able to give the public a rich repast" from the Trumbull Papers. Belknap to E. Hazard, August 21, 1795. *Belknap Papers*, Massachusetts Historical Society *Collections*, Fifth Series, III (Boston, 1877), 356.

1 *Monatliche Unterredungen einiger guten Freunde von allerhand Büchern*, etc., September, 1694, pp. 712–717.

2 *De successu evangelij apud Indos in Nova-Anglia epistola.* Ad . . . Johannem Leusdenum . . . scripta. A Crescentio Mathero, Londini, typis. J. G., 1688. *Cf.* T. J. Holmes, *Increase Mather, a Bibliography of His Works* (Cleveland, Ohio, 1931), II, 546 ff.

to the later German translator of the letter,[3] the reference is worth noting.

Tentzel's introduction preceding the verbatim reprint is as follows:

Ich will den Herren eine andere Art von Missionariis Apostolicis zeigen, die nicht vom Pabst zu Rom dependiren/ und doch in Bekehrung der Heydnischen Americaner grossen Nutzen schaffen. Das sind die ehrlichen Engländer/ unsers auctoris Lands-Leute/ wiewohl nicht aus denen Hierarchicis oder Episcopalibus, sondern aus denen Preyterianern/ wie ihre Kirchen-Ordnung zuerkennen giebt, welche in Neu England dieses heilige Werck eyfrig treiben/ und deren einer/ Crescentius Matherus, apud Bostoniensis Verbi Dei Minister—nec non Collegii Harvardini, quod est Cantabrigiæ Nov-Anglorum, Rector, an den berühmten Professorem linguæ Sanctæ zu Utrecht/ Johannem Leusden, den glücklichen Success in einer zu Boston in Neu-England den 12. Iulii 1687. gegebenen Lateinischen Epistel überschrieben hat, welche zwar zu London an. 1688. und vor dem Jahr zu Utrecht gedruckt worden/ weil sie aber in Teutschland wenigen zu handen kommen/ allerdings werth ist/ dasz wir den gantzen Verlauff von Wort zu Wort excerpiren.

The conversion of the natives in Ceylon is next noted, followed by an additional comment:

Ich erinnere mich/ hub Nonius an/ in denen öffentlichen Zeitungen schon an. 1686. gelesen zu haben/ was von Neu-Jorck in West-Indien geschrieben wurde/ dasz die Bekehrung der Heyden in denselben Quartieren glücklich fort gehe/ und zu Boston eine Academie von den Engländern aufgerichtet sey/ darinnen die Heydnischen Americaner unterwiesen und selbst zu Predigern befördert würden/ welche denn ihre Lands-Leute in ihrer Mutter-Sprache lehren/ wodurch viele Heyden zur Erkäntnisz des wahren Gottes gebracht würden: Auch hätten sie durch Hülffe gemeldeter Americanischen Prediger die gantze Bibel in die Americanische Sprache übersetzet.[4]

Tentzel was particularly interested in the American scene, and

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[3] *Ein Brieff von dem Glücklichen Fortgang des Evangelii Bey den West-Indianern in New Engeland*, etc. (Halle, 1696). *Cf.* Holmes's reference, II, 556.

[4] *Unterredungen*, 719.

had printed earlier various communications from the first well-known German settler in this country, Francis Daniel Pastorius, at Germantown, Pennsylvania.

BOOK REVIEWS

The editors of the NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY *neither assume nor accept any responsibility whatever for the opinions of reviewers.*

The New England Mind: The Seventeenth Century. By Perry Miller. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. Pp. xi, 528. $3.75.)

Certainly one of the most learned books of this generation, *The New England Mind* must be read and reread if one is to understand completely how signal a contribution this is, not only to our knowledge of the Puritan way of thought, but almost as greatly to our knowledge of the intellectual milieu of England and the Continent in the seventeenth century. Indeed, the author might well have called it "The Puritan Mind," implying no limitation to the study of a particular group of Puritans in the colonies. Its value is almost as great to the student of English intellectual history as to the American, for Mr. Miller both shows profound knowledge of English writers, and, in more than one instance, has quietly disproved or re-evaluated attitudes persistent in scholarship dealing with England in the same period. The present reviewer does not pretend to any specialized knowledge in the American field; yet it is clear, even to a non-specialist, that this is the most complete study yet made of the thinking of the Puritans on issues fundamental to them, and it is apparent that Mr. Miller has given an entirely new interpretation of much familiar material as well as an immense amount of knowledge of material almost entirely unfamiliar.

Other reviewers have already discussed many of his important contributions: his reinterpretation of the orthodox attitude toward the Calvinistic element in Puritan thinking; his proof that Puritan thought in New England was Scholastic until 1700; his conclusions concerning the profound influence of Ramus. Since it is impossible in the short space of a review to analyze all of the important contributions made in this volume, I shall limit myself to two sections in which, it seems to me, Mr. Miller

offers important interpretations to students of English intellectual history.

The chapter on "Nature," in which Mr. Miller analyzes the scientific thinking of the Puritans, is of great interest, since English students have taken for granted a marked lag in the colonies, and felt that the American Puritans were several generations behind the English in their awareness of the "new science." While there were naturally great differences in the reception of the new ideas in the two countries, the lag is less noticeable than we have surmised. For example, the interest of the colonies in Bacon seems to have come about almost as early as in England. Mr. Miller indicates that Bacon was "becoming a name to conjure with" in the 1640's; recent English scholarship has shown that Bacon had little influence during his lifetime, and that his system came into its own only during that same decade. It is true that the colonies fail to show any such stimulation by the "new astronomy" as may be found in England—there is no mention, for example, of Galileo—yet the attitude toward the Copernican theory in Brigden's Almanac of 1659, with the response evoked, is entirely consistent with the attitude shown in English almanacs of the same period, as I have shown elsewhere. There are certain elements in the thinking of New England about science which make it seem almost more "modern" than the mother-country. More readily than their English contemporaries, the New Englanders seem to have accepted what might be called the "utilitarian" point of view. Pragmatism, as Mr. Miller shows, had its roots in the Puritan past. The most interesting thing about the attitude of the Puritans toward the new science, as pointed out by Mr. Miller, is that certain of their preconceptions made it easier for them to accept it than did the English preconceptions. If New Englanders took little part in advancing new theories, they did little to retard the development of those advanced in Europe. Holding little or no brief for Aristotle, they were less concerned as a group with the advancement of theories which disproved Aristotle. The attitude of the Puritans toward the Royal Society is an interesting example: whatever their motives—and Mr. Miller defines them with subtle humor,—the Puritans were not at all averse to recognizing a new way of interpreting the phenomena of Nature, provided it did not attack the roots

of religious orthodoxy. Mr. Miller is quite right in indicating that the advancement of science in England proceeded in much the same way, and that its chief adherents were quick to suggest that there was no fundamental quarrel between religion and science. Indeed, Mr. Miller's section here is most illuminating. One of the remarkable things about science in the seventeenth century in England was that there was so little antagonism of the sort that Bacon had feared; the lion and the lamb lay down peaceably together. Thanks to the subtlety of both Anglican and Puritan divines, the gunpowder implicit in many of the new theories did not explode for nearly a century after those theories had been comfortably accepted by both divine and layman.

Equally illuminating—and still more original—is Mr. Miller's chapter on "The Plain Style." During the last decade or so, English scholarship has been paying much attention to the change which came over prose style in the seventeenth century. Two main hypotheses have been proposed: one, that the fundamental reason for the change was the result of a change of "models"—from the oratorical Ciceronian style to the plain style of the essays of Cicero and others. The other contention has been that the scientific movement (particularly the program developed by the Royal Society) was chiefly responsible for the change. But Mr. Miller's analysis of the conflict persistent throughout the century in New England between two styles of sermons, the "metaphysical" and the "plain and profitable," indicates that the colonists were more acutely aware of the controversy than were the English. By the middle of the century, as he shows, the distinction between the two styles was so sharp that even the ordinary layman was well aware of them. Mr. Miller's conclusion is one which may well be further investigated by English scholars: "If the metaphysical style is to be linked to the Aristotelian logic and rhetoric . . . does it follow that the opposing style, the Puritan form with its doctrine, reasons, and uses, was a consequence of the Puritan adherence to Ramus?" There is an added possibility which Mr. Miller does not mention, but which is suggested in the figures of speech used by those who followed the plain style: were the Puritans more profoundly influenced by the New Testament than by the Old? Certainly, in spite of

their expressed admiration for the "Song of Songs," the evidence of many quoted passages would indicate that they consciously and unconsciously followed the style of the gospels and epistles, and particularly the parables of Christ, rather than the magnificent rhetoric of Job and the prophetic books—as Milton quite consciously wrote *Paradise Regained* in the "plain" style of Christ, rather than in the elaborate style used in his epic based upon the Old Testament.

Profuse as are the quotations in Mr. Miller's volume, one might wish that they could have been still more full; that we might have had whole sections instead of sentences, partly to test Mr. Miller's interpretation of phrases against their context, partly for our own interest in the case of rare and unfamiliar material. One might wish that the work had been produced in two volumes instead of one, in order that the author might have incorporated all his notes, which, even though they are deposited in the Widener Library, remain unavailable to most readers. But this is a churlish minor criticism, considering the wealth of material Mr. Miller has given us, a criticism rising from the perennial desire of man to wish for more, no matter what his wealth!

One final point may well be stressed: the method used by Mr. Miller is undoubtedly the only method which would have permitted him to present this vast mass of material in so orderly and clear a fashion. Certainly a chronological treatment would have led to confusion worse confounded. By the close and accurate analysis of each of the ideas which he has traced through the century, Mr. Miller has imposed order upon chaos, and has made each of his sections a complete essay in itself. Yet the whole, composed of many parts, is an organic whole which surveys the Puritan mind in its complexity, and which makes the reader aware, more than ever before, how fertile was the ground and how rich the harvest in a period too often considered barren. The New England Mind, as Mr. Miller portrays it, is like New England itself—not only the "stern and rock-bound coast" too often visualized by those who know New England only by tradition, but a rich and fertile country of hills and valleys, trees and vegetation. Mr. Miller has not denied the rocky soil which the Puritans found; but he has, with long labor, cleared away

many of the rocks, not destroying them but forming from them—as a New Englander should—gray rock-walls, marking off boundaries, no longer interfering with the fertile soil!

MARJORIE NICOLSON.

Columbia University.

John Hull: A Builder of the Bay Colony. By Hermann Frederick Clarke. (Portland: The Southworth-Anthoensen Press. 1940. Pp. xiv, 224. Limited edition, 500 copies. $10.00.)

After struggling through a shelfful of anhydrous historical treatises by scholars laboring to be "productive," it is refreshing to come across a book of an amateur historian written because the author loves his subject and wants to tell you all about it without trying to prove anything except that his hero was a good, live, interesting man who well represented the exciting time he lived in.

Before you get through, you learn all there is to know about John Hull, and you learn of him in his real surroundings. You soon discover that he is far more than the silversmith or mintmaster—which you vaguely imagined limited the scope of his activities. Mr. Clarke has none of the modern biographer's poetic contempt for exact facts. You learn when Hull arrived in Boston, who his father, mother, brothers, wife, and children were, where they lived, and what John did in business, commerce, church, and government; but these facts are all brought out in the general picture of the colony during its first fifty-odd years, so that you have a real idea of the man living in his world of men. Mr. Clarke is a master of the history of colonial silversmiths, and his chapter (xiii) on that phase of Hull's life cannot be excelled. One learns a great deal about colonial silver work from that chapter, even more than one learns of Puritan religion in the church chapters, and of the relations with England and of colonial trade in the chapters on Hull's business life and his work as a mintmaster. All is interesting and thoroughly documented.

Of course, if one wants to get meticulous, he can ask on which

side of Washington Street was the Hull property (21)? were central chimneys ever *catted* (22)? whose ears were cut off besides Ratcliff's (23)? didn't the Pequot War begin with the murder of Oldham at Block Island (28)? didn't England have a Colonial policy in 1650 (43)? It seems as if there were a bit of unnecessary repetition if one compares pages 36 and 71, 36 and 84, 142 and 144, 105–108 and 164.

The writer rejoices to see a few pet ideas of his own reinforced. The Puritans did not dress like nuns and undertakers (102–103). The idea of independence was not born in 1775, but in 1630, and Massachusetts invented the idea of a commonwealth of nations, which is the British Empire of today (137).

On the whole, it is a scholarly, accurate book, written so that any gentleman can read it with advantage and enjoyment. It gives a good picture of John Hull, and a good picture of the Bay Colony. If there were more scholars who could write as interestingly, and more historical writers who knew half as much of what they were talking about, perhaps more students would be interested in the study of history (See the *Harvard Bulletin*, March 8, 1941). Anyone who buys *John Hull* will be glad he owns it, not only for its interest, but because it is beautifully printed and beautifully illustrated with pictures of a substantial part of all John Hull's known work.

JAMES DUNCAN PHILLIPS.

Topsfield, Massachusetts.

The Rise of the Social Gospel in American Protestantism, 1865–1915. By Charles Howard Hopkins. Yale Studies in Religious Education, XIV. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. Pp. xii, 352. $3.00.)

Since the beginning of this century various social critics have denounced American Protestantism as the faithful servant of capitalism. More recently, certain patriots have declared with equal dogmatism that our churches are becoming socialistic, but until very recently no serious students have investigated closely the attitude of American churches to social issues.

In an age of monographs this seems surprising. However one may estimate the present influence of the churches on public opinion, they were certainly among the three or four most powerful factors in American thought throughout the nineteenth century. In the period which Professor Hopkins treats, the Protestant hold on the working-class was weakening, and as he shows, many churchmen were thoroughly aware of this alarming fact. Yet the churches could still speak with some authority. Every conventional American businessman maintained a family pew at the church of his preference or habit. Did these millions of churchgoers hear in church nothing which directly bore on their economic practices?

Professor Hopkins's book is the best and most thorough answer to this question. He describes with precision, clarity, and detail that peculiarly American, peculiarly late-nineteenth-century religious development, the rise of the Social Gospel. He traces this movement from the days of heroic and unnoticed little pamphlets to the official adoption of a "Social Creed" by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ. At least since the 1890's, as this book admirably demonstrates, a large and growing fraction of American Protestantism has been deeply concerned with relations between capital and labor and with programs for the reform of society. To be sure, opinion has varied widely even inside this social-minded segment of the churches. Many social Christians have been content with a mild reiteration that capital and labor should consider each other's interest in the light of Christian love. An amazing number have pled for profit-sharing and cooperation. Others have endorsed a thorough though often eccentric form of Fabian socialism. In spite of such differences, however, one can conclude from this study that a large proportion of the most articulate and influential of America's urban clergy agreed on at least two points: first, that all was not well with American society; and second, that it was the church's duty to point the way toward a better social spirit and even to specific social reforms. Gladden, Rauschenbusch, Herron, and many of the other leaders discussed by Professor Hopkins justified such a rôle for the church in theological terms by adding to earlier liberal theology new concepts of the immanence of Christ, the organic nature of Christian society, the positive social prescrip-

tions of the Old and New Testaments, and the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth. Hundreds of books and sermons, social-minded organizations inside the churches, and official statements by major denominations demonstrate the concrete accomplishments of the movement Professor Hopkins describes.

My only criticisms of Professor Hopkins's work arise from certain disagreements with his interpretation. Perhaps the book might have profited from compression and closer organization around a few main points, and from further use of periodical and denominational material. Nonetheless, when one considers how enormous, amorphous, and repetitive is the body of opinion on which Professor Hopkins has drawn, one can conclude only that he has done an excellent job with a difficult and important subject.

Professor Hopkins tells us very clearly how the Social Gospel movement grew, but leaves us in some doubt as to why it was born. A Social Gospel arising from the individualistic, evangelical churches of the eighteen-sixties and seventies is a startling development. One can scarcely exaggerate the extent to which American Protestantism had abandoned its attempts to regulate social life for religious purposes or the fervor with which it had concentrated its efforts on the problems of a liberal theology and on crusades against a few very specific sins. Moreover, whatever can be said about the causal relations between theology and capitalism, it cannot be denied that in this period the church press and many sermons specifically endorsed the ethics and practices of the expanding American economic system. Countless tracts hailed our free, hard-working Christian nation, recently purged of the sin of slavery, as the latest manifestation of God's will in history. Anything which smacked of "paternalism" or "trades-union tyranny" was likely to be roundly condemned from many pulpits. The duty of a Christian was to get ahead and become the father of a good, substantial, church-going, non-drinking, patriotic, preferably Republican family. The transition in church opinion between this complacent view and the sense of social crisis which Professor Hopkins describes as a widespread phenomenon of the nineties was sudden and important.

Obviously this transition was closely linked to the development of liberal theology, to radical social thought in Europe and

America, and still more strongly to the impact of the social crises of the eighties and nineties on church leaders. Professor Hopkins discusses all these influences intelligently and states that "the social gospel was historically the reaction of liberal Protestantism to the industrial problem." Yet he does not relate his subject to greater intellectual and social currents with sufficient continuity and force.

I am unable to accept Professor Hopkins's optimistic conclusion that progress toward "an adequate Christian sociology" is "one of the hopeful beacons in the present darkness that has descended upon mankind." In what sense was the progress made by the Social Gospel movement and its successors "adequate"? For all its hopeful flicker, it has as yet failed to revive any great or universal religious enthusiasm among the American people, or to give rise, as some of its leaders had hoped, to an American Church. None of its leaders has rivaled the Moodys and the Billy Sundays in developing a mass following. Further, the Social Gospel has failed to make the church the rallying point for the forces of social reform. Much might be revealed by an attempt to find out why American labor and radical groups have not marched shoulder-to-shoulder with the leaders of social Christianity.

The writers and preachers who formulated the Social Gospel shared a fairly sudden and widespread realization by honest and intelligent sections of the middle class that something was wrong. To many ministers, writers, and even statesmen it seemed in 1877, in 1886, in 1892 and 1894, as though the structure of the divinely guided American democracy had somehow become rotten. Together with other adjustments to the new facts by similar groups, this clerical about-face was an important influence in making social reform respectable. If it were not for such movements American social criticism would have been less widespread and possibly more trenchant. The Social Gospel was, therefore, as Professor Hopkins suggests, a powerful ingredient in the hopes and mistakes of the Progressive period, with all their meaning for still more recent American history. It is fortunate that the movement has now been competently and intelligently described.

Harvard University. HENRY F. MAY, JR.

Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Modest Man. By Edward Mather. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1940. Pp. xii, 356. $3.50.)

In spite of the fact that numerous biographies have been written about Nathaniel Hawthorne, a new one is still an object of interest; for with all the biographies, Hawthorne is still an enigma. He has been portrayed in various guises—an eccentric devoted to solitude, a rebellious Puritan, a romantic rebel, a genius somewhat heavily coated with whitewash, and, in some estimates, a psychopathic case. In general, this heterogeneous interpretation can be roughly divided into two schools of opinion. The first is that of his descendants, who, although admittedly they have idealized him, have attempted to portray Hawthorne as a normal human being who happened to write well; the second is that of the other biographers, who have based their interpretations on the fact that he was not a normal human being—possibly because he wrote well.

Mr. Mather, in this most recent biography, borrows from both camps. Hawthorne, he says, was a modest man, and a man who was a victim of an obsession concerning the dark past of the Hawthorne family. Modesty, except to the cynic, is certainly not an abnormal trait, but a complex about one's ancestors can be so considered.

In support of the first thesis, Mr. Mather pictures Hawthorne as a man who all his life long suffered from excessive modesty, both in his social relations and in his conception of his own work. Thus he was never completely at ease with a person unless that person was a Mr. Pike, "plebeian, hideous, hopeless, and so unintelligent that no one could bother with him,"—or a Francis Bennoch, "unquestionably a parvenu," who "knew a number of the wrong people" and "was overanxious and oversolicitous." For such as these, whose intellectual superior he apparently felt himself to be, Hawthorne had a sincere attachment. (Emerson would probably have found this to be an adequate explanation of his friendship with Franklin Pierce.) Modesty also prevented Hawthorne from realizing the value his readers placed on his work, and he was usually surprised, as well as delighted, when they wrote him in praise of it. Such a state of mind is conceivable when one considers the years when Hawthorne was afforded no

public recognition whatever. Not until *The Scarlet Letter* appeared did the author hear from anyone except a few reviewers. If a man writes for a quarter of a century and is met with complete indifference from the public, it would be strange indeed if he were not caught unaware when people finally woke up to his talent, and if he did not keep his fingers crossed every time he published a book thereafter.

In support of his second argument, Mr. Mather traces Hawthorne's preoccupation with his family's history from the time he was a small boy until his last years in Concord. It affected his relationship with his relatives; it had a great deal to do with the type of work he did.

With both these theories there can be no serious disagreement. Hawthorne apparently did not have enough confidence, either in his capability to hold his own with his intellectual equals or in the artistry of his writing. Explanations can be found, and Mr. Mather has not neglected them. Nor can it be denied that Hawthorne was interested in the activities of his early American ancestors; we have his own word for it. His interest in Puritan New England can doubtless be linked with his interest in the Puritan Hathornes, and in *The House of the Seven Gables* and several short stories there is evidence enough of his awareness of family history. But an interest in ancestors is not necessarily a driving force that affects one's whole life.

Again, in illustrating Hawthorne's modesty by the type of friends with whom he was most intimate, perhaps Mr. Mather's zeal has carried him too far. Is it entirely by chance that all who are most devoted to Hawthorne and closest in his affections are likewise those most contemptuously treated by Mr. Mather? His descriptions of Pike and Bennoch have already been quoted. Bridge is "the most unoriginal of all men"; Pierce, "patently honest but so remarkably colorless." Fields fares pretty well, but his was a business friendship. But to continue in the former strain, Hawthorne, while he lived in Salem after his graduation from college, "had no friends with the exception of a carpenter's son, and one or two village louts." As a matter of fact, Hawthorne's two closest friends in Salem during this period were David Roberts, later lawyer, mayor of Salem, state assemblyman, and author of a book on admiralty law and practice; and Horace

Conolly, a Yale graduate and later an Episcopalian rector. They could scarcely be called louts. Of Sophia Hawthorne some good is said, but much that is scarcely flattering. The rest of the Peabody family fare even worse.

The chief object of Mr. Mather's scorn, with the possible exception of Elizabeth Peabody, is Hawthorne's mother. Upon her he places the blame for Hawthorne's anti-sociability, as many other biographers have done. Like them, he does not explain the incongruity of a mother who seldom mingled with her children, and yet received from them letters remarkable in that age for the expressions of affection and understanding they contained. It is somewhat ironic, too, that he should call Elizabeth Peabody "notoriously inaccurate" as a biographer, but not discover that it was she who started the somewhat apocryphal tale of Madame Hathorne's seclusion. True, it has been generally accepted and embroidered upon by most biographers since, nor have the facts of Elizabeth Hathorne's life become widely enough known to permit her to escape the charge of the New England type of sutteeism. The Manning correspondence indicates that her seclusion was sporadic and was caused by ill health, and that not only did she take a normal place in the family circle, but she also ran a farm, followed the prevalent clothing styles with her daughters' dress in mind, and taught a large Sunday school class.

One is inclined to wonder, too, on what authority Mr. Mather bases his assertion that Madame Hathorne, "dearly as she loved her husband, disliked all Hathornes save him." Apparently he made his assumption from the fact that after Captain Hathorne's death in Surinam, his widow returned with her children to her own father's house. While this move has never been explained, the logical reason that comes to mind is that the state of her finances permitted nothing else; or even, if one wishes, that she did not feel independent in her mother-in-law's house. There are explanations more reasonable than that of a sweeping dislike of all Hathornes. The statement could be ignored were it not for the fact that Mr. Mather indicates that with the future of her children in view, such an action was shortsighted, since the Hathornes had all the money. In reality, when she was in Maine and her children were in Salem, she wrote them more than once to be sure to visit their Hathorne aunts. Elizabeth and Louisa

paid them visits of several days' duration, and on a few occasions the Hathorne aunts bought their nieces clothing and books. Nathaniel, although he paid duty calls upon them, received no presents. If there was any dislike, it would seem to have been on his part.

Finally, in speaking of Madame Hathorne's death, he gives the poor lady an epitaph she can scarcely merit. "A more worthless and useless life," says Mr. Mather, "except that it produced Nathaniel, is difficult to imagine." There are few human beings that deserve such a valedictory.

In thus dwelling upon Mr. Mather's treatment of Hawthorne's mother, it must be emphasized that the legend which he has followed concerning her has had a very important bearing upon the interpretation and explanation of the most formative period in Hawthorne's life, upon his later character, and upon his work. Hawthorne's modesty and his concern over his Hathorne ancestors can be connected with his mother's thwarted and wasted life. But if her life was not as Mr. Mather (and all the others who have used that line of reasoning) pictures it, how, then, is Hawthorne to be explained? Again, those who believe his mother to be most responsible have mentioned his assertion that his natural tendency toward seclusion came from his father's family. Yet all agree with Mr. Mather that Hawthorne didn't know what he was talking about. All ignore the descriptions of Captain Nathaniel Hathorne, which reveal him as the same sort of person as his son, taciturn and introspective. The sailors under his command never understood him, and he was known as a very silent man. Anyone else with such characteristics would be called a typical New Englander. Let it be recalled once again that it was with Elizabeth Peabody, whose memory all unite in declaring to have been untrustworthy, that this romantic tale of a mysterious household originated. And she was over eighty when she began it. In light of the evidence it seems more logical to believe that Hawthorne did know what he was talking about when he placed the blame for his, and incidentally his sister Elizabeth's, desire for solitude on the Hathorne side of the house.

There is possibly a fuller treatment here of Hawthorne's contemporaries and associates than is usually the case in other books. This treatment adds to one's understanding of and sympathy

with Hawthorne as Mr. Mather has portrayed him. All these characters bear the stamp of the author's opinion of them, but it gives them an added color that they would otherwise have lacked. Certainly all of them are alive.

It is on the years Hawthorne spent in England and the description of them, however, that one's chief interest is focused. In the earlier portions of the book Mr. Mather is following traditional sources known to every student of Hawthorne. About England he speaks with more authority, since he himself is an Englishman, and he has had access to new material. Then, too, Hawthorne had decided and not very flattering opinions of the English people.

Mr. Mather dips rather frequently into the *English Notebooks* in order to illustrate the reactions of the provincial New Englander which he desires to explain, but this method by no means completes the account of the English sojourn. There is an interesting description of a breakfast given by Monckton Milnes which Hawthorne attended and at which he met the Brownings and saw Macaulay. Had Hawthorne not been an hour late, because he decided to walk and went in the wrong direction, he would have met Macaulay as well. But introductions were over by the time the Consul for Liverpool arrived. The descriptions of Hawthorne's English friends are more detailed than those to be found elsewhere, and English society is more sympathetically and clearly presented. Later there is the interesting letter to Henry Bright about the Civil War, written, of course, after Hawthorne's return to America. His somewhat bloodthirsty views ("Who cares what the war costs us in blood or treasure? People must die, whether a bullet kills them or no. . . .") are somewhat at variance with those he later expressed and with his general concern over the tragic state of affairs his country was suffering. But he was trying to shock Bright, and in letters one is apt to express impulsive views that are later greatly modified by reflection.

One is conscious, after reading about the English period, of a feeling of disappointment. Not so much that is new or important has been added as one would hope. The new element in the account is Mr. Mather's attitude in explaining the Yankee in England. For as soon as Hawthorne appears in England, he

becomes the provincial who has arrived, at last, in civilization and is somewhat bewildered by his surroundings. Hence his somewhat hostile reaction to the English people and English life. He did not feel at home, much as he desired to do so. Mr. Mather finds it easy to understand Hawthorne's unsympathetic feeling in view of his hopes and his narrow background in a small New England town. It is to be noted that Mr. Mather's method of interpreting Hawthorne now changes. The modesty, the preoccupation with his ancestry are no longer emphasized. The explanation of Hawthorne's social behavior in England is simply his provincialism. The reasoning appears to be logical, but the question that rises in the reader's mind is why this interpretation might not also explain Hawthorne in his own country. It is unfortunate that Mr. Mather, an Englishman, should picture Hawthorne as a provincial in England, and as a "modest man" in Boston and Concord.

By so switching from understanding to apology, the author weakens the effectiveness of his portrayal. If he had considered Hawthorne's provincialism from the very beginning, he would have approached the problem from an angle no other biographer has attempted. Hawthorne was, after all, a small-town New Englander who traveled very little until the last years of his life, and who was more or less like a small frog in a big puddle whenever he found himself away from Salem. Even when he strayed only as far as Boston or Concord, he was not at home.

MANNING HAWTHORNE.

University of Maine.

Joseph Tuckerman: Pioneer in American Social Work. By Daniel T. McColgan. (Washington, D. C.: The Catholic University of America Press. 1940. Pp. xx, 450. $2.50.)

After twenty-five years as an obscure country minister, Joseph Tuckerman moved to Boston in 1826 to serve as minister-at-large to the poor, under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association. Boston was beginning to experience the problems of urbanization, and Tuckerman soon discovered that his task would be

much more than to carry spiritual comfort to the unchurched. The time was ripe for an organized attack on such problems as poverty, education, juvenile delinquency, prison conditions, and intemperance.

Fr. McColgan's biography of Tuckerman is a careful study of his life, with particular stress on the work of the Ministry-at-Large. It makes clear the principles that shaped the work: the distinction between poverty and pauperism, the individual approach to each case, and the insistence that the purpose was not merely to relieve distress but to develop self-reliant and useful members of society. It reviews some of the sources of Tuckerman's social thinking, especially the writings of Thomas Chalmers of Glasgow. It describes his efforts in various fields of reform and shows how he developed a scientific approach to his problems, making use of the experience of European philanthropists and relying on careful surveys of the nature and extent of the diseases he was trying to cure.

The author is well aware of the religious impulse behind Tuckerman's ministry, but the book is not wholly successful in relating the religious assumptions of his work to prevailing theological currents of thought. Tuckerman believed in the worth of every human soul, and sought to unfold the latent powers of the individuals with whom he worked. His purpose was the moral and intellectual development of men. It was a practical application of Channing's great seminal idea, the dignity of human nature. But this is a hollow concept until it is placed in the perspective of more than half a century of Arminian and Unitarian development that preceded the Ministry-at-Large. In dealing with this background, the author is under the handicap of struggling with a religious tradition alien to his own. His treatment is not merely derivative, but lacks a confident grasp of what is significant and how the elements of the background should blend. The author appears to be somewhat ill-at-ease in the world in which his characters move: when Tuckerman's theological study under Thomas Thacher is referred to as his "Dedham scholasticate," we are conscious that the scenery is painted. Nevertheless, it is encouraging to find that an attempt has been made to bridge the gap between two streams of New England

life. One suspects that, all in all, the Catholic today understands the Yankee better than the Yankee does the Catholic.

Fr. McColgan's biography was prepared as a Doctor's dissertation, and is published without revision, complete with notes and a voluminous bibliography.

CONRAD WRIGHT.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The American Agricultural Press, 1819–1860. By Albert Lowther Demaree. *Columbia University Studies in the History of American Agriculture, Number 8,* edited by H. J. Carman and R. G. Tugwell. (New York: Columbia University Press. 1941. Pp. xxii, 430. $4.00.)

During approximately the first hundred years of the republic, life in New England was predominantly agricultural. From the land flowed an ever-thickening stream which helped to populate successive "Wests" and also the cities and mill towns of the East—which were indeed by 1860 major threats to rural primacy. The spread of population, technological advancement, the growing division of labor, the rise of new cultures, and the interactions of old and new raised a host of problems. Western competition forced New England farming away from the staple grains. Western and city politics sent chills up the spines of many who regarded themselves as the guardians of New England's civilization. Nor did industrialism remold familiar images without disturbing widespread sensibilities. The student seeking a key to these events would like to have several questions answered. How many farmers—and of what sort—left New England for the West or the cities? Where were the feelings of those who left and those who stayed at home? Did those who remained on the farms have any medium for expressing themselves? What social and intellectual opportunities did they enjoy? How did they get along as a community?

No one volume could fairly be expected to answer all these questions—not, at least, in our present state of ignorance of

agricultural history! Dr. Demaree has not essayed any such task. But the spirit of the broad approach hovers over most of his four hundred-odd pages, enlightening, entertaining, and stimulating the reader. This happy effect is achieved in the first place because of the tremendous importance of the subject. Too long has a veritable treasure trove been neglected, except, perhaps, by a few agricultural historians. It may be predicted without hesitation that definitive histories of American rural life will not be written until the journals discussed here are thoroughly combed. Nor can they be overlooked with safety by the historians of our inventiveness, political traditions, schools, churches, literature, reform movements, or advertising methods. If this judgment seems unduly positive, let him who thinks so thumb through the chapters of Part I of this volume which present topical summaries of the contents of the rural press, and then examine the source selections in Part II, and finally reflect on the fact—carefully pointed out by the author—that all this rich and varied assortment is but a sketch of the high spots. It should be added, secondly, that this very arrangement of materials, including a Part II which serves as an excellent brief encyclopaedia of the most important periodicals, enhances the value of the book. The illustrations and index, too, are first-rate. The bibliography and references suffer slightly from an unusual and occasionally confusing typographical style.

New Englanders were not the very first in the field of farm journalism—the earliest magazines having been published, respectively, at Albany and Baltimore. But they were among the leaders. In Thomas Green Fessenden, the founder of the *New England Farmer*, and Dr. Ezekiel Holmes of the *Maine Farmer*, New England had worthy representatives. Nor should we forget Henry Colman—who served for a while as editor of the *New England Farmer* after Fessenden's death, and conducted in 1837 the first official survey of Massachusetts agriculture. Like their fellow editors in other fields, these men gave their magazines a measure of their own personalities, and all were conducted on a high plane. It might be mentioned that the *Maine Farmer* was unique in advocating internal improvements; the *New England Farmer*, in its concern over the internal application of alcohol.

The volume has of course some weaknesses, arising for the

most part out of the decision to travel quickly throughout the entire area rather than explore thoroughly any substantial section of it. On many issues, it is more valuable for the questions provoked than for the answers provided. One wonders, for instance, whether it is really true that the farm press was "a medium of exchange for the ideas of this eighty per cent of the population"; the strength of the evidence is uneven, and particularly low as regards New England between 1819 and 1840. To have such questions raised, however, is in itself a step forward. Let us hope that Dr. Demaree will dig even deeper into the same soil, and that others will be inspired to join him.

SIDNEY L. JACKSON.

Mount Vernon, New York.

The Letters of John Fiske. Edited by Ethel F. Fiske. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. Pp. 706. $7.50.)

The place of John Fiske in the annals of American scholarship has never been adequately appraised. Lauded by his contemporaries, British and American, he has subsequently been dismissed as an able expositor of other men's ideas. The reasons for this change are not obscure. Cosmic philosophies have been succeeded by human philosophies; the idea of God has become less significant than the meaning of ideas of God in human experience. Historiographical canons have likewise responded to twentieth-century change. The eclipse of Herbert Spencer has partially eclipsed Fiske's vividly-written drama of America, which dates from the "fall" of Rome. But Fiske's contributions are not properly measured by the cubic feet of library space required to hold his books. His service to history did not go unrequited, for his volumes and lectures stimulated further research and generated a widespread interest in the American past. While missionaries of science are needed less today than in the crucial decades from 1860 to 1880, when Fiske, to quote the New York *Daily Graphic*, was flying the kite of evolution, his irenic essays did much to stay the avalanche of theological emotion. He was so brilliant a popularizer that his original contributions have been neglected. There

is many a refreshing suggestion in the historical volumes, and the function of infancy in the evolution of life received unstinting praise from Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer. More important, perhaps, than any specific addition to knowledge was the impact of his mind and personality upon his associates. Huxley and Spencer are merely the best known, but Norton, James, Parkman, and Gray—to mention only a Cambridge coterie—were among them.

This volume of letters, edited by Fiske's daughter, supplies little new evidence of her father's intellectual ambitions and accomplishments. Despite Parrington's incisive portrait and Royce's scintillating introduction to the definitive edition of Fiske's works, mention of the "cosmic philosopher" suggests a drone buzzing in the catalogue room of old Gore Hall rather than the true John Fiske. Even the two-volume *Life and Letters* (Boston and New York, 1917) by John Spencer Clark (which this book does nothing to displace) fails to reveal the man who loved his family, his home, and his books. Miss Fiske has filled this gap in our information, but her effort has been vitiated by certain technical deficiencies. The absence of index, introduction, and notes seriously impairs the scholarly value of the collection. It would have been an absorbing book for the general reader, but failure to identify the persons to which the letters refer, many of whom are now quite forgotten, will provide more irritation than the average reader can brook.

BERT JAMES LOEWENBERG.
University of South Dakota.

Propaganda and the American Revolution, 1763–1783. By Philip Davidson. (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1941. Pp. xvi, 460. $4.00.)

Montesquieu in America: 1760–1801. By Paul M. Spurlin. Romance Language Series, No. 4. (University, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press. 1940. Pp. x, 302. $3.00.)

Burdened though it is with all the apparatus of critical historical scholarship, Professor Davidson's volume should have a wide appeal. In its pages the thousands of readers whose interest in

the Revolution has been revived by Mr. Kenneth Roberts's best seller will meet again the rebel villains and heroic exiles of Oliver's autobiography. Historians will turn to it as an authoritative work on an important aspect of the revolutionary era. Social scientists will utilize it as a case study of the manipulation of opinion; and thoughtful citizens, concerned with current problems of propaganda and civil liberties, will find in it much to ponder.

The author's object, he tells us, is "to study the Revolution in the light of our modern knowledge of the technique of propaganda." His thesis, hardly novel but never before so brilliantly argued or richly documented, is that "In the American Revolution . . . propaganda was extensively and effectively used" both by the Tories and by a provincial ruling class whose position was threatened from above by the policy of the British government and from below by the unrest of the underprivileged in town and country.

The book is divided into three parts. Part I, "Whig Propaganda, 1776–1783" (3–245), begins with a survey of some fifty propagandists in twelve of the colonies. Particular attention is paid to Samuel Adams, his organ, the *Boston Gazette*, and his influential associates: John Adams, Josiah Quincy, and Joseph Warren; preachers Samuel Cooper and Charles Chauncy; and mob leaders Young, Molineux, and Mackintosh. There follow chapters on the purposes and problems of the propagandists, the machinery of propaganda, and the rôle of church and college. Especially interesting is the account of the Whig propaganda aims: (1) justification of the demands for home rule and independence by appeals to legality and colonial self-interest, (2) demonstration of the advantages of victory, (3) inspiring hatred of the enemy by branding him as a bloody butcher (Boston Massacre) and an aggressor (Lexington); and (4) combating Tory propaganda by refutation and suppression. Part I is concluded with chapters on the media of propaganda. It was in New England, the author observes (208), that "the greatest use of visual, oral, and pictorial propaganda was made"; and he adds that "its greatest effect was on the lower classes. . . ." Elsewhere he makes the illuminating comment that the pamphlet literature, embodying the reasoned political and constitutional arguments,

was read mainly by the intellectuals, that the newspaper appealed to the average reading public, and that the broadsides were directed at the masses. Part II, "The Tory Counterattack, 1763–1783" (249–337), likewise begins with a survey of the propagandists; and the discussion of machinery, aims, and media closely parallels that in Part I. Loyalist propaganda (1776–1783), the subject of a separate chapter, is characterized as remarkably effective. The theme of Part III, "Patriot Propaganda, 1776–1783" (341–410), is the failure of the revolutionary leaders to realize the need of maintaining morale in war time.

Even from such an inadequate summary as the foregoing, the many merits of the book may emerge. Chief among them, certainly, is that it adds a third dimension to the political thought of the Revolution—that it enables us to view the development of that thought in a deeper perspective than is afforded by the conventional accounts. It has, however, what may be called a defect of its qualities. To treat Thomas Paine and Samuel Adams as propagandists before the appearance of the term, is legitimate and enlightening; but to imply, as I think the author does, that such men were *only* propagandists is unfair and misleading. After all, in their contention that Parliament had no authority to legislate for the colonies, the Adamses and James Wilson had a *bona fide* case at constitutional law; and despite a statement to the contrary (262), they have a better claim than does Joseph Galloway to a place among the founders of the British Commonwealth.

"The Tories," notes Professor Davidson in an analysis of their propaganda, "cited Montesquieu . . . on the necessity of checks and balances almost as much as did the Whigs." Mr. Spurlin's book is a study of the problem implicit in this sentence. Originally written as a doctoral dissertation, it is heavily footnoted, packed with quotations, and sparing of interpretation; and it will doubtless be of interest only to scholars. To them, however, and particularly to historians of our political theory, it should be extremely valuable. After marking out the wide area of disagreement as to the influence of Montesquieu on America, Mr. Spurlin suggests that the problem admits of solution only if we know in detail the extent to which early Americans were acquainted with his writings, the opinions which they expressed of them,

and the frequency with which they cited them as authoritative. His exhaustive researches make it clear that English translations of the *Esprit des Lois* were widely disseminated, that in the period from 1760 to 1774, Chapter VI of Book XI ("On the Constitution of England") was frequently cited in the press and accepted as an accurate description of the British Constitution; and that by 1787 the *Spirit of the Laws* had become an "American classic." With respect to Montesquieu's influence on our polity, the author's lack of familiarity with colonial constitutional history and his failure to analyse closely the French philosopher's doctrine of separation of powers in that context result in his missing some important points; but he does adduce interesting evidence that on occasion the colonists invoked Montesquieu in defense of their peculiar institutions. Thus in 1763 a writer in the *Boston Gazette* quoted the *Spirit of the Laws* in a series of articles protesting the appointment of the Lieutenant Governor to the chief justiceship. One is impressed, however, with the paucity of what Mr. Spurlin calls "verifiable references" to Montesquieu in the great periods of constitution-making. Indeed, I think it a fair inference from this monograph that in shaping the triadic contours of our governmental structure the fathers were little influenced by Montesquieu and even less by Locke and Blackstone, but were chiefly guided by colonial practice and by their own rich political experience.

PAUL A. PALMER.

Kenyon College.

Agrarian Conflicts in Colonial New York, 1711–1775. By Irving Mark. (New York: Columbia University Press. 1940. Pp. 237. $3.00.)

The distrust, in many cases real hatred, of Yankee for Yorker almost cost the patriots the Battle of Saratoga, and if that battle had become a sacrifice to their bitterness, perhaps the American Revolution. The roots of that distrust Irving Mark has revealed in a thoroughly documented study of the agrarian frictions which heated not only Yankee tempers against the baronially-minded

landlords of the Hudson valley, but the resentment of thousands of tenant-farmers in New York itself.

Dr. Mark concerns himself with "those phases of the colonial land system which led to the agrarian land movements against the landlords." He treats here fully several problems whose close relation deserves the unified treatment they receive; he writes of the generally "inequitable and fraudulent nature of the colonial land distribution, the legal incidents of the land system, and the landlord politics with a view toward showing their relationship to social discontent." The problems of landlord-tenant relations and the landlord dominance in colonial politics in New York are examined; and finally Dr. Mark discusses the early and mid-eighteenth-century rebellions within the colony of New York, and the later New England-New York conflicts which were to lose themselves for a time in the general confusion of the Revolution.

Here one sees the whole unpleasant picture of a New York colonial acre aristocracy and, with some exceptions, the fee-hungry, speculating hierarchy of New York colonial officials carving up millions of acres of crown lands for their personal aggrandizement. A million acres for the Van Rensselaers, a hundred and sixty thousand to make Livingston Manor, better than half a million for the Reverend Godridius Dellius, and hundreds of thousands more for the chosen, skillful few; land grants for which they paid token sums, in many cases land which they stole through dubious devices from the too-trusting Indian owners. Dr. Mark might have done well to mention the land grab of the City of Albany in 1730, when the city officials helped themselves generously to the Fort Hunter lands along the Mohawk; municipalities were not above the human game.

Settlers, men without privileges, could react in only one way to the feudal disciplines and land laws which bound them to an unrewarding toil. They rioted, they revolted, they defied King and colonial governments. In their efforts to establish their "natural rights"—one reads the phrase many times—they became good revolutionary material. As Dr. Mark points out, this applied particularly to the settlers in the hotly disputed lands east of the Hudson. The King's intervention in the rebellion of 1766 in the lower Hudson valley and the sometimes more favorable landlord

treatment on the Westchester Patents kept many New York farmers in the Tory ranks.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Mark did not write a fuller book; he has congealed a vast amount of interesting, pertinent material in his footnotes which might have been usefully expanded in the text. The bibliography and the index are rich mines for anyone working in the period.

CODMAN HISLOP.

Union College.

American Studies in Honor of William Kenneth Boyd. By members of the Americana Club of Duke University. Edited by David Kelly Jackson. (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press. 1940. Pp. 377. $4.00.)

This distinguished volume contains a group of eight monographs, here published to honor the memory of the late William Kenneth Boyd, historian, who was for many years a faculty member and later Director of Libraries at Trinity College and Duke University. Since the assembled papers all grow out of meetings of the Americana Club, a faculty group in which Professor Boyd was the leading spirit, they have an underlying unity, or at least a common focus of interest, not always found in commemorative volumes. The papers all deal with the Southern past or with topics closely related to it. All are valuable, and at least three of them are of more than usual interest, since they touch upon issues of fundamental importance, long eagerly debated and now more than ever inviting debate.

"The Political Economy of Jefferson, Madison, and Adams," by Professor Joseph J. Spengler, is a close comparative study showing precisely what the three Fathers thought on topics now of prime interest to the economist and political scientist. None of the three, Professor Spengler concedes, "was trained as an economist," yet after all they were pretty formidable economists. They had systematic economic ideas derived from sources difficult to trace, yet certainly based more on observation, discussion, and "reactions to a series of concrete situations," than on their read-

ing, wide and intelligent though that was. For example, Professor Spengler holds, there is no foundation for the view that Jefferson derived his economic philosophy from the Physiocrats. He, like Madison and Adams, thought in terms of the American situation, and thought originally and independently—thus differing greatly, it would seem, from the trained economists of our day, who too often begin their thinking by looking away from the American scene.

The differences between Father Adams and the Southern Fathers do not appear to be very great. The upshot of the lengthy comparison (which is hardly ever a contrast) is to present a vast display of evidence against the claim often made in our day: that "industrial democracy" (or socialism) is the true modern substitute for the democracy conceived by the Fathers. Mr. Spengler is quite clear on this point:

> Each recognized the existence of a class struggle, but none couched it in Marxian terms, or made it the dynamic element in history. Jefferson and Madison both feared the rise of an urban proletariat, yet the former treated the class struggle chiefly in terms of conflict between small and agrarian property-holders, on the one hand, and great nonagrarian capitalists on the other. Madison, like Adams, emphasized the strife between rich and poor. All sought, through the use of similar means, to circumscribe and stifle class strife.

Professor Edgar T. Thompson's extended study, "The Natural History of Agricultural Labor in the South," draws a parallel between present discussions of share-tenancy and the discussion of slavery before the Civil War. The plantation itself, he holds, is the continuous element underlying both tenancy and slavery. And slavery and tenancy ought to be considered, along with the still more ancient system of indentured servitude, as forms of "agricultural labor control," arising not out of the depravity of one group or the conspiracy of another group, but from the reasonable necessities of a peculiar economy.

The plantation, he points out, flourishes in an economy of "open resources," where there is more land than there is labor to cultivate it. So the three systems named are devices "for artificially altering the disproportion which unoccupied land bears to

people." He emphasizes the importance of the frontier in the South and its long endurance as an influential factor. Since the frontier meant a mixed economy of hunters, squatters, and free farmers, the plantation, arising in this context, had to have "forced labor" or no labor at all—or so he argues. Mr. Thompson traces the natural transformations of "forced labor" through their historic stages and deals, in passing, with interesting questions of legal status and its origins. He emerges with the conclusion that the history of the South has very largely turned on the effort to secure and control year-round labor in the agricultural situation established by the plantation system. But now agricultural problems are entering a new phase, and reformers may well ask themselves what they have to substitute for the plantation, which has been "a stabilizing influence in the relations between the races and the classes in the South." Mr. Thompson offers no suggestions; the plantation fills his whole picture. He fails to note, somehow, that the small or family-sized farm has flourished and maintained itself in this same economy of "open resources" and that it still offers, as formerly, an alternative to the plantation.

In "Literary Nationalism in the Old South," Professor Jay B. Hubbell returns with great success to a theme made newly familiar in the 1920's and 1930's: "the Southern demand for a distinctively Southern literature." (The phrase is a narrow and deceptive one, but it will do for a hasty description, such as I am obliged to give.) In the fifties this demand "was due largely to the controversy over slavery and States' rights; but the desire for literary representation existed before the rise of the Anti-slavery Society, and it would have existed had there been no slaves in any Southern state." Professor Hubbell's survey covers the period from 1830 to the Civil War. He fills out and documents powerfully the outline of a situation that we have known in general but not in such rich particulars as he is able to give, since he draws from the magazine files, letters, and minor literature of that day. Then, as later, Southerners resented Northern condescension:

> *Russell's Magazine,* anticipating a famous phrase of H. L. Mencken's, remarked that in Dana's book [*Household Book of Poetry,* 1857] "The South is as quietly ignored, as if an intellectual

Sahara did, in reality, stretch from Mason and Dixon's line to the waves of the gulf that washes the shores of Louisiana."

And then, as later, though Southerners boldly set up their own magazines in great number, the South as a whole still bought Northern magazines and newspapers up to the very outbreak of the Civil War. George W. Bagby wrote in 1861 that if the angel Gabriel were to appear and suddenly proclaim the Day of Judgment, even that "would not have hindered the hottest secessionist from buying the *New York Herald* and subscribing for *Harper's Magazine*." The underlying reasons for the peculiar situation are set forth, I feel, more convincingly in Allen Tate's "The Profession of Letters in the South" than in Professor Hubbell's more strictly investigative study. But even so, there is more than a shadow of hint in Professor Hubbell's minutely documented exhibit that the sense of injury which operated vainly in the fifties at last bore fruit in the seventies and eighties, since from those post-bellum days to the present the conquering North has been all but overwhelmed with Southern, if not Confederate literature.

The other studies in the book link readily with the issues discussed by the three authors named. William Alexander Mabry, in "Ante-bellum Cincinnati and Its Southern Trade," establishes the economic affiliations that made Cincinnati practically a Southern commercial metropolis and undoubtedly served to make it pro-Southern during the time of controversy. Charles S. Sydnor's "State Geological Surveys in the Old South," indicates that the South, long before the time of the National Resources Committee, had begun systematically to take stock of its resources. Charles Robert Anderson's "Charles Gayarre and Paul Hayne: the Last Literary Cavaliers" and David K. Jackson's "Philip Pendleton Cooke" are able studies of neglected literary men. Clarence Gohdes's "Some Notes on the Unitarian Church in the Ante-bellum South" adds one more strain of heterogeneity (perhaps a very much unanticipated one) to the history of a region which far too long and too often has been deemed a simple homogeneous solid.

DONALD DAVIDSON.

Vanderbilt University.

Anglican Humanitarianism in Colonial New York. By Frank J. Klingberg. (Philadelphia: The Church Historical Society. 1940. Pp. xii, 295. $3.00.)

One would hardly expect to travel into the dear land of "If" and "Perhaps" through the covers of such a scholarly book as Professor Klingberg's latest study of the records of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. But we do. *If* the thirteen colonies had behaved according to English prescription and had remained a part of the empire, might not the weight of the S. P. G. have held back the forces which produced the Civil War? Might not emancipation of the negro have come to America in 1830—a happy product here, as in England, of the Society's sweet reasonableness, masterly salesmanship, and genius for compromise? This is a lovely field for speculation. Professor Klingberg's chapter on the S. P. G. program for negroes illustrates very well the success the Society's missionaries met in christianizing New York negroes and points up effectively the contrasting failure of their efforts to substitute a white man's heaven, with its restricting rules of admission for the Indians' Happy Hunting Ground. The S. P. G. success with the negroes, however, and the sustaining spirit of its English backers might not have been sufficient to overcome the high regard American exploiters of slave labor had for their balance sheets, particularly in the regions south of New York, where profits and negroes bore a seemingly irresistible relationship. We might merely have had a revolution delayed some sixty years and a less savory excuse for fighting it.

Professor Klingberg's two chapters which deal specifically with the Indians, particularly the Iroquois, in New York, show clearly the failure of the English civilizers to comprehend the ruin they brought to the Long Houses of the natives. Many of the missionaries saw the problem, although they were unable to give up being Englishmen long enough to "go native" as much as did the French Roman Catholic missionaries, who thus learned how much of the white man's civilization the Indians would tolerate. Sir William Johnson's understanding of his Indian charges is practically unique in the story of English administration of native populations, as the S. P. G. material dealing with him shows. Religion

with Sir William was an empire-building force, to be tempered to the lambs about to be shorn. The Society's records show how little understanding there was in the home government of this practical observation.

Professor Klingberg has included in the present volume three monographs which have already appeared in the *Historical Magazine of the Protestant Episcopal Church*. Students of American and English cultural contacts will be glad to have them in their present form, even though there is some overlapping of material, for they are here well indexed and weighted with a most useful specialized bibliography. Included also are three important annual S. P. G. sermons which illustrate the varying states of the humanitarian spirit in England between 1710 and the American Revolution.

CODMAN HISLOP.

Union College.

History of Topsfield, Massachusetts. By George Francis Dow. (Topsfield: The Topsfield Historical Society. 1940. Pp. x, 517. $5.00.)

The news that the history of Topsfield upon which George Francis Dow labored for the last forty years of his life was at last to be printed caused rejoicing among those who are interested in the New England field. The volume which has now appeared contains chapters which he had written and others compiled from notes which he had prepared; but from it were omitted, for lack of space, his studies of the lands, houses, and families of the town. In their place the editors have printed several articles of more general interest written for the volume by Miss Ruth H. Allen, and have reprinted others from the *Collections* of the Topsfield Historical Society. The whole has been made possible by Alice G. Dow, the Historical Society, the Town of Topsfield, the Salem Public Library, and the Works Progress Administration.

The scholarly level of this volume is high, but its editorial inconsistencies are distractingly numerous, as is likely to be the

case in cooperative works. For example, several different systems of making reference citations are used, including in one section of the book an annoying way of running the references into the text. The index is of names and not of persons; thus the several John Smiths, though clearly differentiated in the text, are lumped together in the index. At the same time the indexer has listed Mr. Smith and J. Smith separately, although they are the same John. Bibliographers centuries hence will be able to identify fragmentary Essex County imprints by this kind of index. There is no index of subjects, but the topical arrangement of the book largely does away with the need of one. Considering the difficulty of obtaining funds for any sort of historical printing nowadays, it is perhaps unfair to complain about the typography. Actual errors in printing are few.

In general this volume belongs in the class of statistical rather than literary history. In some sections there is hardly any narrative to connect the documents, the quotations from the records, the long lists of pew holders, and the like. Consequently it is at once difficult reading and yet an invaluable repository of material. Full as the volume is, it includes only the more interesting and important material on the town, as the twenty-page bibliography of Topsfield articles and imprints shows. Readers should be warned that the thirty-volume *Collections* of the Topsfield Historical Society, which constitute only a single item in this bibliography, include many important articles on town life which the editors of this volume had to dismiss with a few words.

Unfortunately the early history of the town throws no light upon such institutional problems as the development of local government, for the original records for the period before 1676 have been lost except for such extracts as an early clerk thought might be useful. The earliest list of inhabitants to survive is dated 1661, but it is not likely that many early settlers escaped Mr. Dow's careful researches. The genealogist will find invaluable the data collected on hundreds of individuals.

As one would expect, the volume contains a wealth of material on social history, all of it authoritative in detail. The interesting chapter on witchcraft points out the influence on the Salem tragedy of an earlier boundary dispute. There are many other sections which might be pointed out as of general interest, including such

matters as witchcraft in 1830, the early and unusual use of peat as fuel, the institution of the deer reeve, and the connivance of a seventeenth-century court with kidnapping in Ireland. Any scholar who ignores local histories as parochial is neglecting one of his best sources. Libraries of "general history" err in thinking that they can do without volumes like this.

The listing of such errors of fact as the reviewer happens to detect (there are very few in this volume) usually serves no more useful purpose than to publish his own erudition, but certain of Mr. Dow's general concepts should be questioned because his distinction and scholarship give them wide currency. His method of developing theses from a great number of cases drawn from the records (and there is no better method) is open to the objection that the resulting conclusions rest upon facts which attracted his attention because they were odd. Moreover, his largest single source was the court records, which do not give an entirely fair picture of society since they deal with those persons whose actions got them into court because they were not in accord with the mores of the time. This volume states (92–93) that in seventeenth-century New England "there was more drunkenness, profanity, loose living and petty crime in proportion to the population than at the present time." The reviewer recently made an actual count of such cases appearing in the Essex Court records over long periods in the seventeenth century and found the per capita occurrence of such offences far below that in modern New England communities. Mr. Dow's statement may be true for the eighteenth century; it is true for certain towns at certain periods in connection with certain offences, particularly drunkenness and fornication. Similarly, his statement that "most" New England women of 1692 could not write their names is open to question, for an actual count of signatures in the state archives shows that elementary literacy was quite general. Another result of too much concentration on Essex County records by Mr. Dow and his successors is a lack of perspective. Such early Massachusetts legislation as that against smoking in public is not quaint and peculiar when the contemporary English and Virginian tracts and records are taken into consideration.

CLIFFORD K. SHIPTON.

American Antiquarian Society.

Old Vermont Houses: The Architecture of a Resourceful People. By Herbert Wheaton Congdon. (Brattleboro: Stephen Daye Press. 1940. Pp. xv, 190. $3.00.)

At the time when the Vermont pioneers were clearing forests and living in log huts, the rest of New England had handsome buildings already a hundred years old. The oldest frame dwelling now standing in Massachusetts was built before 1640, while 1763 dates the earliest one in Vermont.

Little is known of the builders of the early Vermont houses save that few were architects in the modern sense. These men combined sound building design with skilled craftsmanship in a manner most unusual today. Their only source of information was the few builders' textbooks available. These were used in the majority of cases as a source of inspiration, and not directly copied.

There was a very close relation between the owner and the workman, the two often working side by side. Much of the charm of Vermont houses can be traced directly to the versatility of the workmen; the carpenters laid brick, designed, did fine cabinet work, and could even paint an acceptable mural. Another basis of their attractiveness is the individuality in the detail work, which was often hand-planed by the owner. Nowhere is this better exemplified than over the mantel pieces.

Mr. Congdon's *Old Vermont Houses* is especially welcome at this time, when there is so much stress on functionalism. As he shows, these houses were highly utilitarian, often serving several purposes equally well. The Vail House at Sudbury served not only as a residence but also as a meeting hall for a Masonic Lodge. Neither was it uncommon for a house to serve as an inn.

Usually the materials came from the owner's land, and frequently the clay for the bricks was dug and burnt at the building site. It was a noteworthy occasion when the marble for sills and lintels was teamed by ox-cart fifteen miles from Pittsford to Sudbury for the Vail House. The first houses were of wood; then came brick, which served a dual function of insuring permanence and indicating the owner's social position. Since the Vermonters were predominantly woodworkers, these brick houses were seldom planned for their idiom, but followed that of wood.

Strange as it seems, the marble and granite center of the United States has very few stone houses; the few that exist are very old, almost all before 1850.

The organization of Mr. Congdon's book is excellent: first, there is a general background chapter, followed by chapters on wooden, brick, and stone houses. Then come chapters dealing with different types of buildings, meeting houses, taverns, and court houses. Finally, there are two most interesting and illuminating chapters on doorways and mantels. Also included is a complete and useful glossary of architectural terms used in the book.

One of the outstanding features is the fashion in which the author makes each house live by showing how it reflects the personality and times of its original owner. Another is that the book has been profusely illustrated with attractive and instructive photographs. The format of the whole volume—binding, paper, typography, and photographs—increases the pleasure of one's trip among the *Old Vermont Houses*. This book can be most heartily recommended to those who plan to build or are looking for a general reference work.

JOHN A. STERN.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The Diplomatic History of the Canadian Boundary, 1749–1763. By Max Savelle. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. Pp. xvi, 172. $2.50.)

This slender volume, one of the Relations of Canada and the United States Series, published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, under the direction of Dr. James T. Shotwell, is a first-rate contribution to a neglected field. With a few notable exceptions, most writings on American diplomatic history begin with 1776. Yet one cannot understand the foreign relations of the United States in the half-century after independence without knowing about the European rivalries that had existed in the New World for more than a hundred years before.

Professor Savelle's contribution is broader than the title sug-

gests. The Canadian boundary here referred to was the line of demarcation between the English and French colonies in North America. Its settlement involved not only the valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, and the Mississippi but also such far-flung regions as Rupert's Land, Acadia, the Gulf coast, and the West Indies. A valuable preface summarizes the growing importance of the New World in the affairs of the Old and suggests that the years from 1749 to 1763 constitute "a sort of climax to the crescendo of the colonial role in European diplomacy." There follow nine tightly-packed chapters describing the areas in dispute, the attempts to settle the conflict by diplomacy and by force, the part played by the other European nations in the struggle, and the negotiations culminating in the Treaty of Paris. A penetrating conclusion points out the significance of that pact as well as of the period traversed.

Throughout the author insists upon the colonial origin of the Seven Years' War. In several places he breaks a lance with earlier writers by asserting that after 1688 the American settlements were not simply "pawns" in European diplomacy. On the contrary, certain provincial interests, particularly the fisheries and the fur trade, stood to gain from every war waged by the mother country in the New World. He shows, too, that Spain, despite desperate efforts to remain neutral, finally took up arms in 1761 to protect her possessions in the Western Hemisphere. It is Professor Savelle's contention that the expansive tendencies of the British frontier after 1748 made a clash with France inevitable. Before that date the Canadian boundary, never accurately determined, had not been a real problem. After that date the French embarked upon a policy of defensive occupation, continental in scope, in order to forestall the British and to preserve an empire which was not actually profitable but upon which, it was felt in Paris and Madrid, the balance of power in the Old World as well as in the New depended. Between 1748 and 1763 the line that England would accept as the limit of her expansion was pushed steadily westward, until at the end the easiest solution was the complete elimination of France from North America.

This excellent monograph is remarkably free from minor flaws, although occasionally its pages become merely digests of state papers. But even that common failing of diplomatic historians is

somewhat offset by a terse style and frequent generalizations. The volume, based upon multiarchival research, is exhaustively documented. It contains a nine-page bibliography, two contemporary maps, several more valuable outlines in color that indicate the various boundary proposals, and a full index. The small type used makes it a larger book than would appear from the pagination. All in all, it is an important addition to the diplomatic history of North America and one that whets the appetite for the longer and more general study that the author is understood to have in preparation.

R. W. LEOPOLD.

Harvard University.

Torchbearer of the Revolution: The Story of Bacon's Rebellion and Its Leader. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. (Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1940. Pp. vii, 237. $2.50.)

From the beginning there was in the society of New England a tension between the haves and the have-nots, a conflict of the rich and the poor, of those who prospered and those who did not. In Winthrop's day it was a struggle between the magistrates and the deputies; it figured in the repeal of the Massachusetts charter, and no one has yet explored just how much the solid merchants of Boston actually aided and abetted the Stuart absolutism in overturning the Bible Commonwealth, being content that the ideals of their fathers should perish rather than that a medieval code of social sanctification should any longer stand in the way of business. The Great Awakening barely averted a civil war when it turned the energies of the discontented into a religious orgy; the Revolution, we have only recently begun to discover, was in truth a revolution within the society of New England, and in Shays's Rebellion the controversy became open warfare. Students of New England history have not adequately appreciated or studied the phases of this antagonism. But before they can do so, they must learn of the parallel and analogous contentions in the other colonies, because the dissension in New England was merely a local variant of the pattern of social experience into which all

settlements were bound to fall. Therefore the student of New England antiquities can spend no more profitable hour than one in reading Professor Wertenbaker's short and lively account of Bacon's Rebellion.

The author emphasizes the protest of the Virginia revolutionaries against the "oppressions of Charles II," against the Navigation Acts and the tobacco duties, and so makes the Rebellion seem to be primarily a prologue to the War for American Independence. Yet he also remarks that Bacon, even though not fully comprehending his situation, was actually striking out "against two separate though closely associated forces—the authority of the English government in the colony and the vested power of the local aristocracy. . . ." He points out that one member of that aristocracy, Bacon's own uncle, owed his ascent to "ability, prudence, and hard work," and implies that most of them were started on the road to vested power by the cultivation of the same virtues; but once in power, according to the implications of Mr. Wertenbaker's story, they became intent upon a "plundering of the people with the connivance of their representatives [and] the grabbing of natural resources"; and Mr. Wertenbaker suggests that this was not the last time in American history that a group which owed their beginnings to thrift and industry took advantage of their situation to engross the opportunities of still further exploitation and so to deny to later comers the chances by which they themselves had profited. We may pardonably wonder, therefore, if this rebellion was not in truth much more a rising of the common folk against an emerging clique of capitalists than a rebellion against a testy old governor or an assertion of local patriotism against the imperial government. Mr. Wertenbaker avoids this issue, for he has been concerned chiefly with weaving an absorbing narrative out of the sources, with paraphrasing the seventeenth-century documents, yet not losing their power and vehemence. He has not exactly written a novel, but he has made good use of his imagination and his great gifts for dramatic presentation, so that his account has all the charms of a novel, and those who would understand American colonial history in any region must certainly read it.

PERRY MILLER.

Harvard University.

America in Contemporary Fiction. By Percy Holmes Boynton. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1940. Pp. x, 274. $2.50.)

Although Professor Boynton here gives us a collection of rewarding essays on American fiction of the recent past, the book fails to live up to the promise of the title or of the publisher's blurbs. One fails to find either a picture or analysis of the America shown in novels of the past decade, or a discussion of the problems faced by the artists struggling with the confusions and contradictions of American society. An excellent introductory essay called "Changing Values" serves only to whet one's appetite for a diet later withheld.

New England is disposed of in two brief chapters. One effectively conveys the wistful nostalgia of Mary Ellen Chase and Dorothy Canfield Fisher in depicting their rural Maine and Vermont. The other sketches the fate of the Puritan in New England fiction from Harriet Beecher Stowe through Santayana to J. P. Marquand. More satisfactory are two chapters on the South—showing through the Agrarians and James Branch Cabell the plight of the literary South and its struggles to escape its destiny.

From there we dodge around the country on the trail of our recent leading novelists. Discussion generally centers on their problems as individuals and artists rather than on their treatment of a region. Some of these individual analyses are excellent: Willa Cather, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Ole Rölvaag are treated with particular sensitiveness. With the more contemporary novelists—Thomas Wolfe, John Dos Passos, John Steinbeck—Professor Boynton is much less satisfactory. The book on the whole is tantalizing, in part exciting, and in the end disappointing. Both its virtues and weakness seem to stem from the lack of any unified philosophy of the relation between the individual and society.

JOHN LYDENBERG.

Harvard University.

SHORT NOTICES

City Manager Government in Portland, Maine. By Edward F. Dow and Orren C. Hormell. *University of Maine Studies,* Second Series, No. 52. (Orono, Maine: University Press, 1940. Pp. vi, 119. $0.50.)

This study, made at the request of the Social Science Research Council, surveys the government of Portland since 1923, when the city manager plan was instituted. There is a brief introductory chapter on this form of municipal government, followed by a compact description of Portland and its economic problems, with a third chapter on the fight for the adoption of a city manager charter.

The city charter is analyzed, and there is a short history of the composition and activities of the city council under the plan. A chapter on the city administration, with emphasis on budgetary procedure, debt control, purchasing methods, taxation, personnel management, and public relations, is the meat of the monograph. A final chapter of conclusions finds that Portland's chief advantages under manager government are financial stability and increased public services. Recent problems of relief have apparently not been handled to the satisfaction of important segments of the community. The most serious defect of the present charter is a failure to confer enough power and responsibility on the city manager, and correspondingly an unwise interference by the council in administrative details.

R. A. H.

Sixty Acres More or Less: The Diary of a Week-end Vermonter. By Henry B. Lent. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. Pp. viii, 142. $2.00.)

This is an account of the joys and trials of buying and remodeling a house in the country, which adds nothing original or fresh to the already abundant material on this subject. The author and

his family merely do the customary things, display the usual reactions, and find that their neighbors run true to the conventionalized Yankee type.

H. M. M.

A Reference List of Manuscripts Relating to the History of Maine. Part III: Index. Compiled by the Historical Records Survey, Works Progress Administration. Directed by Elizabeth Ring. *University of Maine Studies,* Second Series, No. 45. (Orono, Maine: University Press. 1941. Pp. xiv, 212. $1.00.)

This index greatly enhances the usefulness of the two-volume list of manuscripts relating to the history of Maine completed by the Works Progress Administration in 1935. It represents a thorough job of indexing, since it includes proper and geographical names with dates, subject headings, and ample cross references.

H. M. M.

The Amherst Diary of William Otis Carr: 1853–1857. Edited with an introduction by Frank O. Spinney. (Guilford, Connecticut: The Shore Line Times Publishing Company. Privately Printed. 1940. Pp. x, 30. $1.35.)

The very slimness of this four-year record indicates that the keeping of it was not one of its author's central concerns. As a private document it laments the apparent faithlessness of a friend who went to California to get rich just before the diarist went to college to consolidate his unbelievable piety. As a historical account it affords a few glimpses into the lives of those who exercised their piety in the frequent revivals that swept the young institution. It is a meager, superficial account, however, which gives us no insight into the causes and courses of the revivals, and the volume as a whole adds little even to the periphery of such a solid nineteenth-century work as Tyler's *History of Amherst College.*

G. A. C.

The Religion of Solidarity. By Edward Bellamy. With a Discussion of Edward Bellamy's Philosophy. By Arthur E. Morgan. (Yellow Springs, Ohio: Antioch Bookplate Company. 1940. Pp. 43. $.25.)

At the age of twenty-four, long before he had thought of his famed *Looking Backward,* Bellamy had already formulated his philosophy of life—a philosophy which provided a stable basis for all his later social thought. "The Religion of Solidarity," as he called it, was an attempt to solve the ever-vexing problem of individual *vs.* social salvation. Despite its obscuring religious jargon, this essay could well serve today as an admirable statement of man's need to think and act as part of the larger whole which is society. Mr. Arthur E. Morgan, who is working on a biography of Bellamy, has reprinted this plea, with a short essay on Bellamy's philosophy.

J. L.

A NEW JOURNAL FOR THE CURIOUS

A recent addition to the list of current periodicals is *American Notes & Queries: a Journal for the Curious,* a monthly, of which the first number appeared in April. This issue is appropriately dedicated to the English *Notes and Queries* and is prefaced by a cordial letter from the English editor, F. Hayllar, who concludes, "If we are not destined—though we hope we are—to continue to the end of the war— Well! we throw the torch to you."

Like its English predecessor, *American Notes & Queries* will be "an organ through which unsolved questions, in the field of Americana, are aired; and their answers, in turn, recorded." As such, it can be of great occasional assistance to scholars engaged in research dealing with elusive or recondite names, works, and dates. No fees are asked for queries inserted, but the editors, Messrs. Walter Pilkington and B. Alsterlund, reserve the right not to print "easy" questions and irrelevant answers.

Naturally, a large share of the queries in the first two numbers, and of the answers in the second, are concerned with matters of New England interest. The subscription price is $2.50 a year.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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CORRECTIONS FOR MARCH, 1941

Page 51, note 1, line 2, for *Zend-Aresta*, read *Zend-Avesta*.
Page 71, line 3, for *Parision*, read *Parisian*.
Page 215, line 3, for *Wegayndt*, read *Weygandt*.

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